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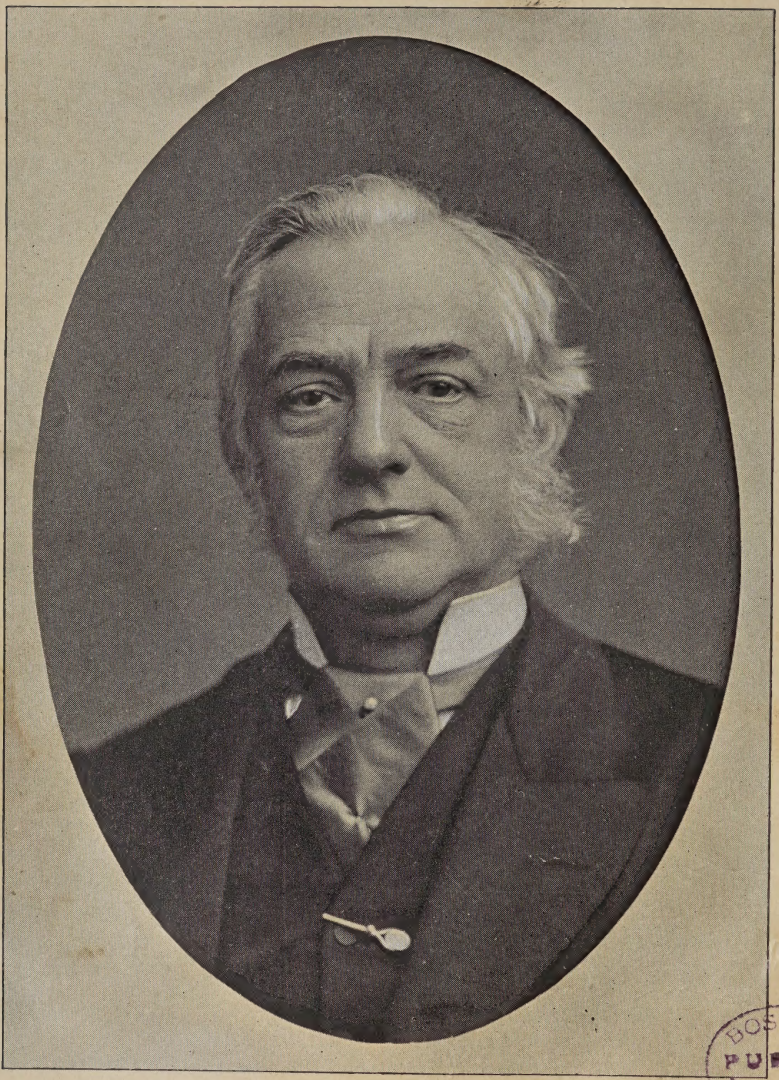

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Yours truly

F. Max Müller

THE ARENA.

No. LXI.

DECEMBER, 1894.

THE REAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.*

BY PROF. F. MAX MULLER.

THERE are few things which I so truly regret having missed as the great Parliament of Religions held in Chicago as a part of the Columbian Exhibition. Who would have thought that what was announced as simply an auxiliary branch of that exhibition could have developed into what it was, could have become the most important part of that immense undertaking, could have become the greatest success of the past year, and I do not hesitate to say, could now take its place as one of the most memorable events in the history of the world?

As it seems to me, those to whom the great success of this œcumenical council was chiefly due, I mean President Bonney and Dr. Barrows, hardly made it sufficiently clear at the beginning what was their real purpose and scope. Had they done so, every one who cares for the future of religion might have felt it his bounden duty to take part in the Congress. But it seemed at the first glance that it would be a mere show, a part of the great show of industry and art. But instead of a show it developed into a reality, which, if I am not greatly mistaken, will be remembered, aye, will bear fruit, when everything else of the mighty Columbian Exhibition has long been swept away from the memory of man.

Possibly, like many bright ideas, the idea of exhibiting all the religions of the world grew into something far grander

* The substance of this masterly paper was read by Professor Müller in Oxford, England, a few months ago.—EDITOR.

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than even its authors had at first suspected. Even in America, where people have not yet lost the faculty of admiring, and of giving hearty expression to their admiration, the greatness of that event seems to me not yet fully appreciated, while in other countries vague rumors only have as yet reached the public at large of what took place in the Religious Parliament at Chicago. Here and there, I am sorry to say, ridicule also, the impotent weapon of ignorance and envy, has been used against what ought to have been sacred to every man of sense and culture; but ridicule is blown away like offensive smoke; the windows are opened, and the fresh air of truth streams in.

It is difficult, no doubt, to measure correctly the importance of events of which we ourselves have been the witnesses. We have only to read histories and chronicles written some hundreds of years ago by eye witnesses and by the chief actors in certain events, to see how signally the observers have failed in correctly appreciating the permanent and historical significance of what they saw and heard, or of what they themselves did. Everything is monumental and epoch-making in the eyes of ephemeral critics, but History must wait before she can pronounce a valid judgment, and it is the impatience of the present to await the sober verdict of History which is answerable for so many monuments having been erected in memory of events or of men whose very names are now unknown, or known to the stones of their pedestals only.

But there is one fact in connection with the Parliament of Religions which no sceptic can belittle, and on which even contemporary judgment cannot be at fault. Such a gathering of representatives of the principal religions of the world has never before taken place; it is unique, it is unprecedented; nay, we may truly add, it could hardly have been conceived before our own time. Of course even this has been denied, and it has been asserted that the meeting at Chicago was by no means the first realization of a new idea upon this subject, but that similar meetings had taken place before. Is this true or is it not? To me it seems a complete mistake. If the Religious Parliament was not an entirely new idea, it was certainly the first realization of an idea which has lived silently in the hearts of prophets, or has been uttered now and then by poets only, who are free to

dream dreams and to see visions. Let me quote some lines of Browning's, which certainly sound like true prophecy:—

> "Better pursue a pilgrimage
> Through ancient and through modern times,
> To many peoples, various climes,
> Where I may see saint, savage, sage
> Fuse their respective creeds in one
> Before the general Father's throne." *

Here you have no doubt the idea, the vision of the Religious Parliament of the World; but Browning was not allowed to see it. *You* have seen it, and America may be proud of having given substance to Browning's dream and to Browning's desire, if only it will see that what has hitherto been achieved must not be allowed to perish again.

To compare that Parliament with the Council of the Buddhist King Asoka, in the third century before Christ, is to take great liberties with historical facts. Asoka was no doubt an enlightened sovereign, who preached and practised religious toleration more truly than has any sovereign before or after him. I am the last person to belittle his fame; but we must remember that all the people who assembled at his Council belonged to one and the same religion, the religion of Buddha, and although that religion was even at that early time (242 B. C.) broken up into numerous sects, yet all who were present at the Great Council professed to be followers of Buddha only. We do not hear of Gainas nor Agîvikas or Brahmans, nor of any other non-Buddhist religion being represented at the Council of Pataliputra.

It is still more incongruous to compare the Council of Chicago with the Council of Nicæa. That Council was no doubt called an œcumenical council, but what was the Οἰκουμένη, the inhabited world, of that time, 325 A. D., compared with the world as represented at the Columbian Exhibition of last year? Nor was there any idea under Constantine of extending the hand of fellowship to any non-Christian religion. On the contrary the object was to narrow the limits of Christian love and toleration, by expelling the followers of Arius from the pale of the Christian church. As to the behavior of the bishops assembled at Nicæa, the less that is said about it the better; but I doubt whether the members of the Chicago Council, including bishops, arch-

* Christmas Eve and Easter Day, XIX.

bishops and cardinals, would feel flattered if they were to be likened to the fathers assembled at Nicæa.

One more religious gathering has been quoted as a precedent of the Parliament of Religions at Chicago; it is that of the Emperor Akbar; but although the spirit which moved the Emperor Akbar (1542–1605) to invite representatives of different creeds to meet at Delhi, was certainly the same spirit which stirred the hearts of those who originated the meeting at Chicago, yet not only was the number of religions represented at Delhi much more limited, but the whole purpose was different. Here I say again, I am the last person to try to belittle the fame of the Emperor Akbar. He was dissatisfied with his own religion, the religion founded by Mohammed; and for an emperor to be dissatisfied with his own religion and the religion of his people, augurs, generally, great independence of judgment and true honesty of purpose. We possess full accounts of his work as a religious reformer, from both friendly and unfriendly sources; from Abufazl on one side, and from Badáoní on the other (Introduction to "The Science of Religion," p. 209 *et seq.*).

Akbar's idea was to found a new religion, and it was for that purpose that he wished to become acquainted with the prominent religions of the world. He first invited the most learned ulemahs to discuss certain moot points of Islam, but we are told by Badáoní that the disputants behaved very badly, and that one night, as he expresses it, the neck of the ulemahs swelled up, and a horrid noise and confusion ensued. The emperor announced to Badáoní that all who could not behave, and who talked nonsense, should leave the hall, upon which Badáoní remarked that in that case they would *all* have to leave (l. c., p. 221). Nothing of this kind happened at Chicago, I believe. The Emperor Akbar no doubt did all he could to become acquainted with other religions, but he certainly was not half so successful as was the president of your religious congress in assembling around him representatives of the principal religions of the world. Jews and Christians were summoned to the imperial court, and requested to translate the Old and the New Testament. We hear of Christian missionaries, such as Rodolpho Aquaviva, Antonio de Monserrato, Francisco Enriques and others; nay, for some time a rumor was spread that the emperor himself had actually been converted to Christianity.

Akbar appointed a regular staff of translators, and his library must have been very rich in religious books. Still he tried in vain to persuade the Brahmans to communicate the Vedas to him or to translate them into a language which he could read. He knew nothing of them, except possibly some portions of the Atharva-veda, probably the Upanishads only. Nor was he much more successful with the Zend Avesta, though portions of it were translated for him by one Ardshiv. His minister, Abufazl, tried in vain to assist the emperor in gaining a knowledge of Buddhism; but we have no reason to suppose that the emperor ever cared to become acquainted with the religious systems of China, whether that of Confucius or that of Lao-tze. Besides, there was in all these religious conferences the restraining presence of the emperor and of the powerful heads of the different ecclesiastical parties of Islam. Abufazl, who entered fully into the thoughts of Akbar, expressed his conviction that the religions of the world have all one common ground (l. c., p. 210). "One man," he writes (p. 211), "thinks that he worships God by keeping his passions in subjection; another finds self-discipline in watching over the destinies of a nation. The religion of thousands consists in clinging to a mere idea; they are happy in their sloth and unfitness of judging for themselves. But when the time of reflection comes, and men shake off the prejudices of their education, the threads of the web of religious blindness break, and the eye sees the glory of harmoniousness." "But," he adds, "the ray of such wisdom does not light up every house, nor could every heart bear such knowledge." "Again," he says, "although some are enlightened, many would observe silence from fear of fanatics, who lust for blood, though they look like men. And should any one muster sufficient courage, and openly proclaim his enlightened thoughts, pious simpletons would call him a madman, and throw him aside as of no account, whilst the ill-starred wretches would at once think of heresy and atheism, and go about with the intention of killing him."

This was written more than three hundred years ago, by a minister of Akbar, a contemporary of Henry VIII.; but if it had been written in our own days, in the days of Bishop Colenso and Dean Stanley, it would hardly have been exaggerated, barring the intention of killing such "madmen as openly declare their enlightened thoughts"; for burning here-

tics is no longer either legal or fashionable. How closely even the emperor and his friends were watched by his enemies we may learn from the fact that in some cases he had to see his informants in the dead of night, sitting on a balcony of his palace, to which his guest had to be pulled up by a rope! There was no necessity for that at Chicago. Your Parliament at Chicago had not to consider the frowns or smiles of an emperor like Constantine; it was encouraged, not intimidated, by the presence of bishops and cardinals; it was a free and friendly meeting, nay, I may say a brotherly meeting, and what is still more — for even brothers will sometimes quarrel — it was a harmonious meeting from beginning to end. All the religions of the world were represented at your Congress, far more completely and far more ably than in the palace at Delhi, and I repeat once more, without fear of contradiction, that the Parliament of Religions at Chicago stands unique, stands unprecedented in the whole history of the world.

There are, after all, not so many religions in the world as people imagine. There are only eight great historical religions which can claim that name on the strength of their possessing sacred books. All these religions came from the East; three from an Aryan, three from a Semitic source, and two from China. The three Aryan religions are the *Vedic*, with its modern offshoots in India, the *Avestic* of Zoroaster in Persia, and the religion of *Buddha*, likewise the offspring of Brahmanism in India. The three great religions of Semitic origin are the *Jewish*, the *Christian* and the *Mohammedan*. There are, besides, the two Chinese religions, that of *Confucius* and that of *Lao-tze*, and that is all; unless we assign a separate place to such creeds as Gainism, a near relative of Buddhism, which was ably represented at Chicago, or the religion of the Sikhs, which is after all but a compromise between Brahmanism and Mohammedanism.

All these religions were represented at Chicago; the only one that might complain of being neglected was Mohammedanism. Unfortunately the Sultan, in his capacity of Khalif, was persuaded not to send a representative to Chicago. One cannot help thinking that both in his case and in that of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who likewise kept aloof from the Congress, there must have been some unfortunate misapprehension as to the real objects of that meeting. The present

Sultan is an enlightened and intelligent Mohammedan, and could hardly have wished that his religion should be left without any authoritative representative, in a general gathering of all the religions of the world. It was different with the Episcopalian Church of England, for although the Archbishop withheld his sanction, his church was ably represented both by English and American divines.

But what surprised everybody was the large attendance of representatives of all the other religions of the world. There were Buddhists and Shintoists from Japan, followers of Confucius and Lao-tze from China, there was a Parsee to speak for Zoroaster, there were learned Brahmans from India to explain the Veda and Vedânta. Even the most recent phases of Brahmanism were ably and eloquently represented by Mozoomdar, the friend and successor of Keshub Chunder Sen, and the modern reformers of Buddhism in Ceylon had their powerful spokesman in Dharmapâla. A brother of the King of Siam came to speak for the Buddhism of his country. Judaism was defended by learned rabbis, while Christianity spoke through bishops and archbishops, nay, even through a cardinal who is supposed to stand very near the papal chair. How had these men been persuaded to travel thousands of miles, to spend their time and their money in order to attend a Congress, the very character and object of which were mere matters of speculation?

Great credit no doubt is due to Dr. Barrows and his fellow-laborers; but it is clear that the world was really ripe for such a Congress, nay, was waiting and longing for it. Many people belonging to different religions had been thinking about a universal religion, or at least about a union of the different religions, resting on a recognition of the truths shared in common by all of them, and on a respectful toleration of what is peculiar to each, unless it offended against reason or morality. It was curious to see, after the meeting was over, from how many sides voices were raised, not only expressing approval of what had been done, but regret that it had not been done long ago. And yet I doubt whether the world would really have been ready for such a truly œcumenical council at a much earlier period. We all remember the time, not so very long ago, when we used to pray for Jews, Turks and infidels, and thought of all of them as true sons of Belial. Mohammed was looked upon as the

arch enemy of Christianity, the people of India were idolaters of the darkest die, all Buddhists were atheists, and even the Parsees were supposed to worship the fire as their god.

It is due to a more frequent intercourse between Christians and non-Christians that this feeling of aversion toward and misrepresentation of other religions has of late been considerably softened. Much is due to honest missionaries, who lived in India, China, and even among the savages of Africa, and who could not help seeing the excellent influence which even less perfect religions may exercise on honest believers. Much also is due to travellers who stayed long enough in countries such as Turkey, China or Japan to see in how many respects the people there were as good, nay, even better, than those who call themselves Christians. I read not long ago a book of travels by Mrs. Gordon, called "Clear Round." The author starts with the strongest prejudices against all heathens, but she comes home with the kindliest feelings towards the religions which she has watched in their practical working in India, in Japan and elsewhere.

Nothing, however, if I am not blinded by my own paternal feelings, has contributed more powerfully to spread a feeling of toleration, nay, in some cases, of respect for other religions, than has the publication of the "Sacred Books of the East." It reflects the highest credit on Lord Salisbury, at the time secretary of state for India, and on the university of which he is the chancellor, that so large an undertaking could have been carried out, and I am deeply grateful that it should have fallen to my lot to be the editor of this series, and that I should thus have been allowed to help in laying the solid foundation of the large temple of the religion of the future — a foundation which shall be broad enough to comprehend every shade of honest faith in that Power which by nearly all religions is called *Our Father*, a name only, it is true, and it may be a very imperfect name; yet there is no other name in human language that goes nearer to that forever unknown Majesty in which we ourselves live and move and have our being.

But although this feeling of kindliness for and the desire to be just to non-Christian religions has been growing up for some time, it never before found such an open and solemn recognition as at Chicago. That meeting was not intended, like that under Akbar at Delhi, for elaborating a new religion,

but it established a fact of the greatest significance, namely, that there exists an ancient and universal religion, and that the highest dignitaries and representatives of all the religions of the world can meet as members of one common brotherhood, can listen respectfully to what each religion had to say for itself, nay, can join in a common prayer and accept a common blessing, one day from the hands of a Christian archbishop, another day from a Jewish rabbi, and again another day from a Buddhist priest (Dharmapâla). Another fact, also, was established once for all, namely, that the points on which the great religions differ are far less numerous, and certainly far less important, than are the points on which they all agree. The words, "that God has not left Himself without a witness," became for the first time revealed as a fact at your Congress.

Whoever knows what human nature is will not feel surprised that every one present at the Religious Parliament looked on his own religion as the best, nay, loved it all the same, even when on certain points it seemed clearly deficient or antiquated as compared with other religions. Yet that predilection did not interfere with a hearty appreciation of what seemed good and excellent in other religions. When an old Jewish rabbi summed up the whole of his religion in the words, "Be good, my boy, for God's sake," no member of the Parliament of Religions would have said No; and when another rabbi declared that the whole law and the prophets depend on our loving God and loving our neighbor as ourselves, there are few religions that could not have quoted from their own sacred scriptures more or less perfect expressions of the same sentiment.

I wish indeed it could have been possible at your Parliament to put forward the most essential doctrines of Christianity or Islam, for example, and to ask the representatives of the other religions of the world, whether their own sacred books said Yes or No to any of them. For that purpose, however, it would have been necessary, no doubt, to ask each speaker to give chapter and verse for his declaration, — and here is the only weak point that has struck me and is sure to strike others in reading the transactions of the Parliament of Religions. Statements were put forward by those who professed to speak in the name of Buddhism, Brahmanism, Christianity and Zoroastrianism — by followers of these reli-

gions who happened to be present — which, if the speakers had been asked for chapter and verse from their own canonical books, would have been difficult to substantiate, or, at all events, would have assumed a very modified aspect. Perhaps this was inevitable, particularly as the rules of the Parliament did not encourage anything like discussion, and it might have seemed hardly courteous to call upon a Buddhist archbishop to produce his authority from the Tripitake or from the nine Dharmas.

We know how much our own Christian sects differ in the interpretation of the Bible, and how they contradict one another on many of their articles of faith. Yet they all accept the Bible as their highest authority. Whatever doctrine is contradicted by the Bible they would at once surrender as false; whatever doctrine is not supported by it they could not claim as revealed. It is the same with all the other so-called book-religions. Whatever differences of opinion may separate different sects, they all submit to the authority of their own sacred books.

I may therefore be pardoned if I think that the Parliament of Religions, the record of which has been assembled in forty silent volumes, is in some respects more authoritative than the Parliament that was held at Chicago. At Chicago you had, no doubt, the immense advantage of listening to living witnesses; you were *making* the history of the future — my Parliament in type records only the history of the past. Besides, the immense number of hearers, your crowded hall joining in singing sacred hymns, nay, even the magnificent display of color by the representatives of Oriental and Occidental creeds — the snowy lawn, the orange and crimson satin, the vermilion brocade of the various ecclesiastical vestments so eloquently described by your reporters — all this contributed to stir an enthusiasm in your hearts which I hope will never die. If there are two worlds, the world of deeds and the world of words, you moved at Chicago in the world of deeds. But in the end what remains of the world of deeds is the world of words, or, as we call it, *History*, and in those forty volumes you may see the history, the outcome, or, in some cases, the short inscription on the tombstones of those who in their time have battled for truth, as the speakers assembled at Chicago have battled for truth, for love, and for charity to our neighbors.

I know full well what may be said against all sacred books. Mark, first of all, that not one has been written by the founder of a religion; secondly, that nearly all were written hundreds, in some cases thousands, of years after the rise of the religion which they profess to represent; thirdly, that even after they were written, they were exposed to dangers and interpolations; and fourthly, that it requires a very accurate and scholarlike knowledge of their language and of the thoughts of the time when they were composed, in order to comprehend their true meaning. All this should be honestly confessed; and yet there remains the fact that no religion has ever recognized an authority higher than that of its sacred book, whether for the past or the present or the future. It was the absence of this authority, the impossibility of checking the enthusiastic descriptions of the supreme excellence of every single religion, that seems to me to have somewhat interfered with the usefulness of that great œcumenical meeting at Chicago.

But let us not forget, therefore, what has been achieved by your Parliament in the world of deeds. Thousands of people from every part of the world have for the first time been seen praying together, "Our Father, which art in heaven," and have testified to the words of the prophet Malachi, "Have we not all *one* Father, hath not *one* God created us?" They have declared that "in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is acceptable to Him." They have seen with their own eyes that God is not far from each one of those who seek God, if haply they may feel after Him. Let theologians pile up volume upon volume of what they call theology; religion is a very simple matter, and that which is so simple and yet so all-important to us, the living kernel of religion, can be found, I believe, in almost every creed, however much the husk may vary. And think what that means! It means that above and beneath and behind all religions there is one eternal, one universal religion, a religion to which every man, whether black or white or yellow or red, belongs or may belong.

What can be more disturbing and distressing than to see the divisions in our own religion, and likewise the divisions in the eternal and universal religion of mankind? Not only are the believers in different religions divided from each other, but they think it right to hate and to anathematize

each other on account of their belief. As long as religions encourage such feelings none of them can be the true one.

And if it is impossible to prevent theologians from quarrelling, or popes, cardinals, archbishops and bishops, priests and ministers, from pronouncing their anathemas, the true people of God, the universal laity, have surely a higher duty to fulfil. Their religion, whether formulated by Buddha, Mohammed or Christ, is before all things practical, a religion of love and trust, not of hatred and excommunication.

Suppose that there are and that there always will remain differences of creed, are such differences fatal to a universal religion? Must we hate one another because we have different creeds, or because we express in different ways what we believe?

Let us look at some of the most important articles of faith, such as *miracles*, *the immortality of the soul*, and *the existence of God*. It is well known that both Buddha and Mohammed declined to perform miracles, nay, despised them if required as evidence, in support of the truth of their doctrines. If, on the contrary, the founder of our own religion appealed, as we are told, to his works in support of the truth of his teaching, does that establish either the falsehood or the truth of the Buddhist, the Mohammedan or the Christian religion? May there not be truth, even without miracles? Nay, as others would put it, may there not be truth, even if resting apparently on the evidence of miracles only? Whenever all three religions proclaim the same truth, may they not all be true, even if they vary slightly in their expression, and may not their fundamental agreement serve as stronger evidence even than all miracles?

Or take a more important point, the belief in the immortality of the soul. Christianity and Mohammedanism teach it, ancient Mosaism seems almost to deny it, while Buddhism refrains from any positive utterance, neither asserting nor denying it. Does even that necessitate rupture and excommunication? Are we less immortal because the Jews doubted and the Buddhists shrank from asserting the indestructible nature of the soul?

Nay, even what is called *atheism* is, often, not the denial of a Supreme Being, but simply a refusal to recognize what seem to some minds human attributes, unworthy of the Deity. Whoever thinks that he can really deny Deity, must

also deny humanity; that is, he must deny himself, and that, as you know, is a logical impossibility.

But true religion, that is, practical, active, living religion, has little or nothing to do with such logical or metaphysical quibbles. Practical religion is life, is a new life, a life in the sight of God; and it springs from what may truly be called a new birth. And even this belief in a new birth is by no means an exclusively Christian idea. Nicodemus might ask, How can a man be born again? The old Brahmans, however, knew perfectly well the meaning of that second birth. They called themselves Dvi-ga, that is Twice-born, because their religion had led them to discover their divine birthright, long before *we* were taught to call ourselves the children of God.

In this way it would be possible to discover a number of fundamental doctrines, shared in common by the great religions of the world, though clothed in slightly varying phraseology. Nay, I believe it would have been possible, even at Chicago, to draw up a small number of articles of faith, not, of course, thirty-nine, to which all who were present could have honestly subscribed. And think what that would have meant! It rests with us to carry forth the torch that has been lighted in America, and not to allow it to be extinguished again, till a beacon has been raised lighting up the whole world and drawing towards it the eyes and hearts of all the sons of men in brotherly love and in reverence for that God who has been worshipped since the world began, albeit in different languages and under different names, but never before in such unison, in such world-embracing harmony and love, as at your great Religious Council at Chicago.

In conclusion let me say that I am a very old showman at Oxford University, and I may say truly that there are no strangers that I like so much to conduct personally over Oxford as the Americans. They seem to know what to look for, — they want to see the colleges of Locke, of Adam Smith, of Shelley, of Stanley, and they thoroughly enjoy what they see. They feel at home at Oxford, and they speak of it as their own university, as the glorious nursery of those men whose example has made America as great as she is. They have come on what they call a pilgrimage to England — and it is quite right that the land of their fathers should be to them a holy land. After all, the glories of England are

theirs — their fathers fought its battles by land and by sea; their fathers made it a home of freedom; their fathers, when freedom of word and thought and deed seemed threatened for a while, protested, and migrated to found a New England on the other side of the Atlantic.

But blood is thicker than water, thicker even than the Atlantic. With every year the old feeling of brotherhood asserts itself more strongly between Americans and Englishmen, between the Old and the New England. I have many friends in America, not one who is not a friend of England, not one who does not feel that in the struggle for political and religious freedom which looms in the future, Englishmen and Americans should always stand shoulder to shoulder, should form one united people. Whatever may be said against England — and a good deal has been said against her by what I heard an American ambassador call, the other day, "the mischievous boy of the family," always the most popular with mothers, sisters and cousins, if not with fathers and aunts — but whatever has been or may be said against England, can you imagine what the world would be without England? And do you believe that New England, Young England, would ever stand by with folded arms to see Old England touched, so long as a drop of Saxon blood was left in the veins of her soldiers and sailors?

Here, too, as in the Parliament of Religions of Chicago, it would be easy to show that the points on which Americans and Englishmen differ are nothing as compared to those on which they agree. Take one instance only. If England and America were to say once for all that there shall be no war without previous arbitration, and that whatever country objects to this article of international faith, shall for the time be excluded from all international amenities, shall be *taboo* politically and financially, the world might breathe again more freely, the poor would be allowed again to eat their bread in peace, we should have peace on earth, goodwill towards men; we should have what the First Parliament of the World's Religions proclaimed as "the true glory to God." We are all members of the great parliament of the world; let us show that we can be above party, above country, above creed, and that we owe allegiance to truth only, and to that voice of conscience which is the "real presence" in the universal communion of mankind.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT.*

BY COUNT L. N. TOLSTOI.

If I am not mistaken, it was in 1881 that Turgenief, who was staying with me at the time, brought forth a small book from his trunk, and handed it to me; the book was called "*Maison Tellier.*"

"Read it when you have nothing else to do!" he said, quite carelessly; in the same way that, about a year before, he had given me a number of *Russkoe Bogatstvo*, with an article by Garshin, who was just beginning to write. It was evident on both occasions that Turgenief was trying not to influence me in any way, but wished me to form an independent opinion. "He is a young French writer," he continued; "you will find him not at all bad. He knows your books and — thinks very highly of them," this as a bribe. "In his life and character he reminds me of Drujénin. Like Drujénin, he is a good son, a faithful friend, and a strong sympathizer with the working classes. And his relations with the fair sex remind me of Drujénin, too." And Turgenief told me some wonderful, almost incredible, stories of this side of Maupassant's character.

That very period, 1881, was the most fateful epoch of the rebuilding of my inner life; and while this rebuilding was going on, the activities which are generally called "artistic," and to which I had formerly dedicated all my powers, not only lost for me the high value I had once set on them, but grew even repellent to me; precisely because of the disproportionate space they had filled in my own life, and in the lives of the rich in general. And so, at that time, I took no interest at all in works like this which Turgenief had lent me. But I did not want to disappoint him, and so read the book.

The first story, "*Maison Tellier*," showed me, beyond all doubt, that its author possessed a true talent, in spite of

* Translated by Charles Johnston.

the looseness and insignificance of his theme. The author clearly had the peculiar gift, the talent of concentrating his mind on one subject or another, which gives to its possessor the power of seeing something new, something invisible to others, in what he is looking at. And without doubt Guy de Maupassant could see things invisible to others. Yet, as far as I could judge from this one book, in spite of his talent he lacked the chiefest of the three qualities necessary for the production of a true work of art. *These three conditions are: a true, a moral attitude towards his subject; clear expression, or, what is the same thing, beauty of form; and, thirdly, sincerity — unfeigned love or unfeigned hatred for what he depicts.*

Of these three conditions, Guy de Maupassant possessed the two last only, and was utterly devoid of the first. He had no true, no moral attitude towards his subject. From what I had read, I decided that Guy de Maupassant possessed this talent; that he could intend his mind on things, and thus discern qualities unseen by others; that he also possessed beauty of form — he could say clearly, simply and beautifully whatever he had to say; that he also possessed the indispensable condition of effectiveness — sincerity. He did not feign love and hatred. He loved and hated sincerely. But unhappily lacking the first, the chiefest condition of true work — the right moral attitude, the discernment between good and evil — he loved and painted things that are not worthy of love; and did not love or paint things that are worthy of love. In this little book, he describes with rich detail, and evident relish, the ways in which men and women seduce each other, and even adds some hardly intelligible impurities, as in "*La Femme de Paul*"; while at the same time he describes the village toilers not only callously but even repellently, as mere animals.

A total failure to understand the life and hopes of the toilers, while depicting them as repulsive animals, moved only by lust, wrath and greed, is a capital defect in French writers generally. Guy de Maupassant does not escape this defect; in this, as in his other books, he ever describes the masses of France as coarse, vulgar animals, worthy only of ridicule. I cannot, of course, claim to know the masses of France better than the French writers know them; but though I am a Russian, and have never lived among the

masses in France, I confidently affirm that the French writers err in describing the French people as they do, and that the French people cannot be what the French writers say they are. If the France we know, with her really great men, with the endowments they have dedicated to science, art, civilization and the moral progress of the world, really exists, then the working masses who have sustained and still sustain this gifted France on their shoulders, cannot be made up of mere animals, but must be made up of men, with great moral qualities. And so I do not believe the pictures of them in novels like "*La Terre*," and the stories of Guy de Maupassant, just as I could not believe in a fine palace without foundations.

And so the general impression of the book Turgenief had given me left me completely indifferent to the young French writer. And, still more, I felt so disgusted at the time with "*Une Partie de Campagne*," "*La Femme de Paul*," and "*L'Histoire d'une Fille de Ferme*," that I never even noticed the two really excellent stories, "*Le Papa de Simon*," and "*Sur l'Eau*"—a wonderful description of night. It seemed to me that, in our days, there are so many people who possess a true talent prostituted to falseness. So I told Turgenief, and then forgot all about Guy de Maupassant.

The first work of his I saw after this was "*Une Vie*," which somebody advised me to read. This book totally changed my opinion of Guy de Maupassant; and afterwards I always read with great interest whatever appeared over his signature. "*Une Vie*" is an excellent novel; not only is it beyond comparison Guy de Maupassant's best, but I think it would not be wrong to say that it is the best French novel after Hugo's "*Les Misérables*."

"*Une Vie*," besides showing a true talent, a true power of concentration on a subject, so as to reveal new and unseen relations, also unites in itself the three essential conditions of a true work of art: a true, a moral attitude towards the subject; beauty of form; and sincerity — unfeigned love for what the author describes. The author sees that the meaning of life transcends the adventures of profligates of either sex. The contents of the book, as its title shows, comprehend "A Life"; a life, innocent and ruined; a gracious woman ever open to all good influences, but brought to utter ruin by the very grossness of animal instincts which, in

former days, were, in the opinion of the author, the central, dominant facts of life. But in this book, all the sympathies of the author are on the side of what is really good.

The style of his first stories is also excellent, but here it reaches such heights of perfection as have never, in my opinion, been reached by any writer of French prose. But, best of all, the author truly and sincerely loves the kindly family he describes, and really hates the coarse sensualist who destroys its happiness and peace. And this sincerity is the root of that vividness which pervades the whole work. The easy-going, good-hearted mother; the noble, weak, sympathetic father, and the still more sympathetic daughter in her simplicity and great openness to all that is good; their mutual relations; their first journey; their servants and neighbors; the stingy, sensual, trivial and impudent bridegroom, who deceives the innocent girl with his commonplace idealization of the most brutal sides of human character; the wedding; Corsica, with its charmingly described nature; then their country life; the coarse unfaithfulness of the husband; his usurping all proprietary rights over their property; his collisions with his father-in-law; the retiring timidity of the good, and the triumph of the impudent; their relations with their neighbors; all this is life itself, with all its complex variety; and not only is it admirably and vividly described — it is pervaded by a sincere, pathetic tone, in which the reader shares, even against his will. You feel that the author loves this woman; and not for her outer beauty, but for her soul, for all that is good in her. He pities her, and suffers with her; and this feeling of his is communicated to the reader. And the questions, "Why, with what object, is this gracious being ruined; and is this possibly right?" arise in the reader's heart, and force him deeper into the import and sense of human life.

The next novel of Guy de Maupassant's which I read was "*Bel-Ami*." "*Bel-Ami*" is distinctly an impure book. The author clearly gives way to his inclination to describe what attracts him in an unworthy way; and so often loses the original negative attitude towards his hero, and goes over bodily to his side. But, in a more general way, "*Bel-Ami*," as well as "*Une Vie*," is based on serious thought and earnest feeling. In "*Une Vie*," this fundamental thought is perplexity at the cruel purposelessness with which an excel-

lent woman is made to suffer through the vulgar sensuality of a man. In "*Bel-Ami*," it is more than perplexity. It is indignation at the success and happiness of a coarse animal, who succeeds, and wins a high social position through this very sensuality; and indignation at the profligacy of the atmosphere in which the hero wins success. In the first story, the author seems to ask: With what object, for what fault is this beautiful being ruined; why did it happen? In the second, he seems to answer these questions: everything pure and good in our society is doomed to ruin, because this society is immoral, mad and chaotic. The last scene of the novel, the wedding of a triumphant rascal, decorated with the *Legion l'Honneur*, in a fashionable church, with a pure young girl, the daughter of a once blameless mother whom he had seduced; a wedding which received an episcopal blessing, and was acknowledged universally as a thing to be respected, expresses this fundamental thought with unusual power. In this novel, you see that the author is dealing earnestly with life, in spite of its being encumbered with impure detail, which, unhappily, seems to delight him.

Read the conversation of the old poet with Duroy, after they have left the Walters' dinner party, if I mistake not: —

"She holds me already, *la gueuse*," he says, of Death; "she has loosened my teeth, torn out my hair, crippled my limbs, and she is ready to swallow me; I am already in her power. She lingers, playing with me, like a cat with a mouse, and knowing that there is no escape for me. Fame and wealth — what profit is in them? when you cannot buy with them a woman's love. A woman's love is the one thing worth living for; and Death robs us of it; of love, and then of health, of strength, of our very life; and this for us all, and nothing gained."

This is the meaning of the old poet's words; but Duroy is the successful suitor of every woman that pleases him; he is so full of lust, energy and force, that he, hearing, hears not, and understanding, understands not, the old poet's words. He certainly hears and understands, but the springs of self-indulgent life pulsate in him so strongly that this self-evident truth fails to touch him, though foreshadowing his own end.

This interior contradiction, together with its ironic purpose, forms the chief meaning of *Bel-Ami*. The same thought

illumines the excellent description of the consumptive journalist's death. The author asks himself what this life is, how to explain the eternal contradiction between the love of life and the knowledge of inevitable death. But he gives no answer to this question. He seems to seek, to wait for, a solution; but gives no decision in either sense. But still his moral attitude towards life remains true in this novel.

But in the stories that follow, this moral attitude towards life becomes confused; the valuation of the incidents of life begins to be uncertain, obscured, and at last altogether dislocated. In "*Mont Oriol*," Guy de Maupassant seems to join the motives of the two preceding novels, and to go over their contents once more, This story is rich in descriptions of a fashionable health resort, with its hygienic activities; full of admirable humor. But we see the same Paul, as cruel and as worthless as the husband in "*Une Vie*"; the same sweet, weak, lovely, sympathetic woman, deceived and ruined; the same heartless triumph of worthless vulgarity as in "*Bel-Ami*." The leading thought is certainly the same, but the author's moral attitude is considerably lower. His notions of good and evil become very uncertain. In spite of all his intellectual striving to be dispassionate and objective, the profligate Paul evidently has his sympathy, and consequently the story of Paul's passion, and his successful attempts to seduce, rings quite false. The reader does not quite know what the author intends, and whether he wishes to paint Paul's meanness and moral bankruptcy, his indifferent desertion and insults towards his victim, for the sole reason that, when pregnant with his child, she loses her grace and beauty; or wishes to show how easy and pleasant it is to live the life of this profligate.

In the stories that follow, "*Pierre et Jean*," and "*Fort Comme la Mort*," the author's moral attitude towards his creations is still more uncertain; and in "*Notre Cœur*" it seems to be altogether lost. All these stories are stamped with indifference, haste and unreality, and, above all, with the lack of that right moral attitude towards life, which was so clearly present in the earlier story, "*Une Vie*."

This deterioration seems to have begun exactly at the period when Guy de Maupassant's reputation as a fashionable writer was established; when he was led into the strong temptation belonging to our time; the temptation which is likely to come

to any successful writer, and the more so, if the writer is so attractive as Guy de Maupassant. On one side, the success of his first novels; the praises of the critics; the flattery of society and especially of women; on another, increasing gains and still more rapidly increasing wants; and, lastly, the importunity of publishers, who cease to judge the quality of what the author offers them, ready to accept anything bearing a lucrative signature; — all this intoxicates the author. He gives way, and though still as perfect, or even more perfect in style, and even taking delight in his descriptions, he loves what he describes from mere whim, and not because it is good and worthy of all love; or hates what he describes from mere whim, and not because it is evil and worthy of hate.

The motive in "*Une Vie*" is this: here is a human being, kindly, bright, sympathetic, open to all good influences; and for some reason, this human being is sacrificed first to her vulgar, worthless, stupid, sensual husband, and then to her son who is no better. Why is this being led to ruin without ever having given anything to the world? This is the question Guy de Maupassant puts, and, to all appearances, he leaves it unanswered. But the whole story, all our compassion for the victim, all our abhorrence for the causes of her ruin, are an answer to this question. If even one man could enter into, and express, her sorrows, they are justified. Such was the meaning of Job's answer to his friends, who said that none would understand his sorrow. You have learned suffering and understood it; this is its justification. And the author has seen and understood this suffering, and has unveiled its mysteries to others. The suffering is justified by the fact that, once it has been understood by mankind, its source will be inevitably removed, sooner or later.

The story that followed, "*Bel-Ami*," no longer raises the question of the suffering of the innocent; the question it raises is: Why should the unworthy win wealth and fame? What, then, are this wealth and this fame, and how are they acquired? This question also contains its solution within itself; its solution is the negation of everything that the mob values most highly. The theme of "*Bel-Ami*," is still serious; but the author's moral attitude towards his subject is far more infirm. In "*Une Vie*," the sensual blots which disfigure the story were few and far between; but in "*Bel-

Ami," these blots spread and expand, till whole chapters are darkened by them, without disturbing the author's complacency.

In "*Mont-Oriol*," the question, Why should a gracious woman suffer, and a brutal seducer triumph? is no longer put. The author seems really to assume that this is exactly as it should be; moral requirements are hardly felt at all; but impure, sensual descriptions are frequent, though quite uncalled for by any artistic necessity or fitness. The author's moral attitude towards his subject is perfectly false; and, as a striking example of his doing violence to the laws of beauty, one may cite the very detailed description of the appearance of the heroine in her bath. This description is perfectly unnecessary; quite unconnected with either the exterior or the interior theme of the novel. Tiny bubbles cover pink flesh. What of that? asks the reader. Nothing! replies the author; I describe this because I like this kind of description.

In the two stories that follow, "*Pierre et Jean*," and "*Fort Comme la Mort*," there is no moral basis at all. Both are built upon profligacy, deceit and lying; leading the persons of the story to tragic complications.

Then in "*Notre Cœur*," the situation is perfectly monstrous, impossible and immoral. Here the chief characters make no attempt at resistance; they give themselves up heart and soul to the shallowest sensual pleasures; and the author seems to sympathize with them sincerely. The only conclusion the reader can possibly draw is, that there is nothing in life worth living for but sexual indulgence, no aim but its most extended enjoyment.

I shall touch on his short stories—his chief achievement and title to fame—later on; but in all his novels after "*Bel-Ami*," Guy de Maupassant is evidently enslaved by the false theory that reigned in his circle in Paris and still reigns everywhere: the theory that an artistic creation demands no defined sense of good and evil; that, on the contrary, a true artist is bound to ignore all moral questions, and that in this ignoring lies the artist's chief merit. This theory holds it to be the artist's duty to represent actuality—what actually is, or what is beautiful—that is, what pleases him or may serve as material for "science"; but that it is no part of his duty to discern between moral and immoral, good

and evil. In compliance with this verdict of elect spirits, Guy de Maupassant wrote his novels under the curious belief that whatever his circle believed to be beautiful, was that true Beautiful which all art must serve.

Guy de Maupassant grew up and formed himself among those who believed that feminine beauty and feminine passion were finally and universally acknowledged by the best minds as the only true subject of real art. This theory, in all its terrible inanity, enslaved Guy de Maupassant as soon as he became a fashionable writer; and, as could have been foretold, this false ideal led him into a whole series of mistakes, in work that grew steadily weaker and weaker.

And here we come to the radical difference between a novel and a short story. The theme of a novel, interior and exterior, is the description of a whole life, or even many lives; hence the writer of a novel must clearly discern between good and evil in life — a discernment which Guy de Maupassant never possessed. Quite the opposite, for it was blazoned on the banner of his school that he must ignore this very discernment. Had he been one of the throng of talentless prophets of sensuality, he would have depicted evil as good in perfect contentment, and his novels would have been complete and interesting for readers who shared his views. But Guy de Maupassant was not talentless; he had the true talent — the power of discerning reality — and therefore, in spite of himself, depicted reality, and saw evil in what he tried to depict as good. And this is why in all his novels but "*Une Vie*" his sympathies are so uncertain; sometimes depicting evil as good; sometimes seeing evil in evil, and good in good; and continually changing from one to the other. And this uncertainty is fatal to the wholeness of impression, fatal to the illusion.

With the exception of his early novels, or, to speak more exactly, with the exception of his earliest one, all his novels are weak as such; and, had he left us nothing but his novels, his life would be valuable only as a striking example of a brilliant gift ruined by the false surroundings in which it developed, and the false theories of men without love for, and therefore without understanding of, art.

But, happily, Guy de Maupassant wrote short stories also, in which he did not comply with a false theory; in which he did not aim at fine writing, but simply recorded what touched

his heart or repelled his moral sense. And so, in the best of these short stories, you can trace the development of his moral sense, and the gradual and unconscious dethronement of all that formerly constituted for him the whole aim and meaning of life. And the wonderful characteristic of all true talent is, that, unless the author does violence to his own better nature, a true talent will teach its possessor and lead him on the road of moral unfolding, making him love the truly lovable, and hate what is worthy of hatred. An artist is an artist only in so far as he can see things, not as he wishes to see them, but as they really are. The possessor of a true talent may err, but the true talent, when given free scope — as Guy de Maupassant's was, in his short stories — will unveil and reveal the truth as it really is; will compel love for it if it be lovable, and hatred, if it be worthy of hate. What befell Balaam will befall every true artist, when, under outward influences, he seeks to represent what should not be represented; seeking to bless the accursed, he cursed, and seeking to curse the blessed, he blessed. Unwillingly, he does not what he would, but what he should.

And so with Guy de Maupassant. There was hardly another writer who felt so sincerely that the sole end and aim of life is woman, and who described woman and woman's love so powerfully and passionately from every side; and yet who showed the dark reverses of the picture so clearly and truly, though sincerely seeking to exalt his ideal, and show in it the true end and happiness of life. The deeper he penetrated into life with this ideal, the more completely all veils were torn away, leaving bare the dark consequences and still darker realities. Guy de Maupassant wished to hymn the praises of passion, but the deeper he penetrated, the deeper grew his loathing. He loathes passion for the calamities and sufferings that follow in its wake; for its many disappointments; and, most of all, because passion counterfeits true love — a counterfeit which brings the more suffering the more credulous was its victim.

The moral progress of Guy de Maupassant's life is written in ineffaceable characters through the whole series of his delicious short stories and his best books, "*Sur l'Eau*" and "*Une Vie*." This growth is to be traced not only in the dethronement of sexual passion — the more significant that it is involuntary — but also in Guy de Maupassant's increasing

demands from life, in a moral sense. He begins to perceive the chasm between man and beast not in sexual passion alone, but in the whole fabric of life.

He sees that the material world, such as it is, is not the best of all possible worlds; that it might be far other; that it does not satisfy the demands of reason and love. He begins to perceive that another world exists; or, at least, he realizes the soul's longings for this other world. And this thought is strikingly expressed in "*Horla*." He is tortured by the material world's unreason and ugliness; by its lack of love, its separation. I know no other cry of despair that goes straighter to the heart, coming from one who from chaos had found conscience, than the expression of this thought in the charming story, "Solitude." The fact that tortured Guy de Maupassant most keenly, and to which he returns again and again, is this very loneliness, this consciousness of a spiritual barrier shutting him off from all mankind; a barrier that grows more palpable as physical intercourse grows closer. What makes him suffer so? What is he longing for? What could break down the barrier, and bring this utter loneliness to an end? What but love? Yet not the *mirage* of woman, of sexual passion; but true love — pure, spiritual and divine. And this Guy de Maupassant thirsts for. This true love, long clearly recognized as the salvation of life, is the goal of his struggles from the toils he feels drawn round him. He has not yet found the name of what he seeks; nor will he name it with the lips alone, through fear of bringing pollution to the shrine. Yet unnamed as is his impulse, his horror of loneliness is so intense that it is communicated to the reader, who is far more touched by this upward struggle than by all the idyls of passion that have flowed eloquent from Guy de Maupassant's lips. The tragedy of his life is in the fact that, though plunged in a life and tide of moral chaos, the power and luminousness of his talent was making for his liberation from this chaos; his release was definitely sure; he was already breathing the free air. Yet, having spent his strength in the struggle, he failed in the last needed effort, and perished unreleased.

According to the thought that surrounded him, in which he was formed, and which the young lust of his passionate nature strengthened and confirmed, life was for indulgence alone, and the chiefest indulgence was sexual love; and this

false tendency gained force and color from his wonderful power of depicting passion and communicating it to others.

But the more he bent his eyes on this indulgence, the more there struggled to the light elements foreign and hostile to passion and beauty; woman grew strangely repellent; then the pains of pregnancy, of childbirth; the unwelcome children; then deceit, cruelty, moral suffering; then — old age, and — death. Then again — is this "beauty" real beauty? Of what use is it? This ideal of his might hold, if we could bind the wings of time; but life hurries on, — and what does this mean? The hurry of life means this — thin and grizzled hair, toothlessness, wrinkles, tainted breath; even long before the end all becomes ugly and repellent; visible paint, sweat, foulness, hideousness. Where, then, is the god of my idolatry? Where is beauty? Beauty is all, and is — vanished. Nothing is left. Life is gone. Nor is it only that life has gone from where you beheld it. You yourself begin to lag behind. You yourself grow weak, dull, decrepit. Others cull the sweets before your eyes.

And even this is not all. You begin to see the glimmer of another life; something different; another communion with life, and with mankind; a communion with no place for these deceits; a communion not to be destroyed, but ever true and ever beautiful. But this may not be. It is but the gleam of an oasis, where we know no oasis is, but sand only. Guy de Maupassant has reached the tragic hour of struggle between the lies around him, and the truth he was beginning to see. The throes of the new birth were close at hand. And these throes are expressed in his most excellent works, and more than all in his short stories. Had he not been doomed to death in the birth-struggle, he would have given us great evangels; yet even what he gave us in his pain is much already. Therefore let us thank this strong, truthful writer for what he has given.

DAVID A. WELLS' "DOWNFALL."

BY GEORGE WILSON.*

(*a*) In the *Forum* for October, 1893, David A. Wells invites attention to his feat of causing the "Downfall" of certain "Financial Fallacies," which before would not down, but continued to trouble "many intelligent persons anxious to know the truth." Under this modest title he set forth "the appreciation of gold fallacy" and four other fallacies. He says it is doubtful if there has ever been a controverted economic or social question in which so much of error of assertion and assumption is involved, as has characterized the theories and statements of the advocates of silver.

Thereafter he tries to liken his opponents to Rev. John Jasper, the negro preacher in Richmond, Va., who says "The sun do move" and "The earth do stand still." Like the opposing general of whom Lee said, "He seemed not to be aware of his situation," Mr. Wells seems not to see that in claiming that gold is the "standard of value," that it has stood still and other things have moved, he is taking exactly the position in finance that Jasper does in physics. As there is no physical constant in the universe, so there is no price-constant in the market. Those who think there is a "standard of value" have not mastered the subject.

(*b*) In general, when dollars are few we must give much of other commodities for a given quantity of them; when plenty, less. There is therefore a *prima facie* case against the enemies of constitutional coinage. He tries to clear them thus: —

> Nobody, furthermore, has ever yet risen to explain the motive which has impelled the sellers of merchandise all over the world during the last thirty years, to take lower prices for their goods in the face of an unexampled abundance of capital and low rates of interest, except upon the issue of the struggle between supply and demand.

That "assertion and assumption" has a radical fault; it is not true. The abundance of money is relative. In proportion to the enormous increase of new country to develop, money was seldom scarcer. In proportion to the increase of drafts on the future in the shape of deferred obligations, now constantly maturing, the world has never as urgently needed all the gold

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and silver it could get for use as money. Our issue-bank currency and much of the English is paid for twice. We are taxed to create it and we pay interest on it when we borrow it. To suppose that value can be made out of nothing is not to understand the law of the conservation of energy.

Nowhere in the Union has production for the time named been carried on with money at low rates of interest. The same is true of South and Central America, Australia, Canada and Mexico. The chief cause of the trouble of the Jews in Russia is that they have plundered Russian producers by outrageous rates of interest.

When commodities are falling in price on the hands of sellers of them any rate of interest paid on money to carry on such business is a loss. Money naturally abundant and at a low rate of interest, as Mr. Wells seems to recognize, would not allow the disproportionately low prices to which he confesses. Men like Mr. Wells form opinions of interest rates from reading that the Bank of England rate to-day is two per cent and New York's rate perhaps three per cent. But at the same time our cotton crop is produced at an average of, say, fifteen per cent. His statement not being true, he is left with a *prima facie* case against the gold fiatists.

(*c*) Here is the meat of his case. He says: —

> In all that has been written or spoken on this subject, on either side of the Atlantic, that has fallen under my observation, no one has ever named a single commodity and satisfactorily proved or even attempted to prove that its decline was due to the appreciation of gold. And the reason for such default is that it cannot be done. On the other hand not a single commodity that has notably declined in price within that time can be named in respect to which clear, abundant and specific evidence cannot be adduced in proof that its decline has been due to decreased cost of production or distribution or to changes in supply and demand occasioned by wholly fortuitous circumstances.

Did he forget silver bullion; or did he think demonetization "wholly fortuitous"?

> It is not a matter of reasonable doubt that within the last thirty or forty years man has attained such a greater control over the forces of nature and has so compassed their use, that he has been able to do far more work in a given time and produce far more product, measured by quantity in ratio to a given amount of labor, than ever before. How great has been the average saving in the world's work of production and distribution cannot be accurately stated; but few investigators place it at less than forty per cent, and in some great branches of industry it has certainly amounted to seventy or eighty per cent. We have here, therefore, a natural, all-sufficient, and non-disputable cause of the remarkable decline in prices under consideration and also of its continuation.

That is his case: cheap commodities and dear money are caused by over-supply of the first, compared with the demand

for them. It is positively amusing to think that with all Mr. Wells' pretensions as an economist he should think that any answer.

Elsewhere he says that all true money is a commodity. How does it happen that the other commodities have increased so much beyond demand, by man's ingenuity, energy, control of the forces of nature, etc., and the commodity, money, has not? Oh! here's the rub. It was increasing, though not in proportion to the other commodities that are exchanged by it, and just there the fiatists interfered to reduce the supply of it. The same railroads that opened up new wheat fields in Nebraska, Kansas and the two Dakotas and new cotton fields in Arkansas, Texas and other states, also opened up new mines of the two money metals in the Rocky Mountain states and territories beyond them. He mainly agrees with us as to the going apart of gold on one hand and the mass of commodities on the other. But his assertion that it is from "fortuitous circumstances" is grossly and flatly false, and in one of his details he helps us to show it. He says the copper tea kettle now worth seventy-five cents was in 1860 worth two dollars and a half, "which, the commercial world is agreed, has been wholly due to the extraordinary productiveness of new American mines and new methods of mining and smelting."

In the ores of Colorado that are treated at Central and Black Hawk, Colorado, and elsewhere, there are gold, silver and copper blended in nature's laboratory. When separated, the gold and copper can be used for any purpose for which man has found them useful. The natural right to use gold as money according to immemorial Aryan custom-law is left, but the same right so to use silver is taken from the individual by fiat. If we could quote the price of the copper by a volume of money made up of the gold and silver the price of a copper tea kettle would not be as low as it is, if the other factors did not change. This anti-natural, unconstitutional, fiat treatment of silver has cut off one of its uses and it, too, has thereby declined as quoted in gold. The copper regions of Lake Superior are also silver producing regions. The same is true of Mexico and South America. The difference in the treatment of silver and copper has affected the product of those countries. Mr. Wells says that it can be proved by "clear, abundant and specific evidence" that this fiat change in supply and demand is "*wholly due* to fortuitous circumstances."

The condition in the Union now is exactly as if a hundred men, each with a commodity to trade, had met as before in a market. The commodities must all be converted into money, but the one who had before all the gold and silver money he could get, now only has the share that he can get out of a volume restricted to

gold. Each commodity owner therefore tries to sell all he has and buy less than usual of what the others have, because money is scarcer and dearer and a certain fixed sum of it must be taken home to pay his debts. Hence there is, of course, except as to money, a greater supply than demand; *but from an unnatural cause — the fiat restriction of the volume of money.* The necessity, in the case of each producer, for raising more of products whose price is falling, in order to get a certain *sum* to pay debts and taxes; and the need of doing without other commodities and applying most of the product to paying liabilities — this factor in causing what he treats as over production, Mr. Wells ignores. In between alleged over-production of low-priced wheat and cotton let a natural supply of metal money go, and the money prices of both will rise

This completely answers Mr. Wells' claim that improvement in production and distribution, control of the forces of nature, etc., alone have made low prices. But he angrily says that to ask for the retention of that natural equality among commodities, including gold and silver, is "rascally." If his theory of money is true, that Congress can make and unmake money, it is absurd to say that remonetizing silver is "rascally." His "few thoughtful minds" in Europe have decided that issue bankers and gold miners have a royal prerogative. He sees no rascality in limiting money by fiat after the world has made immeasurable contracts to pay money. Whence do governments get power to make and unmake money? He does not say. But the power to make and unmake money at will is tacitly assumed for Congress by him, as by the greenbackers. That is, at one end of his political economy he is a liberal or believer in natural rights; at the other a fiatist. He may properly be called an economic freak, a double-headed economic prodigy. Had he learned the principles of the science of money he would have seen that they are a part of the science of sociology and come under the same rule — that of the natural rights of man as opposed to the violent interference school. He has always professed to be with Bentham, Hume, Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill and the liberal school in political economy, and now in a detail of political economy — finance — he appears among the champions of the fiat school. This is indeed a "downfall." He has not learned the elementary fact that money is an evolution, not the creature of government. Yet he has always taught that the evolution of commerce ought to go on upon natural lines unrestrained by fiat.

Man's right to use as money all the gold and all the silver he can get is as indefeasible as his right to use as food all the wheat and beef that he or others can produce. Fiat can no more, justly, limit the amount of the two money metals that he may

use as money than it can limit the uses to which he may put wheat, or the quantity of it that he may use as food. The free coinage of the two money metals as under the law of 1792 is only the natural right of every one to the unrestricted use of gold and silver. There is no more right to restrict the use of silver as money than to restrict its use as spoons. It was immemorial Aryan custom-law, not statute, that made them "money"; as the law-merchant and not statute first made money contracts negotiable.

(*d*) Mr. Wells says: —

> Again, if the appreciation of gold has been the cause of the decline of prices under consideration, the inference is irresistible that everything for sale, or exchangeable for money, ought to have experienced its influence; and that something of correspondence as respects time and degree in resulting price movements would have been recognized. And this is exactly what the advocates of silver claim has occurred. Thus in speeches recently made by the secretary and representative of the Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia — Mr. Heber Clark — he is reported as saying that "The fact that prices of practically all commodities have steadily declined demonstrates that some one large force operating with equal pressure everywhere and simultaneously must be thrusting them downward. . . . That fact is the appreciation of gold." But nothing of the kind as thus asserted has happened. The decline in prices, though extensive, has fallen far short of embracing all commodities, and has not been manifested simultaneously.

Mr. Wells says also: —

> There is, further, no foundation for the assertion that there has been anything like a simultaneous decline in prices due to the appreciation of gold and no one can name any two commodities whose price experiences during the period of decline have harmonized either in respect to time or degree.

That is to say, he requires the constitutionalists to prove that variations in supply and demand from other causes, making one thing rise and another fall at the same time, or one fall faster or more than another, have ceased by gold appreciation; to prove that under gold appreciation they fluctuate or fall in harmony: otherwise there has been no gold appreciation. He says we say this is the case. The language of the one witness that he quotes warrants no such construction as he puts on it. If, as Mr. Wells says, the fall in the case of each commodity can be shown to be from changes in supply and demand, cheapened production, distribution, etc., why has not the fall been parallel as to amount and synchronous in the cases of the commodities that he agrees have fallen? Evidently because they were not all acted upon by exactly the same influences in the same degree at the same time. Should gold appreciation, if a fact, have pulled them all into line and made them do it? Here is a fair application of Mr. Wells' logic on this point; if at the time fiat is lessening the money

supply an abundant wheat crop in the summer is followed by a fall in wheat prices there is not "simultaneously" a fall in the price of cotton, though the corresponding cotton crop will come in some five months later than wheat, or when it comes it is a short crop, then gold appreciation had nothing to do with any fall in either case. And here is another: when self-binders were introduced their influence was to cheapen wheat, and if gold appreciation had then been depressing prices, corn (though still cut, gathered and shucked by hand) ought to have fallen simultaneously and in the same degree.

Mr. John Henry Newman, member of the London Chamber of Commerce and author of "The World's Exchanges of Standard Metals," etc., one of the gold fiatists endorsed by Professor Sumner, says, "No two substances can be exchanged for any length of time on parallel lines of quantities or values." He thinks that a natural law. Mr. Wells thinks it would disappear under gold appreciation. He says in effect that we say this has happened. One would suppose that the constitutionalists, or Mr. Clark for them, alleged that demonetization wiped out all other influences "which vary with time, place and circumstance" (to quote Mr. Wells). Nobody, so far as I know, says that because this fiat treatment of money has resulted as it must result, all other factors that tend to affect prices cease to act as usual; but that is what Mr. Wells virtually charges the constitutional coinage party with saying and that is what he tries to answer. He fights a straw man of his own make.

There is an equal downward pressure everywhere, as Mr. Clark says, but it meets in some cases resisting factors, in others helping factors, all of various degrees of strength and coming at different times. Hence the results of gold appreciation cannot make the fall of any one product perfectly rhythmical nor all of them harmonious. But unless the latter be the case there has been no gold appreciation, according to Mr. Wells. Mr. Clark scarcely meant to say that in those cases where some opposite pressure is greater than the downward pressure of demonetization, the prices went down notwithstanding. What has happened is this: practically all prices of commodities are getting ultimately down upon a lower plane. But debts stay on the higher plane. It matters little whether gold has stood still or has appreciated, whether the distance put between a given quantity of wheat and of gold comes from the gold moving or the wheat moving or both moving. The purpose was to make debts worth more, and it has been accomplished. If it could be shown that gold has not appreciated it would be Greed's Labor Lost.

Mr. Wells says, "The number of persons who, far from considering themselves as 'cranks' and fanatics, persistently attribute

all the various and enormous fluctuations in prices since 1873 to an appreciation and scarcity of gold is still very considerable." That is, we are charged with asserting "a simultaneous decline in prices," and "a very considerable number" of us with also asserting "enormous fluctuations," both the fall in one case and the rise and fall in the other, from the same downward pressure. What one person can he quote as saying that the rise was caused by gold appreciation?

(*e*) Though the constitutionalists cannot show a single commodity whose decline has been *the result of gold appreciation*, he can show certain ones that have not declined at the same rate, "though subjected to the same gold scarcity influence." If he would say that all the factors in both cases were exactly the same and one set of commodities fell in price but the other set did not, he would receive respectful attention.

In proof that gold appreciation has not lowered all prices the same per cent and at the same time, he says that hog prices "fluctuate more rapidly and extremely than those of almost any other product of the United States, and are dependent upon the supply and price of corn. If the corn crop is large and its price low, the supply of hogs increases, and their price rapidly declines. If the crop is short and corn is high the price of hogs rapidly increases." There are several factors that Mr. Wells fails to notice, less, doubtless, from a desire to deceive than from want of knowledge of the subject. There is only space here to say that he has left out the very Hamlet of the tragedy of the American hog: the so-called "hog cholera," a name given it only from the swiftness and wide sweep of its destructiveness. It makes hogs a gambling crop to the individual farmer. It has so seriously affected the crop as to engage the attention of Congress, but not of Mr. Wells.

The logic of what he says about aluminum is that it ought to have fallen in harmony and in the same degree with wheat and other commodities if gold has risen, but it has fallen from ninety dollars a pound in 1856 to fifty cents now. Does any one really ask an answer to that?

One must sympathize with a person who has devoted his life to assailing the protectionists as teachers of the doctrine of dearness, who himself must now explain that protected iron's astonishing cheapness is not from gold appreciation. As he also says wages have been rising, McKinley has in this paper seen his desire upon his free-trade enemy Wells. There is need of iron and steel, for more railroads and bridges and many other purposes. There are mills and hands enough to produce it, and money enough in our mountains to pay for them. But those who need the rails, bridges, etc., cannot pay for them because fiat has

obstructed the natural exchange of commodities. When the taxes and interest are paid out of the products, reduced to money in a fiat-made scarcity of it, there is nothing left for the support of more roads. Mr. Wells says it is partly because we have so many roads.

There is less room to show where improvements in production and distribution have affected wool prices, as wool comes largely from countries where there has been little change in means of distribution in thirty years, and there is little change in the manner of producing it. He connects "the recent decline in the price of wool to a lower yearly average than ever before," with "the fact that in the country affording the world's largest supply of wool — namely, Australia — the number of sheep has increased more than fifty per cent in the short space of six years." But were silver not forcibly and without right kept out of the free exchange market where it meets wool, the decline in wool could not be as great. Forbid the use of wool for trousers and it would fall still more. Forbidding the use of silver as money tends to make it and wool both fall. The silver miner can no longer buy as much as he needs, and the wool grower has more than he can sell. Give back natural and constitutional rights to silver miners and they will largely increase the demand for wool, for they and the multitudes following and living off them need much woollen clothing in the countries where silver is mostly found. I wish Mr. Wells could see how badly many of the negro children here need the surplus wool of Australia for clothing. Missouri is first in the Union in mule-raising, and this Lafayette County (once first in number of slaves) is now first in the state in number of mules. If we could sell mules to draw ore wagons, and to do the freighting and staging off railroad lines in the mountains, under natural use of silver, the fathers of those children (who are the best hands in mule raising) could get more woollen clothing for them and help to raise the price and consume the surplus. Even when wool is low, if other things are low as now, many must wear shoddy, which makes a seeming surplus of wool, and low prices.

"Wheat has increased in price in India because railways and steamers have enabled it to enter markets which twenty years ago were absolutely closed to it." In America "The decline in prices of commodities due to great reductions in recent years in their cost of transportation and distribution should not be overlooked." The latter has been answered herein. The cause of the increased production of wheat in India has been so clearly shown, by Mr. Bland, and last summer by Sibley of Pennsylvania to be from demonetizing silver that it is useless to tell it again here.

He says, "Cotton has declined in India because excessive production in America lowered the price." And, "The world's demand for American cotton would be satisfied with fifteen million bales." When a man's fortunes change for the better he changes his cotton garments oftener and so buys more of them. Take off the limit that fiat has put upon the volume of metal money — make more pick-and-shovel money and less pen-made currency — and at once Mr. Wells' limit of the quantity of cotton necessary to satisfy the world's demand would be raised. He has no right to limit the number of cotton garments *per capita* used by mankind, but limiting the metal money does it.

(*f*) What products have not fallen? He says, "All that class of products which are exclusively or largely the result of handicraft; which are not capable of rapid multiplication, or do not admit of economy in production, have as a rule exhibited no tendency to decline in price, but rather the reverse." Here he is obnoxious to the charge that he makes against others, who "never express themselves other than generally." The decline has "been mainly confined to those commodities whose production and distribution have been cheapened by new inventions and discoveries." What handicraft work has not had the advantage of cheaper means of distribution than other things alongside them have had? What proportion of what the millions eat and wear, and of the materials that go into the construction of their houses, and the tools and implements that they use, is made otherwise than by the aid of machinery? There are, for instance, certain laces that only French fingers can make, and of which the output is very restricted, and that are only bought by the rich. The supply is not capable of great increase nor are the prices, for they are already very high; though, as Adam Smith showed, they do not well pay the makers. There are the French confectionery, crystallized fruit, fans and other products of inimitable French touch physical and French taste psychological that perhaps come under this head. They are a monopoly, for there is only one France. Fiat has practically doubled the rate of interest on all debts, and so the great debt-holders have made greater demand for those articles of luxury made by handicrafts, and the prices ought to rise. Elsewhere he says, "The products of the half-civilized monometallic silver countries, on the other hand, are mainly the results of handicrafts which have not changed." If these prices have not fallen it is largely because the makers of them were already living on as little as they can live on. Mexicans living on corn and Hindoos and other Asiatics living on rice must get what they got before or cease to live. If they have not consented to starve to death then gold has not appreciated, is Mr. Wells' logic. In his "gold scarcity fallacy"

he says that, for reasons given, the gold question does not concern certain silver-using countries, still he uses the steadiness of prices of some of their products as proof that gold has not appreciated.

(*g*) But he makes wages prove that gold has actually depreciated instead of rising. (Elsewhere he repeats the senseless gabble of those who liken it to the yardstick that always measures the same.) Thus: —

> And then in respect to the one thing that is everywhere purchased and sold for money to a greater extent than any other, namely, labor, there can be no question that its price *measured in gold* has increased in a marked degree everywhere in the civilized world, during the last quarter of a century. Had the purchasing power of gold increased during this period, a given amount would have bought more labor, and a fall in wages would have been inevitable. And if wages under such circumstances have risen, the cheapening of commodities could not have been due to the scarcity of gold. Measured by the price of labor, therefore, gold has unquestionably depreciated; and can anybody suggest a better measure for testing this issue?

The sentence, "Had the purchasing power of gold increased during this period a given amount would have bought more labor," is ambiguous. It is capable of this construction: "Had the purchasing power of gold *in respect to commodities* increased during this period a given amount would have also bought more labor." It would then be open to the objection that as all commodities are not subject to the same price influences, so labor is not always subject to exactly the same price influences in the same degree that commodities are. If the sentence does not include something other than labor then it means: "Had the purchasing power of gold in respect to labor increased during this time a given amount would have bought more labor," which is a truism.

Furthermore, what does he mean by saying "Labor is everywhere purchased and sold for money to a greater extent than any other thing"? If he means that wages are more nearly cash than commodities what figure would that cut if true? Why was that sentence injected? And again, if "the price of labor" has, as he says, been changing for a quarter of a century, it would seem easy to suggest a better "measure."

But lastly, I do not see how Mr. Wells can afford to say that the price of labor all over the world for a quarter of a century has increased "*as measured in gold*," and coolly try to appropriate to his own advantage the implications in the statement. What he tries to do is as if he were to say, "wages reduced to gold by an arithmetical calculation, though paid in much of the civilized world in something else," and yet get for himself the advantage as if for that time gold had been, all over the civilized world, the only medium of exchange. The only way to tell whether wages for that time and all over the civilized world would have risen as measured in gold would have been to have

no money but gold for that time and in that part of the world. When wages have had the easing and inflating effect of silver money as a medium of paying them no one can tell what they would have been had there been no money but gold and they been quoted in it for the time named.

But let us examine the question of wages as measured in the medium of exchange, be it what it may have been for the time and in the territory named. Begin at bed-rock, a laborer working at cost; that is, for enough to reproduce as much vital energy as he has expended in doing the work. For convenience call this a ration. The ration produces the energy and the energy produces another ration. These two factors are the same to each other under the same circumstances as ever before. But the ration necessary to produce the same energy costs now less gold than formerly. The unit of energy, as we may call the amount necessary to grow a ration of food under the same circumstances, can be had for less gold than before the reign of financial fiatism. Therefore, measured by the *cost* of labor, gold has appreciated. If there is any *measure* of value in the case it is the energy, or the ration; not what Mr. Wells says—the money paid for it. He claims that gold is a measure and now thinks he proves that it has changed.

Wages usually represent something more than the money cost of the vital energy. What conditions enable labor to ask for and get more than cost? *A short supply.* If the supply is so great that most or many laborers will, in order to get work at all, work for what will just keep them alive and in working order, then all others must come down and live more meanly. The supply may be naturally or artificially made short.

Wages are the expression of two elements in terms of money: the energy, always costing the ration transmutable into it whether that costs much money or not, and the other element that the fancy of the laborer causes him to add for the value of his services above cost. The latter he may make greater or less as the supply of labor is (naturally or artificially) less or greater than the demand. It is clear that the net money cost of the energy (or the ration that produces it) may be falling at the same time that wages are rising. One element is cheaper but the other is dearer, and the resultant price of the whole is a higher one. Now if present prices of commodities were the results of natural conditions; if the disproportion between the force of the money volume and the power of other commodities in the market were in no part fiat-made, and if no artificial sequestration of laborers by military enlistments or strikes or demand from new countries or forcible opposition by labor unions had occurred, we might expect wages to become lower. The

Wells free traders answer the statement that wages are higher here under a tariff than in England by saying the same money buys more there than here. So we might suppose laborers saying, "As lower wages now buy as much of what we want as the higher wages formerly did, we will take the lower wages." But if when the cost of the energy or the ration transmutable into it is less, the total paid the laborer for his expended energy and for his demand or fancy over that is (as Mr. Wells claims) growing greater, it would not prove the depreciation of gold. It would be in harmony with the fact that many laborers are taken into the armies and that combinations of laborers are successful in getting what they demand, whether they are living as well as before for less money or not. As quoted above, he denies in so many words that this could happen.

Beginning with the price of labor twenty-five years ago, suppose that the money paid the laborer now buys more commodities for the laborer. But it buys still more product, quoted in money, in proportion to what it bought twenty-five years ago, after paying amply for capital invested. The increase in the wages has not been in proportion to the increase in value produced, allowing ample pay for capital, inventions, etc. If we look deeper than mere words, nominally higher wages may be really lower wages: that is, a given amount invested in wages earns a greater per cent profit now than before.

He has overlooked, moreover, that very large element of labor that is represented chiefly by the farmer who does his own work and hires no outside help, who has done this "all over the civilized world for the last quarter of a century." How can their pay have increased, with the price of most of their products falling most of the time?

There is another item in the matter of wages not to be overlooked. If taxes ever come out of wages the cost of making our paper currency comes partly out of wages.

During the time that Mr. Wells names, our Rocky Mountain states and territories employed large numbers of men at high wages in the mines of silver and gold. Owing to the discomforts and the high prices of living there, the danger to life in the mines, and the intelligence required, the wages were necessarily high. And they were partly paid out of the money paid for stocks and assessments on stocks of the stock holders who never got their money back; not all paid for out of the mines—another reason why high wages could be paid there. Necessarily this must tend to keep up the rate of wages everywhere. But now the mines opened by nature are closed by fiat; the labor is thrown on the market, and where wages have not tumbled, labor combinations have held them up.

Suppose that the armies of Europe were suddenly disbanded and the men had to go to work for their living, would not the price of labor fall, other factors remaining as they are? Then as Mr. Wells proves that gold has not risen by saying that wages have risen, would he not have proved that gold had risen because wages had become cheaper in gold? For he makes wages the best measure. (Gold, the sun of his system, moves with respect to wages.) Thus he says: "Wages have risen; hence gold has fallen. If that is true why is not the converse of it true, that if wages have fallen gold has risen? When Mr. Wells wrote, the plan was not in complete operation; but soon afterwards fiatism got possession and wages began to be reduced. But laborers have resisted by means of labor unions and strikes. Where wages have been kept from falling it has been by artificial means. Such cases are of no use to the economist in arriving at the true price of labor under natural supply and demand of the labor and its products.

The mere reports of statisticians that wages are such and such do not always tell the real story. My home is in a coal field where wages were (before the "Cleveland famine") high per ton of coal. But the work is not steady. The Wells free traders often tell us of the falls to shorter hours in protected factories. But the rate of wages, not the total earnings, are quoted as showing that wages are high.

The world's work has, for the last twenty-five years, been done more and more by machinery, so that the number of skilled laborers compared to unskilled ought to have increased, and many have changed from unskilled to skilled laborers as classified by statisticians and reported as earning higher wages, but who produce still greater proportionate value. Is it possible that this could have occurred along with an appreciation of the purchasing power of gold?

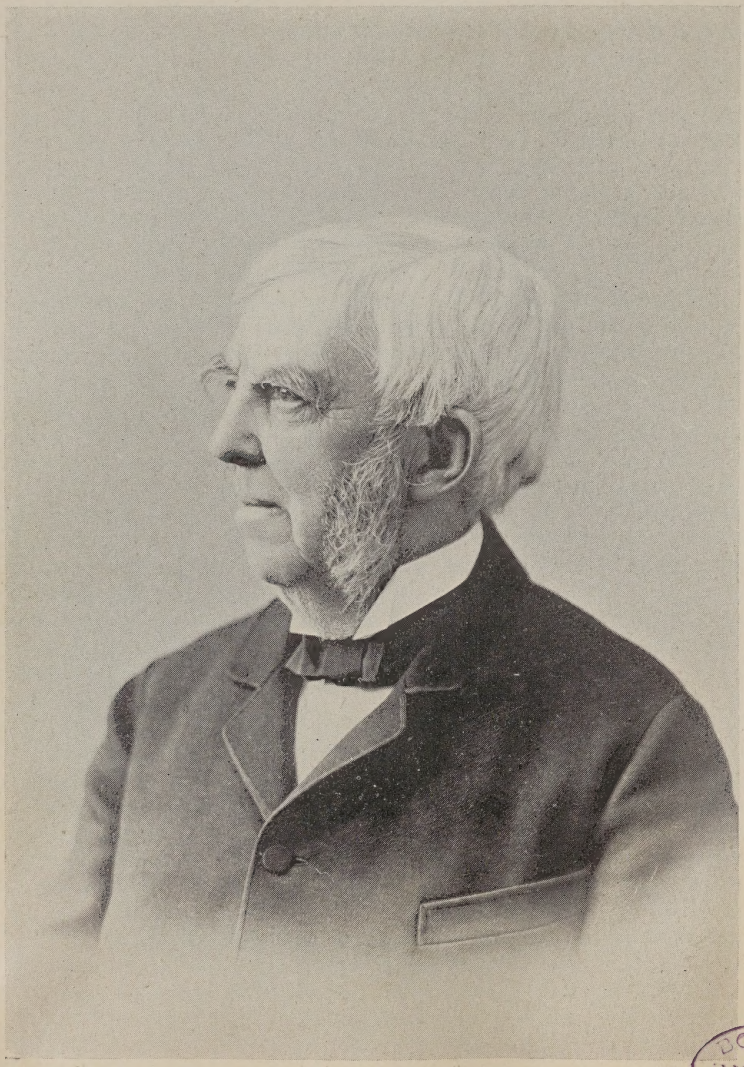
The gradual elimination of most of the metal money, with the purpose of leaving gold as a "basis," and the doubly expensive paper currency alone to do money's work, and the increasing of the demand for and widening the field for labor by army enlistments and opening new countries, ought to make gold and wages both go up as measured by other things. If the supply of metal money were naturally failing and causing low prices of commodities, labor unions still might hold up wages; and if armies and new countries were making the supply of labor short as compared with demand, it would only mean that circumstances were enabling labor to force capital to a more liberal division. As the supply of metal money is made artificially less and commodities fall thereby, so also circumstances might enable labor at that very time to artificially force capital to a more liberal divi-

sion of new wealth created by the two. Mr. Wells' position is that this is impossible.

According to Mr. Wells, production and distribution have been cheapening, capital has been abundant and at a low rate of interest, and prices of most commodities have been falling. But the labor element in the production and distribution has been growing costlier. Who has stood the loss of what labor has gained? Has it been "the rich," who, the Wells free traders tell us, "have been growing richer"? Are these laborers who have been getting more money and whose money has been buying proportionately more commodities part of the "poor," who the same free traders tell us "have been growing poorer"? If not, where and who are these people who are on the down grade?

But after all these labored efforts to show that low prices are not caused by the scarcity and consequent appreciation of gold, he gives up his whole case by saying that remonetization is "rascally." What is "cheap money"? It is money that buys little, as "dear" money is money that buys much. He and all the Anglo-Hebrew school of fiatists say that the restoration of constitutional coinage would mean higher general prices, as the New York *Recorder* criticising him noticed. The coupon would buy less, and that is one reason why they fight the restoration of natural rights. But to thus increase debts by fiat is putting the debtors into slavery. Even as our forbears over two centuries ago helped to establish an English-given system of slavery, so New England has taken from the same source a system of slavery that she's "inclined to," though not yet done "damning" the one she "had no mind to."

The part of Mr. Wells' paper herein reviewed, like nearly all of it, is an astonishment, coming from one of his prominence and reputation as an economist. In each and every one of the points that he strives to make he fails completely and so causes no "downfall" but his own. Not knowing the principles of the science of money he has no test by which to tell financial truths from financial fallacies, and so the words of his title are "great, swelling words of vanity." Mr. Newman dedicates his book (1892) to the world's first man of science who shall write the science of money. Professor Sumner says that we have no science of money (and his own writings go to prove it). He who knows the principles of the science of money has worked them out for himself. Mr. Wells has not. He has by this paper only joined Bacon's long line of men who "follow at the funerals of their own reputations." It may be that he demands commiseration, having reached the stage that the canon had as shown by his sermons, and has no admonishing nephew to perform the duty of Gil Blas.



Very truly Yours.
Oliver Wendell Holmes

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE RELIGION OF HOLMES' POEMS.

BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

It is a significant fact that the great group of poets of which Oliver Wendell Holmes was the last were all Unitarians — Bryant, Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, all Unitarians. There is an apparent exception in the case of Whittier, who never left the fellowship of the Friends in which he was born, and never dropped their quaint language in his speech. But, though a Quaker, he was in perfect sympathy with Holmes in his religious ideas. His theory of Jesus was Unitarian; and he cherished the boundless hope that we all love to trust in for the future of mankind.

This is not a strange thing, because the poet is always a seer, always a prophet by virtue of his office as a poet. He catches the finer voice with which God's spirit is whispering to the dull ear of the world, and puts it into words, interprets it to the people. When Edward Everett Hale noted this fact the Boston *Herald* criticised him in the following words: "There is no disputing Dr. Hale's claim that the five distinctly American poets were Unitarians; but perhaps some of the other denominations will dispute Dr. Hale's corollary that they were all Unitarians because they were poets. There's poetry in all religions, and a study of the old Latin and Greek poets teaches that there is more of it in heathen idolatry than in any other religion."

This is only apparently true. If you examine the old Latin and Greek poets, you will find that, compared with the religion of the times, they were prophets, seers, leaders. So, if we go back to the Middle Ages, we shall see that that part of Dante which is immortal, which makes him speak to us to-day, was not the theology that has passed out of the belief of the world, but the grand throbbing humanity which was in the heart of the man. It is a significant thing that not only our late American poets were liberals, but that Browning and Tennyson, the great poets of contemporary England, were liberals also, chiming in with the voices this side the sea in the utterance of the same grand anthem of trust in God and hope for humanity.

The last leaf of this wondrous tree, which had six such remarkable branches, has fallen. I would like to quote here Holmes' "The Last Leaf," one of the best of his poems, so ten-

der, so humorous, so full of fine humanity; but there will not be space for one half of that which might be used for its lesson.

I shall not deal at any length with the facts of his life. I wish merely to touch on two or three points in outline. The significant facts in a life like this are the words he has written, the works he has produced. Outwardly, his life was very simple, and not marked by any remarkable events. Born in 1809 of a long line of noteworthy people, it is natural that he should have been what he was — in every fibre of his being an aristocrat, in the better sense of that word. He was not an aristocrat in the fact that he was separated in sympathy from his fellows. But a man who had the blood of the Olivers, of the Wendells, of the Holmeses, of the Quincys, of the Jacksons, of the Bradstreets in his veins, might well have been glad, at any rate, if not proud of the fact. Six of our old colonial noted families contributed to make him what he was. It is significant that the first poetess that America ever produced, Anne Bradstreet, was in the direct line of his ancestry.

He was educated in Boston, at Phillips Academy, then in Cambridge, studied law for a year, concluded to be a physician instead, took three years in a medical school, went abroad for three years, came back, practised for a little while, was a professor at Dartmouth for three years, then for thirty-five years, I think, in active service as a professor of anatomy and physiology in the Harvard Medical School. For all this length of time he devoted himself sedulously to his profession, giving five lectures a week to the students — lectures unlike the ordinary medical treatise, because the brightness and the humor and the pathos and the wit and the humanity of Holmes went into them all. He loved his profession, and rendered it some distinguished services, making one or two medical discoveries, which, like most discoveries, flouted at the time, are now universally accepted by the profession.

If Holmes had died as young as Burns or Keats or Shelley or Byron, or many another of the bright luminaries of our literary heaven, he would have been known in the literary world only as the author of five or six bright little lyrics, which he wrote while in college or soon after. He was a remarkable instance of a man who becomes more productive as he gets older, showing no trace of the fact that he is a reservoir and may become empty, but rather proving that he is one of the perennial springs that can flow and flow as long as life lasts.

His first great distinction as a literary man was in connection with the *Atlantic*, when he was forty-eight or forty-nine years old. This was the publication of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." I shall not deal with the literary side of his career,

except to note that from that day to the present there has been a continuous production of one kind or another, prose or verse. He was the most distinguished writer of occasional verse that this country, or perhaps any country, has produced. He was always ready for the occasion, and always up to its highest level, not making doggerel but writing poetry. He went abroad again a few years ago, and wrote the story of it in "Our Hundred Days in Europe."

Then came the end. He has been a familiar figure in Boston streets. We have loved to think of him, and we have thought of him pathetically, as we have remembered that he was the last of that wonderful group; but we have hoped that he might still continue long with us, old physically, although young mentally, so far as his health permitted him to manifest that youth to the inner circle of his friends.

Two or three days before his death it is said that, anticipating the fact that he must go before long, and having in mind, as his son easily understood him, the funeral service in King's Chapel, which has always been his ecclesiastical home, he said to his son, Judge Holmes, "Well, Wendell, what is it — King's Chapel?" "Oh, yes, father," said he. "All right; then I am satisfied. That is all that I am going to say about it." And that was all he did say, except what he has left on record for us all.

Sunday, sitting in one chair and leaning his head on the arm of another, he looked a little uncomfortable. His son asked him if he did not think he would feel better in his old-fashioned arm-chair, to which he was partial. He said Yes, and he was helped into it; and, as he leaned back, he said, "That is better, thank you: it rests me more," — the last words he spoke. And in a few moments he was silent. This is the record, meagrely given, of the outlines of his earthly career.

The full story of such a man can never be written; he touched so many bright men at so many points, and entered so into the life of his time. That which concerns us now is Holmes' influence on the theological and religious side of his age. To illustrate this and to present to you some phases of his character, I shall give extracts from his verses. I shall not touch his prose works, though they are full of the same spirit. You cannot read a single one of his books without finding that the atmosphere of the modern world pervades them all. And this atmosphere, what was it? He illustrated it by one saying, that I cannot quote verbally, when he said, Free thought is contagious in these days, and, if you do not wish to take it, you must shut yourself up very close, and keep out of the air. That was the thought, though those are not the very words. He believed in that free thought. A student of science, a careful student of the human

body, he lost his faith in the old, the cruel and the unjust as it seemed to him; but he did not, like many an anatomist, come to the conclusion that the flesh and the bones were all. Holmes never lost his faith in the Father, never lost his faith in the soul, never lost his burning belief in the future — a magnificent future for the poorest and the meanest of us all.

I want to give you, first, an idea of the intense humanness and charity of the man; for you cannot build up any true religious life except on the basis of a tender, human, loving heart. Here are a few verses written for the Burns Centennial Celebration, Jan. 25, 1859: —

We love him, not for sweetest song,
Though never tone so tender;
We love him, even in his wrong,
His wasteful self-surrender.

We praise him, not for gifts divine, —
His muse was born of woman;
His manhood breathes in every line;
Was ever heart more human?

We love him, praise him, just for this:
In every form and feature,
Through wealth and want, through woe and bliss,
He saw his fellow-creature!

No soul could sink beneath his love,
Not even angel blasted;
No mortal power could soar above
The pride that all outlasted!

Aye! Heaven had set one living man
Beyond the pedant's tether;
His virtues, frailties, He may scan,
Who weighs them all together!

I fling my pebble on the cairn
Of him, though dead, undying;
Sweet nature's nursling, bonniest bairn
Beneath her daisies lying.

The waning suns, the wasting globe,
Shall spare the minstrel's story,
The centuries weave his purple robe,
The mountain mist of glory!

The next one is not religious except as it shows the tenderest and most playful, boyish human feeling, which is the basis of all religion. It is called "Bill and Joe."

Come, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by,
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright with morning dew,
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With H O N. and L L. D.
In big brave letters, fair to see, —
Your fist, old fellow! off they go!
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe;
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again:
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

* * * * *

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears;
In some sweet lull of harp and song
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below
Where this was Bill and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here,
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. *Hic jacet* Bill.

I quote this to give you a touch of the aristocrat's and democrat's tender human kindliness, out of which spring the main characteristics of his religion.

And now I must turn to another phase of his character. I wish to give you a little glimpse of his attitude towards the great facts and problems of life. If you wish to find out his main religious ideas, read all of the poems called "Wind-clouds and Star-drifts." Holmes himself has said that there was "more of himself" in these than in anything else he has written. One is entitled "Questions," in which he denounces the creeping, crawling kind of worship such as people think we ought to give to the Supreme.

My life shall be a challenge, not a truce!
This is my homage to the mightier powers,
To ask my boldest question undismayed
By muttered threats that some hysteric sense
Of wrong or insult will convulse the throne
Where wisdom reigns supreme; and, if I err,
They all must err who have to feel their way

As bats that fly at noon; for what are we
But creatures of the night, dragged forth by day,
Who needs must stumble, and with stammering steps
Spell out their paths in syllables of pain?

Thou wilt not hold in scorn the child who dares
Look up to Thee, the Father — dares to ask
More than Thy wisdom answers. From Thy hand
The worlds were cast: yet every leaflet claims
From that same hand its little shining sphere
Of star-lit dew; Thine image, the great sun,
Girt with his mantle of tempestuous flame,
Glares in mid-heaven; but to his noontide blaze
The slender violet lifts its lidless eye,
And from his splendor steals its fairest hue,
Its sweetest perfume from his scorching fire.

Then in another of those poems called "Worship" he discusses what God it is that we are worshipping — whether it is one that came down and assumed the form of a man and walked in Eden, who was cruel in the days of Abraham, who killed thousands of the king's people for the king's sin, the one who sends to eternal pain millions of his children who have never heard of him, or

. . . is it He
Who heeds the sparrow's fall, whose loving heart
Is as the pitying father's to his child,
Whose lesson to His children is "Forgive,"
Whose plea for all, "They know not what they do"?

Then these grand words under the title of "Manhood": —

I claim the right of knowing whom I serve,
Else is my service idle; He that asks
My homage, asks it from a reasoning soul.
To crawl is not to worship; we have learned
A drill of eyelids, bended neck and knee,
Hanging our prayers on hinges, till we ape
The flexures of the many-jointed worm.
Asia has taught her Allahs and salaams
To the world's children — we have grown to men!
We who have rolled the sphere beneath our feet
To find a virgin forest, as we lay
The beams of our rude temple, first of all
Must frame its doorway high enough for man
To pass unstooping: knowing as we do
That He who shaped us last of living forms
Has long enough been served by creeping things —
Reptiles that left their footprints in the sand
Of old sea-margins that have turned to stone,
And men who learned their ritual; we demand
To know Him first, then trust Him, and then love
When we have found Him worthy of our love,
Tried by our own poor hearts, and not before;
He must be truer than the truest friend,
He must be tenderer than a woman's love,
A father better than the best of sires;

Kinder than she who bore us, though we sin
Oftener than did the brother we are told
We — poor, ill-tempered mortals — must forgive,
Though seven times sinning threescore times and ten.
This is the new world's gospel: Be ye men!

There is not space for other passages I had marked from another poem called "Truths." It is upon the attitude of the human mind towards the religious formulas and the life of the age. He was manly in his religion, manly in his trust, demanding that God be at least as good as the best of us, and that He do not ask a blind and grudging worship, worthless because blind, foolish because ignorant.

Now I wish to show you a few glimpses of the definite and positive religious side of his nature. I cannot do this better than by quoting one or two of his hymns. Here is one stanza: —

Be ours to mark with hearts unchilled
The change our outworn age deplores;
The legend sinks, but faith shall build
A fairer throne on new-found shores.

Another beautiful one is called a "Hymn of Trust": —

O Love Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near!

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near!

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!

And just one more, one of the grandest in any hymn book: —

Lord of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;

Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine!

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

These breathe the deepest and most genuine religiousness and the most worshipful, trustful, hopeful side of the man.

I have space left only to give you some illustrations of his attitude as he faced the future. Here are one or two verses of what, to my mind, is perhaps the finest poem that he has ever written, "The Chambered Nautilus," in which he illustrates how the true soul, growing ever through the progressive experiences of life, is expected to leave one after another his old aims, his old shells, and build for himself better, broader, higher, and thus more fitting for the enlarging life: —

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings: —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

As he grew old — and there is one blessed thing about a life like that, and one that we need to learn, because we are all growing old, whether we like to think of it or not — he did not lose courage or hope or heart or faith. He did not grow misanthropic or bitter. He did not abuse the life that he had received. He did not lose his trust that growing old meant coming to some-

thing better still. Note the following sonnet called "Nearing the Snow-line": —

Slow toiling upward from the misty vale,
I leave the bright enamelled zones below;
No more for me their beauteous bloom shall glow,
Their lingering sweetness load the morning gale.
Few are the slender flowerets, scentless, pale,
That on their ice-clad stems all trembling blow
Along the margin of unmelting snow;
Yet with unsaddened voice thy verge I hail,
White realm of peace above the flowering line;
Welcome thy frozen domes, thy rocky spires!
O'er thee undimmed the moon-girt planets shine,
On thy majestic altars fade the fires
That filled the air with smoke of vain desires,
And all the unclouded blue of heaven is thine!

This was the spirit in which he grew old.

Then one or two verses from "Before the Curfew." This was written for his classmates, when he considered that they were growing old, and it would soon be time to cover the fire and go to bed. But he loved life, he believed in it; and the striking thought in this poem is one that touches me very closely, because my heart is full of the same feeling. He takes up the old cry of the Bible, and contradicts it, that there is "nothing new under the sun," showing that there is much of new and grand that the ages have developed, recognizing with deathless curiosity the growth of this wonderful creature, man.

Not bed-time yet! The night winds blow,
The stars are out. Full well we know
The nurse is on the stair,
With hand of ice and cheek of snow,
And frozen lips that whisper low,
"Come, children, it is time to go
My peaceful couch to share."

No years a wakeful heart can tire;
Not bed-time yet! Come, stir the fire
And warm your dear old hands;
Kind Mother Earth we love so well
Has pleasant stories yet to tell
Before we hear the curfew bell;
Still glow the burning brands.

Not bed-time yet! We long to know
What wonders time has yet to show,
What unborn years shall bring;
What ship the Arctic pole shall reach,
What lessons science waits to teach,
What sermons there are left to preach,
What poems yet to sing.

* * * * *

Or shall a nobler faith return,
Its fanes a purer gospel learn,
With holier anthems ring,
And teach us that our transient creeds
Were but the perishable seeds
Of harvests sown for larger needs,
That ripening years shall bring ?

Well, let the present do its best,
We trust our Maker for the rest,
As on our way we plod;
Our souls, full dressed in fleshly suits,
Love air and sunshine, flowers and fruits,
The daisies better than their roots
Beneath the grassy sod.

Not bed-time yet! The full-blown flower
Of all the year — this evening hour —
With friendship's flame is bright;
Life still is sweet, the heavens are fair
Though fields are brown and woods are bare,
And many a joy is left to share
Before we say Good-night!

And when, our cheerful evening past,
The nurse, long waiting, comes at last,
Ere on her lap we lie
In wearied nature's sweet repose,
At peace with all her waking foes,
Our lips shall murmur, ere they close,
Good-night! and not Good-by!

Before giving you the next extract, I must call attention to something bearing on his belief in the future. It is from Dr. Edward Clarke's book called "Visions," in which he treats of the whole sense of sight, and includes the visions that come to those passing away, reaching out and covering the whole theme, and questioning as to whether the visions of the dying are all hallucinations. Two brief extracts I must give you, to show you Dr. Holmes' attitude; for the introduction of Dr. Clarke's book was written by Dr. Holmes, his personal friend. He quotes Dr. Clarke, saying that it is probable that such visions as this are automatic: —

"But yet who, believing in God and personal immortality, as the writer [Dr. Clarke] rejoices in doing, will dare to say *absolutely all?* will dare to assert there is no *possible* exception?" It must be borne in mind, too, that he recognized the "*ego*" as distinct from his "engine," the bodily mechanism, and that he speaks of the will as a *primum mobile* — an initial force, a cause.

And then Dr. Holmes relates two cases told by Dr. Clarke, and shows his own sympathy with them: —

Dr. Clarke mentioned a circumstance to me not alluded to in the essay. At the very instant of dissolution, it seemed to him, as he sat at

the dying lady's bedside, that there arose "something," an undefined yet perfectly apprehended somewhat, to which he could give no name, but which was like a departing presence. I should have listened to this story less receptively, it may be, but for the fact that I had heard the very same experience, almost in the very same words, from the lips of one whose evidence is eminently to be relied upon. With the last breath of the parent she was watching, she had the consciousness that "something" arose, as if the "spirit" had made itself cognizable at the moment of quitting its mortal tenement. The coincidence in every respect of these two experiences has seemed to me to justify their mention in this place.

Holmes believed, even passionately believed, in continued existence after death, although he had studied the body as carefully as ever physician who finds the grave of his trust in the dissecting room. Witness the passionate outburst in the poem called "My Aviary": —

Is this the whole sad story of creation,
Lived by its breathing myriads o'er and o'er —
One glimpse of day, then black annihilation,
A sunlit passage to a sunless shore?

Give back our faith, ye mystery-solving lynxes!
Robe us once more in heaven-aspiring creeds!
Happier was dreaming Egypt with her sphinxes,
The stony convent with its cross and beads!

Holmes, the scientist, full of sympathy with all the scientific knowledge of the world, still asserting the soul supreme above the body, outliving it and going on to grander spheres!

I wish now, as it seems a fitting close, and brings him round again into personal touch with ourselves, to quote a few verses which are not included, so far as I know, in any volume. Some newspaper the other day said that the last time Holmes appeared in public was to read a poem at the Authors' Dinnner; but the paper was mistaken. The last time he appeared in public was on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the reorganization of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, May 28, 1893. I met him at that reception. I found him genial, kindly, pleasant, hopeful, and in thorough sympathy with all the finest and highest religious ideas of the age. At that time he read the following verses: —

Our Father! while our hearts unlearn
The creeds that wrong Thy name,
Still let our hallowed altars burn
With faith's undying flame.

Not by the lightning gleams of wrath
Our souls Thy face shall see:
The star of love must light the path
That leads to heaven and Thee.

Help us to read our Master's will
Through every darkening stain
That clouds his sacred image still,
And see him once again,

The brother man, the pitying friend,
Who weeps for human woes,
Whose pleading words of pardon blend
With cries of raging foes.

If 'mid the gathering storms of doubt
Our hearts grow faint and cold,
The strength we cannot live without
Thy love will not withhold.

Our prayers accept; our sins forgive;
Our youthful zeal renew;
Shape for us holier lives to live
And nobler work to do!

Does not Holmes illustrate there that brilliant, witty saying of his, that a man had "better be seventy years young than forty years old"? Youth breathes in every line, in spite of his age; and we cannot do better than share the same personal youthful outlook.

As showing the doctor's religious attitude most clearly in his own words, as well as revealing his sympathetic appreciation of the work of Whittier, I cannot do better than close with this letter: —

LETTER FROM DR. HOLMES.

May 28, 1894.

At the Whittier commemoration at the Young Men's Christian Union the following letter, written as his contribution to the service by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, was read: —

Dear Mr. Baldwin: It gives me great pleasure to comply with your request that I would say a few words about our admirable and beloved poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, whose recent death we are all lamenting. The first poem of his which I remember reading was the one entitled "The Prisoner for Debt." The lines, "God made the old man poor," transfixed me like an arrow; and I always felt a tenderness for his sympathetic nature before becoming well acquainted with his poetical writings.

The next poem that I remember as having deeply impressed me was that vigorous and impassioned burst of feeling, "Randolph of Roanoke." I can never read it now without an emotion which makes my eyes fill and my voice tremble.

Of late years I have been in close sympathy with him — not especially as an Abolitionist, not merely through human sympathies, but as belonging with me to the "church without a bishop," which seems the natural complement of a "state without a king." I mean the church which lives by no formulæ; which believes in a loving father, and trusts Him for the final well-being of the whole spiritual universe which He has called into being.

It is the office of the poet, as it was of the Hebrew prophet, to appeal to the principles underlying the distorted forms of worship which he finds more or less prevalent in the communities about him. The proof of his divine message is found in the response it meets from human hearts. The creeds of the great councils and synods have done their best to degrade man in his own eyes, to picture him as a being odious to his Maker, born under a curse, and destined, for the most part, to "darkness, death and long despair."

Doubtless Christianity has done much to assist the progress of civilization; but no less true is it that civilization has had to react upon the church with all the vigor of true humanity, to lift it out of its inherited barbarisms. The struggle is going on constantly, on the one hand to Christianize humanity, and on the other to humanize Christianity. The poet must be true to his human instincts, or "Thus saith the Lord" will not save his message from neglect or contempt.

Sixty-five years ago a Scotch poet, Robert Pollok, attempted to invest the doctrines of Calvinism with the sacredness of poetry; but his gospel of despair, listened to for a while as a sensation, has almost dropped out of human memory, while the songs of Burns are living in the hearts and on the lips of the Scotchman wherever he is found. In this country the poets who have been listened to have been the truest preachers of their time.

No doubt there is room for all the various sects which intrench themselves in their strongholds of doctrine, but do good work, each in its several way, among its own people; but there was needed a faith which should take down every barrier that tended to limit that larger belief in the Fatherhood of the God who is love, and this is the faith which breathed through all the writings of our principal poets. Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, have all preached this gospel to their countrymen.

The influence of Whittier on the religious thought of the American people has been far greater, I believe, than of the occupant of any pulpit. It is not by any attack upon the faith of any Christian fellowship that he did service for the liberal thought of our community. We never talked much about our doctrinal beliefs or unbeliefs: we felt that we were on common ground. His catholicity of feeling led him to attribute full value to the true man, no matter where he worshipped. He spoke to me most emphatically of my fellow student and brother physician, the late Thomas Sparhawk, as one of the best men he ever knew. Dr. Sparhawk was a Sandemanian, a member of a very limited society of Christians, best known to many persons as the church which claimed the allegiance of that great philosopher and admirable man, Michael Faraday.

Of his fellowship with the Friends, or Quakers, his writings, early and late, are full. There is no faith that is more real than that which begins with unbelief — unbelief, the protest of reason against the monstrosities of tradition and superstition. The poet who is true to his better nature is the best expression of the divine intelligence. He, too, speaks with authority, and not as the scribes of the sectarian specialists, who parcel out the faiths of Christendom in their formulæ and catechisms.

All through Whittier's writings the spirit of trust in a beneficent order of things and a loving superintendence of the universe shows itself, ever hopeful, ever cheerful, always looking forward to a happier, brighter era when the kingdom of heaven shall be established.

Nature breeds fanatics, but in due time supplies their correctives. She will not be hurried about it, but they come at last. Thomas Boston, the Scotch Calvinist, was born in 1676. Robert Burns, objectionable in

many respects — like the royal Psalmist of Israel — but whose singing protest against unwholesome theology was mightier than the voices of a thousand pulpits, was born in 1759. Jonathan Edwards, whose theological barbarisms reached a lower depth, if possible, than those of his Scotch model, Thomas Boston, was born in 1703. John Greenleaf Whittier reached the hearts of his fellow countrymen, especially of New Englanders, paralyzed by the teachings of Edwards, as Burns kindled the souls of Scotchmen palsied by the dogmas of Thomas Boston and his fellow-sectaries.

As I have said at the beginning, I was first drawn to him by his strong human sympathies. In the great struggle with slavery I found my slower sensibilities kindled by his burning enthusiasm; but, more than all, I was attracted by that larger faith which is shared by the Brotherhood of Singers, with whom he was enrolled. I compare their utterances with the dogmas over which men are quarrelling, and accept their messages as human expressions of divine truth. So when Bryant speaks to his fellow-mortal, and tells him to

> "Go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust,"

I thank him for the noble words, which I contrast with the shuddering accents of the "Dies Iræ."

When Whittier preaches his life-long sermon in "Songs of Love and Hope," I think of the immortal legacy he has left his countrymen, and repeat in his own words, as applied to Roger Williams: —

> "Still echo in the hearts of men
> The words that thou hast spoken;
> No forge of hell can weld again
> The fetters thou hast broken.
>
> "The pilgrim needs a pass no more
> From Roman or Genevan;
> Thought free, no ghostly tollman keeps
> Henceforth the road to heaven."

Always faithfully yours,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BY BUSHROD W. JAMES.

SOFTLY the clock ticks on,
And thou, O friend, art gone!
Gone from this place!
Yet scarce a void appears,
Though long and bright the years
That touched thy face.

We will not call thee dead!
Only thy noble head
Has bowed to rest.
For still thy gentle life
So grandly free from strife
Has left us blest; —

Blest with thy tender song
That sweetly trips along
The gliding years;
Bursting in joyous note,
Or soft in pathos float
Laughter and tears.

Resting without a thought
Whether his life has brought
Blessings or fame.
Pause while the angels write
Fair in the golden light
His honored name!

WELLSPRINGS AND FEEDERS OF IMMORALITY.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free. — *Tennyson.*

The lily nestling fairest in the glade
Is earliest plucked, and lightly left to fade;
The deepest blushing rose is soonest gathered;
The truest trusting maiden first betrayed.
* * * * *
O brother men, O maidens pure and fair,
And happier wives, made glad with matron care
Of tiny pattering feet and baby laughter,
In your wide love has *she* alone no share? — *Grant Allen.*

I.

A LEADING police official recently asserted that it was no use to attempt to reform fallen women; and this statement is echoed by church and society in the treatment accorded the most unfortunate of our people. We enshrine the Magdalene in art and give her a place in gorgeous windows of temples dedicated to Him whose greatest compassion was shown toward those to whom Christian society shows the least mercy. Nowhere is the absolute brutality of society so painfully apparent as in the treatment of women who have stepped aside from the paths of virtue. Nowhere is the revolting moral obliquity of society so manifest as in the treatment of the fallen man who corrupts virginity. This problem is one of the most stupendous and tragic of our day, and until the conscience of men and women shall be quickened so that justice shall supplant the base and brutal treatment which characterizes the methods of the slothful and pharisaical conventionalism of the present, civilization will make no pronounced upward stride, because the saving love necessary is the leverage upon which society now waits.

The lust for gold and the lust of the flesh are the two wellsprings of present-day misery, degradation and crime, and no permanent good can be brought about until we frankly and fearlessly recognize these evils in their enormity, with the grim determination which nerves the surgeon who beholds an eating cancer and resolves to save the patient by laying bare the affected parts and applying the knife. The social evil strikes at the fountain head of true progress; it paralyzes the conscience; and

whenever the moral sensibilities of a nation are anæsthetized, civilization declines, the happiness of the people wanes, and progress is arrested. Intellectual and physical achievements may continue to dazzle the world, but the upward impelling power, which is the oxygen of civilization, is absent, and disintegration sets in. The hope of social redemption lies in fearless and wholesome agitation. The conscience of the sleeping millions must be awakened, and the true situation set forth.

Nowhere else is so great injustice tolerated by society as in the domain of the social evil. He who loves womanhood and who gives the generation of to-morrow a second thought will be impressed with the importance of bravely and urgently insisting that the maiden caught in the meshes of designing lust or enslaved by unjust social conditions, and dragged to ruin, shall be recognized as a victim to be won back to virtue by that broad, sympathetic love which, more than aught else, possesses the redemptive potentiality, that love which closes the door on the past and says, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more," and which, while saving the victim, unmasks the moral leper who pollutes innocence and then flings it forth as a withered flower, but who while so doing poses as a pillar of society, who builds churches and endows colleges. The only way to accomplish this object is bravely to agitate the question and show the essential injustice and the debauching effect of the double standard of morals.

The girl to-day who falls under stress of circumstances which might well appall the strongest heart, is exiled and driven to the lowest depths. The betrayer of this same maiden, even though his crime be known, is welcomed into the homes of people who call themselves respectable, is permitted to marry a pure girl and become the father of children, cursed before they are born with the lecherous appetites of a morally depraved man. No better condition can be brought about without plain speaking, and though the subject is a painful and exceedingly unpleasant one, it is the duty of those who believe that an enduring civilization is possible only where sturdy morality prevails, to face this question with perfect frankness, no matter how much it may offend the lepers of conventional society or shock a sickly sentimentality which is the product of artificiality.

In the present series of papers I wish to notice leading root causes of prostitution — an examination of which will reveal the multitudinous influences at work pressing maidens to vicious lives — and to discuss the possibility of lifting to the path of virtue those who have been lured or drawn into immorality.

All persons who have made a sufficient study of this problem to enable them to speak authoritatively, agree that our first and

most important duty is to look to the stream of life before it becomes polluted. The drunkard may be rescued and his appetite overcome; but how much of all that is finest and most divine in him vanishes before his reclamation, and how much lower is he on the ladder of ascent than he was before he fostered low and depraved appetites and imaginings by indulging his taste for strong drink! So, in even a more pronounced degree, is it with prostitution. For while pure love is uplifting and divine, its abuse brings the most frightful consequences, exactly as electricity, which when guided by the hand of wisdom lights up the dark places and makes the world a mighty family, instantly destroys the man who ignorantly or recklessly seizes the live wire.

It is therefore of first importance that we address our attention to the chief feeders of prostitution, that through knowledge we may employ means and measures which will prevent the pollution of virginity. This duty, however, in no way lessens our obligations to those who have already gone astray. They may yet be saved. Every year scores and hundreds are being called back to lives of moral rectitude through the work inaugurated and the labor carried on by one noble-hearted, clean-souled American — Mr. Charles N. Crittenden, founder of the Florence Missions. There are thousands of erring girls who might be rescued by prompt, earnest help on the part of those who love probity and who believe in a higher existence than life on the animal plane.

Work here, then, as along other lines of social progress, should be twofold: (1) The causes of this evil which is worse than physical death should be diligently sought out and, so far as possible, removed. (2) While the removal is being effected, strong and loving arms of sincere and spiritually minded men and women should be extended to the sinking children of a dreadful fate.

Numerous, subtle and complex are the causes which are operating as feeders of prostitution; among the chief of these, however, may be mentioned: 1. Hereditary and prenatal influences. 2. Ignorance. 3. The age of consent laws. 4. Social conditions. 5. Deception and betrayal. These I shall notice somewhat at length.

II.

Among the most fruitful sources of triumphant lust in modern society may be mentioned *hereditary and prenatal influences.* Children come into the world cursed with an appetite far more terrible and insatiable than the drunkard's thirst for drink. They are the legitimate product of a society which, while making clean the outside of the cup, refuses to have the poison within removed, lest the sensibilities of its offenders be hurt by the

operation. The leper who, doomed to a horrible death, deliberately brings into the world children destined in turn to bequeathe leprosy to society in their offspring, commits a heinous moral crime. But what shall we say of the man who calls into the world a family of moral lepers, some to prey on innocence, others to be preyed upon, or in turn destined to pass the scourge of moral death to the next generation by implanting in the brains of their children the fires of unrestrained animalism?

Says Mr. Eldridge T. Gerry: —

> In New York City alone the Superintendent of police and the author [Mr. Gerry] compared notes with exactly the same result, and viewing the matter from different standpoints, we agreed that the number of prostitutes in New York City was at least forty thousand.

This army of fallen women does not, of course, include the vast commonwealth of very poor girls and women who are hovering between starvation and ruin, and who, while working at starvation wages, fall the victims of the horde of lecherous men who are ever on the alert for such unfortunates. Forty thousand women making a living by abandoning themselves to the lust of corrupt men! And, says Dr. DeCosta, "For every fallen woman there are five fallen men."

These figures cannot, of course, be accurately ascertained, but if we include the commonwealth of men who do not openly patronize houses of ill fame but who are holding illicit relations with women other than their wives, the estimate is doubtless conservative. However, to be ultra-conservative, let us cut these figures in half. The result is, one hundred thousand impure men in New York City! How many of these men are fathers, or will become husbands within five years? Surely a third would be a small estimate. We will place it at thirty thousand. Thirty thousand men in one city from whose souls that which is finest and most divine has taken flight! Thirty thousand men, a large proportion of whom are giving to the civilization of to-morrow a generation poisoned with the virus of triumphant animalism.

Beyond the debauched imaginations which a large proportion of men bring into the new home, due to society's upholding the double standard of morals, and which taints the natures of the unborn even when it fails to drag down the unsullied soul of the wife to its low level, there is that frightful and hopeless form of prostitution about which so much is known, but of which so little is spoken — prostitution within the marriage bond. "For more than twenty years," wrote one of America's most brilliant women to the writer of this paper, "my mind has been a sponge which has absorbed the wrongs of outraged womanhood. Almost daily," she continued, "I have had to listen to tales of abuse and outrages borne by wives which thrilled me with horror."

Since writing the first pages of this paper I have received a letter from a merchant in one of our large cities. In it he says: "I write to commend the persistent and forcible manner in which you are presenting to the public the great importance of prenatal influence. I am quite intimate with several physicians of high standing here and have discussed the subject with them. One of them told me that within a few months three women, soon to become mothers, had come to him for advice about their husbands using them in a way that made them fearful of the consequences." My friend then gave some details of the outrages being perpetrated upon these women by their husbands, who, perhaps, were more thoughtless than intentionally brutal; but the narrations are too horrible and revolting to give, although another friend of wide experience who has passed middle life assures me that he and his wife have known of numerous instances even more tragic and disgusting than those given by this gentleman.

During a conversation I recently had with a lady who is a skilled physician, and who is engaged in a noble work of calling back to virtue unfortunate girls who have been caught in the nets of vice, I asked the question, "What are the principal causes, judging from your personal experience, which lead to the ruin of girls?" She replied, "Of course the causes are numerous; ignorance, our social conditions and other things might be mentioned, but my experience leads me to place among the principal causes the inborn appetite, the passion which is the legitimate result of a child being the offspring of lust instead of the blossom of love." And I believe every person who has looked below the surface of this appalling and deeply tragic problem will agree that the popular acceptation of the double standard of morals and the low ideals prevalent in society in regard to marriage are leading wellsprings of present-day impurity.

We must unite in demanding a single standard of morals, and that standard must be the one which man demands of woman. The man who claims that man is so constituted that he cannot exercise the control over himself which he requires woman to exercise over her passions most pitifully belittles manhood, and would have us believe that when life in its ascent has reached the plane of man there is on the part of the male a pitiable weakness when there should be manifested perfect strength. Is it not strange that there should be found physicians and others who profess to be evolutionists, and yet while knowing that the female protects herself on the lower plane of life, argue that woman, within or without the marriage bond, should become a prey to the lust of man? Only the low moral ideal resulting from generations of female subjection and the long prevalence of

the double standard of morals could account for any person who calls himself reputable taking such a position.

Specific cases illustrating the effect of this evil condition, which society regards with such complacency, might be cited until a volume would be too small to contain them. I shall, however, confine myself to a single illustration, which I cite because specific cases are more likely to vividly impress the mind than generalizations. The facts given came to my personal notice. A gentleman who was a deacon in an influential church, an exhorter and a leader in prayer meetings, had for many years been leading a double life; his wife, an exceedingly sensitive and refined woman, at length became acquainted with her husband's faithlessness. The frightful revelation came to her some months before she became the mother of a beautiful little baby girl. The discovery did not instantly kill the wife, but it broke her heart, and she did not live to raise the daughter, who was after some years taken by a relative. The girl was remarkably beautiful, possessed an emotional nature, and emotional religion had for her the same strong charm it seemed to hold for her father. One day the relative with whom she was living compassed her ruin — she declared by threats and force. But whether the child spoke the truth or not, certain it is that soon there was awakened in her a wild, uncontrollable passion, as strong as the appetite of an opium eater for that drug. Of her fate it is not necessary to speak. I have cited this instance merely to show the influence of heredity. And who shall say that the father who so terribly cursed his own offspring may not have inherited his terrible passion largely from a father who had been allowed to sow his "wild oats" until he had thoroughly debauched his soul?

This case reminds me of one reported in *The Philanthropist* some time ago. A Sunday school teacher, writing to the editor, gave the details of the ruin of a most promising young girl in her Sunday-school class. Investigation showed that because the girl was beyond the legal age nothing could be done to the man, although this girl was the fourth victim of his lust. The idea that a young man may sow his "wild oats" and then settle down to a clean life and raise a morally wholesome family is as false as it is degrading, and like the vicious theory of a double standard, must be combated as a fallacy, the acceptance of which can bear Dead Sea fruit only. On this point I have already spoken, and perhaps I can do no better than repeat in substance what I said at a time when we had brought before us a word picture of the results of a theory which if not overthrown will sap the vigor of civilization.

Nothing more clearly marks the lethargy of society to-day than the constant iteration that young men must "sow their wild

oats"; in other words, that our nineteenth century young men must wallow in the filth of the social sewer; must burn up the vital forces of the system on the altar of sensuality; must degrade all that is holiest, purest and most sacred in being before they are ready to settle down to a steady or virtuous life. This doctrine is as essentially debasing and soul-destroying as the ancient Phallic rites of Greece. Moreover, the assertion is a libel on nature and on manhood; and to those who pause long enough to think about any serious question it will appear as false as it is preposterous. The man who has once become a slave to his passion, who has once descended into the gutter of sensuality, has scorched his finer nature and scarred his soul for life. An ineffable charm, fragrant as roses and beautiful as the moonlight on Lucerne, has vanished forever.

I am strenuous on this point because I am profoundly convinced that the future of civilization hangs upon this vital pivot. Unless we raise the standard of morals for men, the standard for women will inevitably be lowered; and until we absolutely discard the false and debasing theory that it is right and proper for young men to descend from the clean and pure atmosphere of healthy life to wallow in animalism, there can be no elevation in the moral tone of society. I affirm that there is no more reason why a young man should fill his brain with filthy or bestial imaginings than that a young woman should make her soul the storehouse of vile thoughts. Neither is there any more reason why a young man should become a slave to his appetites than that a young woman, who has inherited the taint of sensualism from a father, should give way to her passional nature. If civilization is to move upward, it must be impelled by sturdy morals; and no high morals can flourish when the intellect of man is possessed by the fatal idea that vice is pardonable in youth.

On Nov. 24, 1892, the annual game of football was played between Yale and Princeton. Yale won, and therefore scores of her young men felt justified in indulging in bacchanalian revelry, the bare recital of which must fill all clean-minded persons with disgust. Nor was the defeated college unrepresented. Numbers of her youths seized this opportunity to debauch their natures and render themselves unworthy the love or respect of pure girls. The city of New York was the scene of this modern exhibition of saturnalian abandon. The following morning the New York *Herald* said: "Such pandemonium was never witnessed by any Koster and Bial audience that ever assembled, as was witnessed at this concert hall through the bacchanalian actions of the Yale and Princeton boys present." In depicting scenes at another place, the same paper thus hints at the moral abandon of these youths who are expected to help mould the thought of the

morrow: "While Vanoni was on the stage, one inebriated Yale man essayed to mount the stage and take her in his arms." So significant and so serious is such a spectacle, reflecting, as it does, the prevalence of moral miasma in college life to-day, which will necessarily continue until ethical instruction is introduced into popular education, that I feel it demands more than a passing notice; and below I give an extended extract from a pen picture of some of the happenings as given by the daily *World*:—

If the whole Central Park menagerie—not only the monkey-cage—had been turned loose in Sixth Avenue and Broadway, things couldn't have been worse. The college boys shouted themselves hoarse, and drank themselves drunk, and fought themselves to a standstill. They were everywhere—in the theatres, the music halls, the saloons, and down the whole scale of respectability. As the night progressed they fell by the wayside, but morning found the more hardy ones still at it.

With all seriousness the *emeriti* professors of drinking, the three-bottle men, the men who never draw a sober breath and yet are never drunk, looked at the college men in New York when they began to drink last night, and held up their hands in holy terror. It was absolutely pitiful to watch them. Here were hundreds of young men wandering from place to place, pouring into themselves, each in its turn, beer of various brews, whiskey, gin, brandy, all the infernal French concoctions that are sweet and are intended for women; and with the daring of youth topping all off with champagne, as if they thought to use a yeast to leaven the whole.

Yes, the professors of physiology ought to deliver those extra lectures if only because of this fact—told tersely enough, told in the manner of police telegrams—which was wired to the *World* last night:—

"College boy, wearing Princeton colors, was picked up insensible from drink at Thirtieth Street and Sixth Avenue about 10 P. M. He was taken to the New York Hospital, but could not tell his name."

The Imperial Music Hall, at Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street, has always tolerated some freedom of conduct from those who frequent it. Men smoke and drink while they watch the show.

Four hundred students from all the colleges shout: "A-a-ah! Ah-ah-ah! Ain't yere glad yere came! A-a-a-ah!"

Half the students (at the top of their lusty lungs): "Washer matter with Princeton? She's a' right. Who's a' right? Princeton!"

Other half: "Rah, 'rah, 'rah, Yale! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, Yale!"

The performers go on stage. Scattered cries all over the house, "Waiter! waiter! waiter!" Some one starts up a college song. Every one joins in. The band is perfectly inaudible. "Charles Duncan, vocalist," comes on. Universal chorus: "Fougere! Fougere! We want Fougere!"

When Duncan is permitted to sing, the gentlemen from the cradles of learning join in his chorus if it pleases them, or sing one of their own if it does not. So it goes on. All the time waiters are busy carrying trays laden with drinks and carrying back the empty glasses.

Man comes on stage and hangs up No. 6. Universal and excited chorus: "A-a-ah! a-a-ah! The high kicker. What's the matter with Fleurette? She's all right, you bet."

Half the students break into a chorus from one of the Greek plays, and the other half bark and croak back at them. Fleurette appears. She's in blue.

Yale men, wild with enthusiasm: "Rah, 'rah, 'rah, Yale! Princeton isn't in it! Kiss me, kiss me, dearest."

Fleurette dances, kicking a tambourine she holds above her head, while the tobacco smoke rolls in waves from the applause. Then Fleurette dances again as a housemaid with a feather duster, dusting her ankles.

Everybody: "There are no flies on you. Yum, yum, yum!"

After that the students do not condescend to hear or observe any more. They put up an impromptu entertainment of their own that would do credit to a lot of bacchanals until Mlle. Valesca appears — Mlle. Valesca, the trapeze marvel. Mademoiselle wears very long flesh-colored tights and a very short salmon-colored silk jacket. Several considerate collegians awake their comrades who have fallen asleep despite a din that would awaken a mummy. *Every "risky" pose of mademoiselle is saluted by howls like those of wolves chasing their prey.*

Two hundred of America's best blood: "Wash's th' masher with Valesca? She's all right. Who's all right? Valesca."

The awful din goes on until Fougere lands, with a jump, in the middle of the stage.

The French woman can say more in a kick than can most women in a thousand words. Her wink is a suggestion, her smile an invitation. The young men who listen to her and look at her go absolutely crazy.

The show ended, and these young men went out into the cold air that could not cool their senses.

Over five hundred of the college boys attended the performance at Koster & Bial's, and were eminently successful in running things. All other sounds were drowned in the roaring and yelling of well-developed lungs, the blare of tin horns, and the shrill notes of whistles purchased for the occasion.

The hit of the evening was made by four young ladies who danced quadrilles with the utmost grace, and kept kicking their French heels higher than their heads. The boys began yelling at them instead of at each other; and when the big fan-shaped curtain shut them out from view, a tremendous encore went up.

A young man in a dress suit came out with a cornet. He was promptly invited by a hundred throats to "get off the earth," and a hundred more asked him to "go lie down and die."

"We want the four ladies!" shouted some one, referring to the high kickers, and the whole house began chanting in a monotone: —

"Four — four — we want four ladies!"

Two comedians came on and did their turn without being heard, the cry for four "ladies" being kept up incessantly. A few beer glasses were tossed about the hall, but no one was hurt by them.

The performance was brought to a close at 4.45 A. M. instead of at midnight, as is usual.

Just as at some other playhouses, the managers of the Academy of Music tried to keep the college boys from getting many seats together. But the sly youths got there all the same.

When in the third act the ballets "Mary Green," "Ta-ra-ra," "The Bowery," and "Maggie Murphy" were put on, the boys sung themselves hoarse while the girls danced. When a particularly airy costume was seen, a Yale man shouted, "Go put on a sweater." It brought down the house. Kisses were recklessly chirped stageward, and the ballet had to smile back, even if they were fined for every smile. "Those are the kind of girls we want at Yale!" shouted a group in chorus when La Sirene, Eglantine, Serpentine and Dynamite, the French quadrille dancers, pointed their little shoes roofward. The band in

blue that plays for the Amazon march caught the Yale fancy, and they yelled, "What's the matter with the Yale band? She's all right!"

While the youths of the Nassau and the Yale armies were at dinner or at the theatres, the streets were fairly dull for a Thanksgiving night; but when the playhouses let out, the boys broke loose. Broadway, from Twenty-third Street up, was like a college walk, and the students owned everything.

It was like getting into the Vatican to get to the counter at the Hoffman House art room. The corridor was packed with a wild, howling set of shouters, and in the barroom they kept up a pow-wow before the Satyr and the Nymphs that was enough to burst a man's tympanum.

About 11.30 the boys who took to executing Nautch dances before the Nymphs and the Satyr, of which Mr. Stokes is so proud, began making the glasses on the shelves clatter like castanets, and there was danger any minute that the end of a walking stick might be poked through a canvas. The order was given that the room be cleared. And cleared it was in a rush. Bang went down the doors at 11.30 sharp.

The lads then marched down to the Fifth Avenue. On the way some of the happy *avant couriers* caught up a Tenderloin lassie, and half hoisting her, half hugging her, they ran her down to Twenty-third Street, and through Twenty-third Street to Sixth Avenue. The camp followers chased after, singing and whooping and guying the girl. As she passed by the Fifth Avenue Hotel portico, half a dozen lusty young boys boosted her up on their shoulders, and, shouting for Yale in tipsy tones, turned the corner to the cross street. Somebody made a rough tug at her petticoat and tore off half a yard of edging. There was a wild scrimmage for the trophy, and in the set-to the leader let go of her and she escaped.

Shut out of the Hoffman, the crowd gathered in the bar of the Fifth Avenue. There was a deafening vocal mixture of "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, what's the matter with Yale?" "Where's Princeton at?" "Where in the soup's Harvard?" drowned finally in a general husky chorus of "Here's to good old whiskey; drink her down, down, down."

The moral contagion emanating from a few score depraved youths infects other minds unused to the world's temptations, nor is the conduct described above so rare as many people imagine.

About two weeks after the shameful orgies just portrayed occurred in New York, the press despatches described a similar outrage carried on in a much smaller way in New Haven under the very eyes, so to speak, of the faculty of Yale. One would think that, after the shame and odium attached to this seat of learning through the disgusting debauchery of a large number of her students described above, the faculty would have seen that, even on a small scale, no repetition occurred during that season; but such was not the case, as will be seen from the following clipping from despatches sent out on December 5: —

Yale students were out in force for a lark last night. They started in by visiting the opera house, where a specialty company was giving the closing performance of a week's engagement. Over one hundred of the boys got possession of the first rows and boxes, and as soon as the curtain rose the fun began. They began to criticise the work of the actresses and the chorus girls, telling each what they thought of her.

Soon this was too much to satisfy them; and to make the dancers jump and kick a little higher, the boys tossed giant torpedoes beneath the dancers' feet. The torpedoes exploded with a report like a rifle, and soon began to fall so fast that it sounded like a fusillade of musketry. Manager Smith came before the curtain and said he would stop the performance. This was greeted approvingly by the boys, who said they would take possession of the stage and finish the programme themselves. At this the manager became alarmed and sent for a squad of police.

The arrival of the police was received with scornful jeers. One of the officers atttempted to arrest a student, but his companions took the officer's club away. Other officers came to his assistance, however, and between them they marched the prisoner to police headquarters. Subsequently two others were arrested and locked up, but all were bailed out.

Several who engaged in the row were laid out with beer mugs and other missiles and one student was felled with a heavy iron shovel.

Another party visited a café in Court Street, and departed leaving all the tables and furniture turned upside down. During the scrimmage Miss Maggie Kilbridge was divested of the greater part of her wearing apparel.

That any considerable number of students from such centres of learning as conventional Yale or orthodox Princeton could so degrade their manhood, speaks more impressively than argument of a threefold crime against the young: (1) the hereditary taint of lust; (2) neglect in relation to early environment; (3) a wofully defective education which so neglects the moral side of young men as to render possible such pollution of the imagination. Greece and Rome are melancholy illustrations of the crumbling to dust of civilizations which permitted the intellect to overrule the ethical element in man's culture; and when one reflects on the fact that the brains of these passion-swayed youths will play an important part in moulding the civilization of to-morrow and also that their children will, through the inexorable law of heredity, partake, to a greater or less extent, of the vicious taint of unrestrained passion thus fed in the opening hour of manhood, the problem assumes colossal importance, and becomes a question which reaches far beyond the petty span of our day and generation. Only the ethical degradation which is the legitimate result of a double standard of morals, prevents society from beholding the enormity of this evil which is dragging down youth and lowering the virtue of the race.

Let us try for a moment to reverse the situation. We will suppose that Vassar and Wellesley had played an exciting college game of tennis, and in order to celebrate one its victory and the other its defeat, hundreds of the maidens who attend these colleges escaped from their chaperons and *en masse* congregated in the Empire City, launching out with the same reckless abandon which characterized the actions of hundreds of Yale and Princeton boys. Let us suppose that these young ladies deadened all sense of respectability by freely imbibing liquor; that

they infested the streets, and visited by hundreds concert and dancing halls, where every ribald joke or every suggestion of indecent action emanating from any of the performers elicited wild applause. Let us suppose, further, that they swarmed in the barrooms and raced after men in the streets, tearing their clothes and struggling madly for pieces of the torn garments. Would not the world stand aghast? And yet who shall presume to say that a man more than a woman has a right to transmit the baleful poison of sensualism or a debased appetite to his children? Who, furthermore, shall presume to say that a man has any more inherent right than a woman to burn out the flame of vitality in bestial gratification, and then seek marital union with one who is chaste in thought and life? Who shall presume to say that nature intended man more than woman to wallow in the sewers of animality?

Human nature is the same the world over. The question of *sex* does not enter into the problem of *soul elevation or debasement*, and yet it is on the latter that the advance or retrograde movement of civilization depends. *That which debases manhood must in the very necessity of the case sooner or later debase womanhood;* not only through its moral atmosphere, which is more potent than society imagines, but through inheritance. Said Dr. Rainsford at a meeting of the League for the Promotion of Social Purity in New York, speaking of vice among the children of the metropolis: "I have seen attempted immorality at an age you would not believe, and it is growing worse every year." It cannot be otherwise if men are to transmit to children lawless and vicious passions and instincts. We may check to a certain degree the spread of vice by restrictive measures; but to bring civilization to a higher standard, we must go to the fountain-head. We must insist on an absolutely white life for two, or a single standard of morals; and with this thought in view, we must insist on the education of the future resting on the granite of a broad ethical culture. We must build character from the kindergarten to the closing days of university life, bringing forth a manhood untainted by vice, intellectually cultured, physically trained and morally developed; in a word, a true manhood, worthy to stand side by side with a pure and cultured womanhood in the battle for a diviner civilization.

III.

Ignorance is another fruitful cause of prostitution. "You would be surprised," said a prominent lady physician to the author of this paper, "at the number of girls who come to ruin through ignorance. The vital instruction which it is the right of every girl to receive from her mother is carefully withheld by

most mothers. The ignorance of some girls is almost incredible."

A few years ago a physician in this city made a terrible discovery. A young girl who had only a short time before reached maturity was brought to the doctor for examination. The trouble was perfectly apparent. Inquiry elicited the fact that for years a boy and this girl had ignorantly outraged nature's laws. It is more than probable that these children came into the world tainted with animalism; but had each been surrounded from birth with clean, wholesome environment, had they early learned from their parents the mystery of their being and the sacred character of the gift of life and death with which nature had endowed them, the wreck of at least one life, and perhaps of two, might have been averted.

If the fall through ignorance were rare we could afford to be less strenuous on this point; but the truth is, children are day by day falling on every side through the criminal neglect of fathers and mothers. "Any one who has come in contact with erring girls and knows the causes of their downfall," says Charlotte Edholm,* "would be guilty of criminal negligence in writing on the subject, not to depict the awful evils of girlish ignorance of physiological laws, which renders maidenhood an easy prey to designing scoundrels. Mothers and fathers will have much to answer for, because they allow a *pseudo* modesty to prevent them from explaining to their children the use and abuse of the sexual system, as they teach them the use and abuse of the stomach, or any other organ of the body. Why there should be such reserve in speaking of the reproductive organs, while all others are freely discussed, is a mystery, and can only be explained on the theory that the great majority of people are guilty of sexual excess, and do not like to discuss their own sins."

On this subject Dr. Anna B. Gray writes as follows: "I have given years of attention to the subject, and have arrived at this much of knowledge. In nine out of every ten cases of seduction, the woman in America has erred through affection, not passion — that instinct of common humanity most highly developed in women, to please the beloved — but chiefly through *ignorance.* They feel no passion; they are totally ignorant of its signs in others; even if they feel, they are in equal ignorance of what it means. While that much-lauded ignorance prevents any thought of evil, the result is that before they know they have arrived within sight of it they have crossed the threshold of sin. I have not arrived at my conclusions hastily nor do I state them lightly. I have talked with all sorts and kinds of women, from the common prostitute to the purest matron, from the girl who

* "Traffic in Girls."

committed suicide when told of the consequences that would follow her error, to those whose sins never became known, and this is my sure conviction — the commonest and largest factor in the seduction of unmarried women is unadulterated ignorance — ignorance of any love less innocent than that which teaches her to clasp a baby in her arms, caress its tender limbs, smother it with kisses, and half crush its life out in a passion of tenderness. If she wonders at the fervor of the caresses bestowed upon her, they mean no more to her than those she so freely bestowed upon her baby brother or sister."

Another thoughtful writer makes the following observations which should appeal to the sober judgment of every parent: "Complete ignorance is neither possible nor desirable in these days; therefore the only real safeguard for our girls and boys is complete knowledge. When mothers are more generally awakened to a sense of their duty in this respect, we shall no longer find women deeming it inexpedient to inquire concerning the past lives of their prospective husbands, for, meeting them on the vantage ground of equal knowledge, girls will so respect their womanhood as to be incapable of degrading themselves by union with those who are morally their inferiors. Never, until the relation of the sexes is properly adjusted, and woman demands in her husband purity as absolute as that which he requires in her, will women gain true freedom."

Light is what is needed. The one thing the moral leper fears more than anything else is that sturdy agitation which will compel every man and woman to take sides. During the past two years I have read much in our religious and secular papers about the frightful abuses borne by the child wives of India, and have noticed numerous articles devoted to the horrors of the harems of the East, and while I would in no way minimize these evils, I have been pained to observe how wide a berth most of these same journals gave to wrongs equally grave which are being committed almost under the shadow of the buildings where have been published these protests against the treatment of women in oriental lands. The harem life cannot be other than demoralizing; but would it not be more consistent and more to the purpose for us to take the beam from our eye before we open a crusade against the harems of the East?

Let us be honest with ourselves and face the question squarely and impartially. Is harem life as hopeless or horrible as the fate of the women of the streets in our great cities? Does the girl who enters the harem suffer in mind, body or soul as does the American girl who at first is pure but poor, who is ignorant and beautiful, and who is compelled to earn her livelihood and perhaps help support a destitute parent, but who in her struggle for

bread is tracked, hunted and lured into the net of an intriguing libertine only to depart despoiled of her virtue, and who in course of time is compelled to live by selling herself to lecherous animals who poison her body and corrupt her mind, until sinking step by step she reaches the bottom of the pit of social degradation, probably there to meet death in its most horrible form? The fate of the girl in the harem is unutterably sad to those who have caught a glimpse of true civilization; but what shall we say of the fate of such a one as I have referred to?

And how serious appears this problem when we remember that in our own republic there are thousands of girls who a few years ago were prattling, innocent little ones, who to-day are virtuous, but who next year will be ruined, and in fifteen years, if they live so long, will have become bloated, poisoned and debauched wrecks, loathing themselves and being loathed even by the denizen of the social cellar. Every year the tribute of thousands of maidens is paid to masculine lust, while the moral sentiment of the nation sleeps, and parents persist in keeping their daughters in ignorance of that knowledge which would prove their shield in the hour of peril.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FATE OF MAJOR ROGERS: A BUDDHIST MYSTERY OF CEYLON.

BY HEINRICH HENSOLDT, PH. D.

Among the many curious and seemingly unaccountable phenomena which were observed and, in part, personally witnessed by the writer, who spent over nine years as an amateur naturalist and explorer in the far East, few have more profoundly impressed him than those which attended the strange fate of Major Rogers. Although the main facts in connection therewith occurred almost thirty years before the writer's arrival in Ceylon, it was still a frequent theme of discussion among the European residents; the interest even now has not subsided, and it may be confidently asserted that the story of Major Rogers will live in Ceylon while the rifle of a single sportsman resounds through her luxurious jungles.

Major Rogers had originally come to Ceylon as a lieutenant of Her Majesty's 57th regiment of foot, which, in 1840, was stationed at Kandy, the ancient mountain-capital of the Singhalese kings. He was then a fine, tall young man, of about twenty-six years of age, "every inch a gentleman," popular with his brother officers, and almost idolized by the soldiers of his company.

The duties of an English officer in the tropics are not of a very arduous nature, and those who are acquainted with the details of military life in India will be aware that one half, at least, of a regimental staff are perpetually on furlough, either roaming the woods in search of game, or recruiting their health at some convenient sanatorium in the uplands. Lieutenant Rogers was one of those who, in order to escape the dreary monotony of barrack-room existence, sought refuge in the jungle, and soon his fame as a sportsman resounded through the island. He became, indeed, a mighty hunter before the Lord; in one year alone he killed over five hundred antelopes, and his deadly rifle became an object of superstitious dread among the Singhalese who, as orthodox Buddhists, looked upon such wanton destruction of animal life with the utmost abhorrence.

With Rogers hunting had developed into a kind of mania; a more inveterate slayer of game Ceylon has, probably, never harbored, and even the famous Sir Samuel Baker's laurels pale by

the side of those of Rogers. During the last two years of his life (so the writer was assured by several old Ceylon coffee-planters, who had known him intimately and had hunted with him) Rogers' exploits no longer deserved the name of sport, but rather that of indiscriminate slaughter. He had made a specialty of shooting elephants, which then abounded on the Ouvah Plains and in the Badulla coffee-district — in those days a lovely wilderness of teak-wood and palmyra — and he would go about the jungle, followed by several Tamil gun-bearers, locating or stalking his noble game, and never more happy than when he could send one of his five-ounce bullets crashing through the skull of a huge creature which, perchance, had roamed the forests for more than twenty decades.* According to Sir J. E. Tennet,† Major Rogers killed upward of 1,400 elephants, and was able to purchase his various commissions in the army from the proceeds of the ivory.

In 1844 the regiment returned to England, but Rogers, who, in the meantime, had acquired the rank of major, was so loth to leave the fair cinnamon-isle that he contrived to exchange his position in the army for one in the civil service of the Ceylon government, securing an appointment as colonial resident, or "government agent," for the Ouvah district. This was, practically, a sinecure, for Ouvah had only been recently organized, and was then an almost unbroken wilderness — perhaps the fairest of Ceylon's hunting grounds — a mighty jungle-land, watered by great rivers and interspersed with lakes, the home of myriads of flamingoes and heron, lakes on which the lotus never faded, and which enraptured even the stern Samuel Baker when, ten or fifteen years later, he first beheld them on his wanderings. The vast jungles, teeming with game, were a hunter's paradise, and never did Major Rogers more keenly enjoy his adventurous existence than after his appointment to the Ouvah residency. The climax of his master-passion had been reached.

Now, as already stated, the Singhalese looked upon Major Rogers' exploits with a holy terror; for did not Sakyamuni teach that all animal life is sacred, and that the wilful destruction of even the most insignificant insect is a deadly sin? The Singhalese are, perhaps, the most orthodox of all Buddhists, and if they venerate one animal more than another it is the elephant. Whether the huge size which these proboscidians attain, their wisdom, or the age to which they can live, is the cause of this, we will not here attempt to discuss; enough that their regard for elephants amounts almost to worship, and

* It is a well-known fact that elephants are very slow to reach maturity, and that, under favorable conditions, they may outlive from five to eight generations of men.

† "The Wild Elephant in Ceylon," p. 77. Longmans, Green & Co., London, 1867.

according to a general superstition the souls of former rajahs are incarnated in these strange creatures.

No Singhalese will ever hurt an elephant, not even when he finds him destroying his rice-fields. He will calmly stand by and wait till the intruder has eaten his fair portion, and only when exceeding that, or doing serious damage, will he attempt to interfere; not by trying to frighten the visitor back to the jungle, but by arguing with him, telling him that he has had enough and ought to be ashamed of himself. The writer once came upon an elephant who had broken into a rice-field near Kurnugalla, in southwestern Ceylon. A Singhalese *ryot* stood within fifteen yards of him, trying to coax him away by entreaties, interspersed with gentle remonstrances. As the elephant, however, kept on feeding with the greatest unconcern, the language of the poor *ryot* became less deferential and complimentary, and finally terminated in a torrent of abuse, involving serious reflections upon the general character of the elephant's antecedents, both near and remote, which the writer would be sorry to translate. This seemed to be more than the pachyderm could endure with equanimity; he grunted uneasily while making his way back to the jungle, and the writer, who wanted to expedite his departure with a shot from his Remington, was implored by the Singhalese to let him go in peace, "for Maha Oya was a sacred beast," and in this particular instance harbored the soul of a great pundit.

That so inveterate a slayer of elephants as Major Rogers should become an object of terror to the Singhalese, and excite their utmost indignation, need not, thus, surprise us. They looked upon him as the ancient Hebrews would have looked upon one who had dared to penetrate to the ark of the covenant and desecrate the holy of holies. He was shunned like one stricken by a pestilence; no Singhalese would enter his service; his groom, cook, gun-bearers, etc., were Malays and Tamils, and whenever he passed through a native village on his hunting-trips, the people would fly to their huts in consternation; not so much on account of personal fear, but in order not to be near when the vengeance of heaven should fall upon his head, lest they themselves should not be spared by the outraged *Devas*. For that Major Rogers *would* be punished in a signal manner for his misdeeds was the firm belief of the Singhalese.

It was on a day in January, 1845, that a curious and portentous incident occurred. Rogers had invited a number of coffee-planters from the Morowe Korle district, and was on the point of starting with these on an elephant-hunt, from the ancient village of Badulla, where, at that time, he had taken up his headquarters. The party of Europeans, numbering about eight, and followed by

a retinue of Tamil coolies, was just passing the great pagoda, in the centre of a grove of sacred fig-trees,* on the Minneria road, when Rogers' attention was attracted by the appearance of an old Buddhist priest on the stone vestibule, who stood there, like a statue chiselled out of amber, fixing his calm eyes upon the major. There must have been something unearthly in that Oriental's gaze, for it froze the very marrow of its victim. Those who witnessed the scene have repeatedly asserted in later years that the priest's face wore a kindly aspect, and that his voice was melodious, yet to Major Rogers it seemed like a vision of Medusa, foreboding his doom.

The priest calmly stretched forth his right arm, pointed to the great elephant-hunter, and delivered himself of the following sentence: "White *sahib*, thine hour is drawing near; thou hast persisted in slaying the bodies and disturbing the souls of our sacred brothers; the measure of thine iniquities is full, and thou shalt be consumed by the lightning of heaven before thou canst raise thine accursed weapon for another act of sacrilege."

These words, slowly and solemnly uttered by the venerable representative of one of the noblest and most philosophical creeds the world has ever known, profoundly impressed even the planters from Morowe Korle. As for Major Rogers, he sat on his horse like one in a trance; his eyes were still fixed on the spot where the priest had stood, even long after the latter had retreated into the temple, and it was only with difficulty that he could be prevailed upon to continue on his way.

The incident cast a gloom on the entire enterprise and spoiled the day's sport. The major's *esprit* had departed; he grew morose and taciturn, and no efforts on the part of his companions could restore his good humor. The party returned to Badulla without having fired a shot, and Major Rogers started the next morning for Colombo, "on important government business."

It was not long before the story of Major Rogers' strange adventure became known among the European residents of the island, and to his annoyance he was frequently questioned about it, in a jocular way, by thoughtless and inconsiderate friends. At the Army and Navy Club in Colombo, for instance, he would be greeted in something like the following style: "Hello, Rogers! See you're still alive and sound; the lightning hasn't got you yet. You're all right, old boy, threatened people live long." Rogers never relished such allusions to his weird experience; he was like a changed man, and an expression of pain would steal over his handsome features whenever the subject of elephant-hunting was broached.

* Ficus religiosa. These trees are claimed to be derived from shoots of the identical fig-tree in Nepaul under which Sakyamuni attained Buddha-hood.

Growing weary of Colombo, after a two months' residence, he tried the refreshing atmosphere of Kandy, located high in the central mountains, the loveliest spot, perhaps, in this terrestrial Eden. But even this wonderful city could not dispel his gloom; her ancient palaces and pagodas repelled him, and for the first time he looked with indifference upon the marvellous artifical lake of the Singhalese kings, which, five years earlier, had risen upon his vision like a fairy-dream of the Hesperides.

Almost eight months had elapsed since the Badulla incident, and it seemed as if Rogers had at last broken the spell which the priest's prophecy had cast over him. He thought of his rifles and of the great jungles of Ouvah; an irresistible longing seized him for his familiar hunting-grounds, and he almost wondered how he could have managed to exist so long away from them. Moreover, news came to Kandy of a rogue-elephant having recently killed two bullock-drivers near Badulla, and that settled it. Within less than a week after his resolution, he had succeeded in organizing a hunting-party of Kandian residents and planters from Kaduganawa, and a gayer cavalcade never proceeded along the Nawalapitya road than that led by Major Rogers in the early part of September, 1845. His heart was light, and once more he seemed like the Rogers of old; he was bound for his favorite jungles.

It was on September 9 that the great hunt was to commence, in the dense palmetto-brakes, which extend from the foot of Adam's Peak to the mountains of Newera Ellia. An army of drivers had been sent out to locate the game, and Rogers and his party started from Badulla before dawn, in order to reach the second government rest-house before the heat should become oppressive. From this point the jungle was to be entered, and a path leading in a southeasterly direction was to be followed for about eleven miles, to a little swamp, where the first beaters would be stationed and the camp was to be fixed.

A sumptuous lunch had been previously ordered at the rest-house* and everything augured well. It was about ten o'clock when the cavalcade arrived. The sun stood already high in the heavens, sending down fierce rays from a cloudless sky; but what was that to old Ceylon "jungle-hands," who were wont to stalk the *cheetah* in the noonday-glare, and who wore cork-helmets? Soon the lunch was served by the obsequious rest-house keeper, and a dozen hungry men sat down to astonish the

* The government rest-houses are located at intervals of about ten miles on the principal Ceylon high-roads, and are excellent bungalows for the accommodation of travellers, with stabling for their horses. They are invariably under the management of a native, who is required to provide certain viands at a fixed price, and clean bedding. The writer who, during his wanderings in Ceylon, has had frequent occasion to patronize these rest-houses, has always fared well in them, and remembers them with pleasure.

natives. Roast chicken disappeared as if by magic, and the quantities of rice with fish-curry, cold ham, canned lobster and chow-chow partaken of by these Englishmen excited the admiration even of the Malabar Tamils, who are notorious for their gluttony.

While the last of these dishes was being washed down with the favorite brandy and soda, and several members of the party were preparing for a short siesta, a low rumbling sound, as of distant thunder, struck the ear, and, before the lapse of another ten minutes, one of those vehement tropical rain-torrents was upon them, for which Ceylon is noted, and which are as sudden in their appearance as in their complete cessation and dispersal. The rain came down in sheets, and the sky grew dark and darker, while a cannonade commenced in the clouds, which would have appalled any one but an old Ceylon resident. Long flashes of lightning illumined the landscape at intervals, yet Major Rogers was in excellent spirits.

"We shall have a glorious time at the swamp to-night," he shouted, "this will clear the atmosphere and give our trackers a chance." In less than a quarter of an hour the rain ceased to fall, and the sky began to brighten visibly. "I think we can start pretty soon," said Rogers, "I'll just go out and see how things look."

And out he went on his *last* errand; he never returned, nor uttered another word, for, thirty seconds later, Major Rogers was a black, unrecognizable mass. A flash of lightning had struck him with terrific force, before he got to the centre of the high-road in front of the bungalow, and had almost carbonized every particle of flesh, down to his bones. His hour had come at last.

A remarkable coincidence, the reader will conclude, yet a *mere* coincidence. Among the myriads of human beings who inhabit this planet, such things must, at times, occur, and stranger ones are on record. Thousands are annually killed by lightning, and why should it not once happen that among these there be one whose death had been thus foreshadowed? Look at the innumerable cases in which similar prophecies and predictions have been proved *false*. Such was also the writer's opinion when he first learned the curious details of the fate of Major Rogers.

But the story has a sequel, which no coincidence-hypothesis will explain, and which is so strange that it may well be doubted whether anything of a similar character has ever come within the experience of man. The news of Rogers' tragic death created the utmost sensation in Ceylon, as the story of his encounter with the Buddhist priest, six months earlier, was known to all the European residents. For a long time it formed the chief topic of discussion on the island, and numerous were the theories,

comments and opinions advanced in reference to it. The Singhalese did not manifest the least surprise at this appalling termination of the elephant-hunter's career; to them it was not unexpected, as they had been thoroughly convinced that something of this nature was bound to happen.

Rogers' body was taken to Newera Ellia, and there buried in the little cemetery of the European colony. Newera Ellia is the sanatorium of Ceylon: a cluster of beautiful villas, in the midst of the loveliest scenery, seven thousand feet above the sea level. Here rich merchants of Colombo and Point de Galle, eminent government officials and wealthy planters have erected fairy bungalows, surrounded by luxurious gardens, where they take refuge from the heat of the lowlands, at times when a "change" is deemed necessary.

Rogers having been one of the most popular men on the island, the Europeans subscribed for a tombstone, which was duly placed on his grave, and on which the principal events of his life and his sad end were briefly recorded. The stone had been there barely two months when the residents of Ceylon were startled by the news that it had been struck and seriously damaged by lightning. And, what is still more marvellous, *lightning struck that stone at least a hundred times within the next thirty years.*

The writer, to whom this part of the story appeared utterly incredible, and who suspected some trick on the part of the Singhalese, visited Newera Ellia in the month of July, 1876. Starting early from Peradenia, and riding through the Ramboda Pass, he did not reach the famous sanatorium till after sunset, taking up his quarters at the only hotel there, kept by one Hawkins, an old Scotchman. The cemetery was within three hundred yards of this place. After supper the writer and his host, who proved an exceedingiy well-informed as well as kindly gentleman, repaired to the verandah, where comfortable easy-chairs were inviting for siesta. Cigars were lighted and soon the topic of Major Rogers' tombstone was in order.

"Young man," said Hawkins — the writer having strongly expressed his doubts as to the genuineness of the lightning business — "wait until to-morrow morning! I have lived in Newera Ellia thirty-six years, and never, before Rogers' burial, has lightning, to my recollection, struck in that cemetery. Now it occurs on an average three or four times a year, and it invariably selects the tombstone of Rogers."

The writer was indeed impatient to behold that wonderful stone, and, at an early hour the next day, found himself in front of it.

"What do you call *this*," said Hawkins, who was present, "does this look like man's handiwork?"

"Indeed not," the writer replied, lost in astonishment, for here were the clear and unmistakable proofs of lightning's action. The stone, a huge slab, about nine feet long, five feet wide and ten inches thick, placed flat on the grave, had been cracked in at least a dozen places, and evidently by lightning, while the peculiar furrows of lightning were visible all over it. As one well acquainted with lightning-marks on rock surfaces, the writer, after a careful examination of the slab, feels thoroughly justified in stating that they are genuine.

Now where is the clue to this mystery? Major Rogers' tombstone is in no way peculiar, or different from the other tombstones in the Newera Ellia cemetery. It is composed of the same garnetiferous gneiss (the prevailing rock of the central mountain-region of Ceylon), and the grave which it surmounts is neither higher nor lower than the other graves. There is absolutely nothing which, from a scientific standpoint, would account for the reason why lightning should persistently have selected the spot where the charred remains of Ceylon's famous elephant-hunter were interred forty-nine years ago.

IF CHRIST SHOULD COME TO-DAY.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

I HAVE come, and the world shall be shaken
Like a reed, at the touch of my rod,
And the kingdoms of time shall awaken
To the voice and the summons of God;
No more through the din of the ages
Shall warnings and chidings divine,
From the lips of my prophets and sages,
Be trampled like pearls before swine.

Ye have stolen my lands and my cattle;
Ye have kept back from labor its meed;
Ye have challenged the outcasts to battle,
When they plead at your feet in their need;
And when clamors of hunger grew louder,
And the multitudes prayed to be fed,
Ye have answered with prisons or powder,
The cries of your brothers for bread.

I turn from your altars and arches,
And the mocking of steeples and domes,
To join in the long, weary marches
Of the ones ye have robbed of their homes;
I share in the sorrows and crosses
Of the naked, the hungry and cold,
And dearer to me are their losses
Than your gains and your idols of gold.

I will wither the might of the spoiler,
I will laugh at your dungeons and locks,
The tyrant shall yield to the toiler,
And your judges eat grass like the ox;
For the prayers of the poor have ascended
To be written in lightnings on high,
And the wails of your captives have blended
With the bolts that must leap from the sky.

The thrones of your kings shall be shattered
And the prisoner and serf shall go free;
I will harvest from seed that I scattered
On the borders of blue Galilee;
For I come not alone, and a stranger—
Lo! my reapers will sing through the night
Till the star that stood over the manger
Shall cover the world with its light.

WILLIAM PENN AND PETER THE GREAT.

BY HENRY LATCHFORD.

When I lived in London, and was supposed to be studying law in the Temple, I had frequent opportunities of meeting literary people who were more lively and interesting than the ordinary law book. One of the literary receptions I remember with particular distinctness. The drawing rooms of a well-known writer were crowded with guests who represented many of the schools, *coteries* and camps of culture then existing in the metropolis. Near the window of the front room, and isolated from his fellows, who seemed to be all talking at the top of their voices, sat an elderly gentleman reading a book. In that warm room he looked like a cool fountain in the middle of a hot sand bank. And, indeed, he was quite as cool as he looked. Undisturbed by the babel of conversation he read on, slowly turning over the leaves of the volume which he held close to his eyes. Suddenly the door opened and a great Newfoundland dog entered the room. He walked leisurely around among the guests as if looking for a friend. Deliberately he paused before the reader. With one loud, sharp bark which announced his arrival he seemed to say, "So, here you are!" The gentleman dropped his book, rubbed his eyes, and simply said, "Bless my soul! that's the best remark I've heard to-night!" And then he patted the Newfoundland's head.

Everybody stopped talking for a moment and laughed, while one lady said, "Oh, that's just like Hepworth!" And then we all knew that the studious person was none other than Mr. Hepworth Dixon, editor of the *Athenæum*, who had just circumnavigated the globe, seen everything and everybody, and written much about curiosities of American society. In the course of the evening there was some discussion about the merits of his books, and it seemed to be agreed that he had done much good by his "Life of William Penn," in which book he had completely disproved the charges brought by Macaulay against the great Quaker. That book left a deep impression upon my mind and an influence that remains, although the great events of Europe since it was published have not done much, apparently, to advance the principles of Penn in any part of the world.

More than twenty years after the Dixon incident I was living one summer in the State of Indiana, where I became acquainted

with many of the Quakers in the country districts. There was much talk about the famine in Russia that summer. The events in eastern Europe, following the assassination of the czar, including the rapid development of nihilism and periodical appearance of famine, were attracting the attention of the civilized world. Through Turgenief and Count Tolstoi the misery and degradation of the emancipated serfs became almost as well known to the American people as the troubles of the men and women of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Living in the peaceful and prosperous Quaker district I was induced, by the principle, I suppose, of contrast, to read all I could find about Russia. Among other books I read with special interest Eugene Schuyler's "Life of Peter the Great," and as I finished it I could not help recalling Napoleon's remark that at the end of a hundred years from his time Europe would be either Cossack or republican. Indeed, if there had been a succession of czars like the great Peter, the Cossacks would have had ample opportunity to break up such civilization as we possess. If, in the course of a few years, one semi-barbarian of superhuman energy and daring could have pulled Russia half way out of Asia, and established it firmly in Europe, what might not successors of similar political genius have accomplished with the modern resources? But fortunately for Europe the mantle of Peter's energy did not fall upon those who succeeded him. There have been great soldiers and diplomatists in modern Russia, but no ruler, except perhaps the second Catherine, has given sign of the constructive ingenuity necessary to carry out Peter's colossal projects. Europe is today very much more republican than Cossack, while the strong tendency in Russia seems to be a return to the democratic institutions which prevailed among the Slav races before the Mongol invasion.

Comparing Schuyler's book with Dixon's "Life of Penn" it struck me that the period of these contemporaries — Penn and Peter — was one of the great historic partings of the ways for civilization.

In one of the notes at the close of his book Mr. Dixon gives a short but graphic and striking account of Penn's visit to Peter the Great during the czar's sojourn in England in 1697. Peter was studying shipbuilding in the Deptford dockyards. Some members of the Quaker sect called upon him to try and enlist his sympathies for their cause. As they did not understand the czar's speech, and as he knew nothing of the English language, the meeting was futile. Both Penn and Peter, however, knew something of German, and accordingly Penn called upon the czar. One would like to have some Boswell's account of that interview. Penn explained the cause, the history and the creed

of the Quakers. Peter seemed to be amused and listened with quite as much patience as he could muster.

Finally the czar said, "Do Quakers fight?"

"No, Friend Peter," replied William, "that's just what Quakers don't do."

"Then," said the czar, "I have no use for them. Russia requires men who can and will fight"—intimating that all other countries required men of the same kind.

This closed the conversation, though the interview seems not to have been without some good effect. It is said that ever afterwards when the czar found himself in the neighborhood of any Quaker community he attended the meetings and "conducted himself quite like a gentleman." It was indeed a real concession to Quaker sentiment that the czar of Russia did not pull the noses or knock off the hats of Quaker worshippers.

While turning over this curious episode in my mind I could not help thinking of another possible conclusion to Penn's interview with Peter the Great. Giving wings to imagination I heard Peter say:—

"William Penn, if you think you can govern Russia on your peace principles I will hand over my country to you. I am tired and sick of being a ruler, as I have no quality of mind that fits me for governing men according to the laws of civilized society. I was born to be a soldier or a ship carpenter. I prefer the carpentering, and if some trustworthy person would relieve me of my intolerable duties and responsibilities — called imperial — I am quite willing to spend the rest of my waking life in a dock-yard. Now, I ask you this: If I can gain the consent of my people to be governed by you for a term of years, as an experiment, while I remain in England working happily at my natural occupation, will you take charge of Russia?"

Penn opened wide his large, calm, benevolent eyes, as he said in mild astonishment: "Friend Peter, the world has not been accustomed to regard thee as one who wastes much time in speaking light or vain things. I cannot think thee serious when thou askest me to take thy place as the ruler of Russia."

"Serious! William Penn," retorted the burly potentate, as he poured out for himself a huge bumper of brandy, "I was never more serious in my life, and for reasons which I now proceed to give you. Nearly six hundred years ago my predecessor, Vladimir, forcibly Christianized his people in one day. He compelled them to accept that religion which you preach and practice. After six hundred years of professed Christianity I do not see that Russia is to-day much farther advanced in the Christian life than when Vladimir compelled it to abjure paganism. I have made inquiries about you and your associates, and I find that

you really try to adapt your lives to the precepts of the creed you profess. People mock at your doctrines and you personally as a mere dreamer because you believe that all men are brothers and should live at peace. I must say that I can't regard that man as very much of a dreamer who established, as you have done, the right of a jury to return a verdict in opposition to the judge's charge. That piece of work, William, convinces me that whatever else you may be you are not a fool.

"I have also heard much of what you call your Civitas Dei, and your 'Holy Experiment' in America. The Indians of that country, whom your peaceful methods have subdued, were not less barbarous than my Cossacks. You went among them as a plain man who wished to live as a friend among friends. I hear that the Indians laid down their arms at your request, and that not in a single case have they broken the agreement you made in good faith with them. They are the helpers and brothers of the palefaces, as they call you, so that perfect harmony prevails between them and your people. This, too, while the same Indians are at perpetual feud with the white men who are not Quakers. It is to me more than wonderful. It is simply miraculous. We have heard of the events in Palestine, but I have never been in that country, and those events are very far away. Historians do not always write the truth, and in my experience the law of life is not the Golden Rule which Christ taught, and of which the preachers tell us in church on Sundays and holy days.

"When you went among the Indians of your territory in America you were not armed with the powers of head of a state or head of the church. The king of England was your chief, and you acted only with deputed and temporary power. You were neither king nor pope — not even a bishop. Your own personal character as a Christian man, who practised what he preached, was the only secret of your success with the savages. If you go to Russia your position shall be very different. I am practically head of the church, and absolutely head of the state, and I know that my people will accept in this same position the man or men whom I see fit to appoint as my representatives. I have only to command and it is done. You think, perhaps, that I speak under the influence of strong drink, as I see that you have been watching my potations. But I was brought up on brandy. It is the natural food for such a barbarian as I am, and, unti it puts me to sleep, only serves to make me clear-headed.

"No, William Penn, I am not now speaking as a drunken man, but as the czar of Russia, fully aware of my own defects, an' more than anxious that the millions of poor people whom I bully, without knowing how to govern them, shall be brought

under some of the genuine influences of Christianity and civilization. I ask you again, and this time I request, that you accept my offer, and that you go out to Russia in my place as head of the state. I will see to it promptly that you shall also be head of the church."

With such an effort of imagination I was fairly exhausted, and at this stage of Peter's speech I was asleep. But while I slept I dreamed. Mixing up the events of centuries with the freedom of the land of visions, I saw William Penn established in St. Petersburg as firmly as he had formerly been in Pennsylvania. Peter had accompanied him to Russia and had summoned a great council of the nobles, bishops, governors of provinces, statesmen and generals. At Penn's request the wives and grown daughters of the leading men were also requested to attend. Penn had prepared the manifesto which the czar read aloud to the convention. The new constitution was based upon the principles of Christianity as applied in America by the people called Quakers. Serfdom was absolutely abolished within the boundaries of Russia. Peace was proclaimed with Sweden, Poland, Austria and Turkey, with the proviso that if at any time within the period of Penn's administration Russia should be invaded it was expected that every man in Russia capable of bearing arms would appear at the frontier. The regular soldiery was abolished. Invasion was to be met and defeated by an armed, patriotic nation, which, having once realized the priceless value of peace, liberty and brotherhood, would guard sacredly these good things, or die to a man in the effort to defend them.

Great public works were to be undertaken at once in every province, under the direction of the local noblemen and priests. The money that would have been expended upon arsenals, fortifications and military campaigns was for the next twenty years to be devoted to primary education. Women of ability were to be admitted on a perfectly equal footing with men to all positions in church and state. The most distinguished thinkers of Europe were to be invited to Russia for the purpose of helping to draw up a political constitution adapted to the requirements of an industrial and agricultural community—the framers not to be bound by any precedents save those of justice, humanity and the practical wisdom of the Christian religion.

Meanwhile in each city, and in every town, village or district with a population exceeding three hundred, justice was to be administered by a government official sent out from St. Petersburg. This magistrate must have had a course of study for six months in the college presided over by William Penn. The nobles and bishops might sit in court as associates, but were not to be qualified to pass judgment in legal trials until they, also,

should have graduated from Penn's college. Justice was not to be bought, and not to be sold or denied to any man, woman or child. The official or other person — be his power and position what they might — detected in any act of interference with the administration of law, was to be condemned to imprisonment and a prolonged course of study in St. Petersburg. School teachers were to be regarded as the social equals of nobles and bishops. Judges of the supreme court at the seat of the central government were to make semi-annual visits to the principal city of each province, and among other duties, were to hear all appeals from inferior tribunals. The rich land owners, bishops, priests, merchants, and educated professional men were to be held responsible for the moral and material prosperity of the districts in which they lived, and their favor at court was to depend upon their efforts to advance this prosperity.

The czar spent three hours in reading and commenting upon the new rules of government. He drew many brief but vivid pictures illustrating the difference between the new *regime* and the old, and then, in words uttered with deep emotion, introduced his "friend, brother and representative, William Penn."

The stranger, dressed as usual in the suit of drab cloth, relieved by a large linen collar turned down over his coat, rose to speak. Penn had acquired a competent knowledge of the Russian language, and was as self-possessed as if engaged in a friendly talk with the king of England or George Fox. His calm, peaceful, benevolent appearance was a revelation to men and women who had always associated distinguished foreigners with military uniform and brilliant retinue. He commenced by describing the beautiful home he had left in England, pointing out, however, that such homes were confined to the happy few, while the great majority of the English people lived in a very different condition. Passing on to the "Holy Experiment" in America, he dwelt at length upon the widely-diffused happiness of the community in which no man was very rich and none very poor. He explained the methods by which the savage Indian had been brought to regard the white European immigrant not as a foe or an intruder, but as a friend and partner, who had come to coöperate with him in procuring the means of general comfort and happiness.

In simple but eloquent language he described the horrors of war as he had seen it in Europe, the degradation it brought on women, and all the ruin of home life. Then he explained his gospel of peace, and pictured its results as he had seen them developing by the banks of the Delaware. He told, too, of the Quaker women who, like their fathers, husbands or brothers, were engaged actively in all good works for the benefit of all the

people. And then he spoke of the doctrines of Christ as laid down in the religion of Russia, and of the desire of the illustrious czar that such doctrines should henceforth govern the public and private life of the Russian people.

When he concluded, the audience, not accustomed to free expression of opinion, remained silent, although pleasure and gratification were depicted on almost every face. The czar rose quickly, shook hands warmly with Penn, and then turning to the audience said, "Those of my people who are in favor of accepting William Penn as the representative of the czar during my absence, will stand up." There may have been some soldiers and statesmen who had views to express, but, as Peter cared little for any views except his own, there was no dissenting voice. Every man and woman stood up. Peter then waved his hat over his head and called for cheers, which were given with an enthusiasm that the announcement of peace principles had never before excited on any portion of Russian territory. The court officials were then summoned, and promptly appeared bearing the robes of office. Then and there William Penn, brother of Czar Peter, was arrayed in all the externals of his high office. Having signified his allegiance to Russia by holding up his right hand, he bowed his head before the patriarch who offered prayer and pronounced the benediction.

The new experiment was carried into operation immediately. Missionaries were despatched at once throughout the length and breadth of the land, explaining the new gospel of peace and holiness. They were armed with power to redress grievances and arrange for the sustenance of the people. It took some years to elevate the Cossacks and wandering hordes of the East and South to a comprehension of the new order, but after their leaders had met and talked with Penn, either in St. Petersburg or Moscow, the wildest of them decided that the experiment at least deserved a trial. No doubt the expressed desire of Peter had much to do with this ready compliance.

Within a year after the czar's return to England Charles the Twelfth invaded Russia. He was met by a nation in arms. From the remotest recesses of the country came men, accompanied in many cases by their wives or sisters, who, having enjoyed peaceful life for one year, had determined that any death was preferable to a return of the fighting and barbaric stage. By mere force of numbers they would drive back the enemy, and if necessary they would fight to the death for the privileges that had become so precious to them.

> They come as the winds come when forests are rended,
> They come as the waves come when navies are stranded.

Not all the armies assembled under the Swedish kings, from the first Charles down to Voltaire's hero, could stand before such a host as came pouring from the interior to the northwestern frontier. But Charles took no heed. With his usual recklessness he led the attack in person. Now that the vigilant Peter was absent he expected an easy prey in an army of peasants. But as, in aftertime, the untrained troops of Dumouriez — when inspired by an idea — would drive back the seasoned veterans of Europe, so the emancipated serfs of Russia rushed into battle with a valor and resistless force that the knights of lion-hearted Richard or the gallant Godfrey had never surpassed. The women fought, if possible, with more fury than the men. The army of Charles was driven back with prodigious slaughter. "We can't fight against devils," said the king, "and these Russian women are furies."

The Russian generals held a council of war. It was decided to pursue the Swedes, take bodily possession of the king and his army, and to retain all as prisoners until a satisfactory guarantee should have been given that no Swedish soldier should again enter Russia as a foe. The pursuit began and the capture followed rapidly. Preliminaries of peace were not long delayed. Charles declared he had had more than enough of fighting with Russian Quakers. He was quite prepared to make any promises if his troops were supplied with provisions.

Thereupon this remarkable campaign assumed quite a new aspect. When the Russian people were satisfied that their purpose had been fully accomplished, the men and women at once transformed themselves into nurses or agents of the commissariat department. From avenging fiends they became ministering angels. Having attended to the wounded they knelt and prayed beside the dying. Charles laughed. "If," he said, "these Quaker Russians are as good with their prayers as with their bayonets, they'll send those poor devils of mine to heaven sure enough."

There was little delay about a treaty of peace. Shortly after Charles reached Sweden he dispatched a messenger to William Penn with a request that the ruler of Russia would send the king of Sweden a book or a man to explain how a peaceful nation could at a few days' notice be transformed into an army, and how, after the battle, that army of fighting demons could be changed upon the battlefield into a corps of nurses, missionaries or cooks. Penn sent the recipe, and it is almost unnecessary to add that no other army from Sweden attempted to invade Russia while William Penn was ruler.

Tidings of these strange events were carried rapidly over Europe. It soon became known that although Russia was conse-

crated to peace it was invincible in war. In a conversation with the king of Poland, who proposed a coalition against Russia, the ruler of Turkey said: "No, Poland, it is quite useless. There are too many of these men of peace and prayer. Every boy fights like a veteran. Until this new fashion blows over I'll leave the bear alone. I have no objection, however, to your tackling him yourself." And so with all the western countries. No sovereign cared to risk his army against an armed nation, patriotic, enlightened, industrious and religious.

Penn rapidly carried out the programme laid down in the manifesto. With no army to maintain, the bulk of the revenue was applied to education and the diffusion of all available knowledge concerning agriculture and improved industrial methods.

The invasion of Charles took place in the year 1701, and in the year 1715 the Russian Empire was admitted even by the economists and bankers of France and England to be the happiest and most prosperous country in Europe. No man did injustice, because no man feared injustice, and, the dread of poverty being removed, free play was at once given to the operation of the Golden Rule. Little children of Siberian hamlets, as well as those among the villages of the Caucasus and around the Black Sea, were trained at home, at school, in church, to guard and cherish "the light within." They found the moral law written upon their hearts long before Emmanuel Kant discovered it — after the tedious process of eliminating pure reason. They heard their parents explain the law they lived by, and they saw daily conduct in strict accord with the teachings of the Sabbath. Peace, industry and marvellous intellectual energy prevailed in Russia.

So fared Russia in the year 1715, under William Penn. What splendid conquests, I thought, this country will have made in another hundred years! In two hundred years, by means of precept and example, it will have banished poverty, if not sin, from Europe and America, and its political constitution, embodying ethics and religion, will prevail wherever men and women live and love, suffer and die.

And as the glory of the vision grew before my inward eye I woke to find myself in the last decade of the nineteenth century, in Boston, Mass., July, 1894. It is about the time appointed by my dream for the final triumph of Penn's laws of peace and justice, for the full brightness of the light within, for the fullest, richest note of human happiness. I take up the morning paper and I see the first page packed with details of the labor struggle in Chicago. The militia and federal troops have been shooting down workmen who have been guilty of the unpardonable sin —

guilty of combining to procure wages for themselves and their fellows upon which self-respecting men can subsist. And in a special despatch to another paper I see that a few days ago in Southern Russia the peasants threw themselves before the prancing horses of the soldiers, preferring death under iron hoofs to the lingering torture of starvation. And my dream was not true. Peter and Penn have been dead for nearly two centuries, and to-day the loud blast of war is being heard as close to the Delaware as to the Danube.

A WOMAN IN THE CAMP: A CHRISTMAS SKETCH.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

MARTHA HOLLAND was a bride of less than six months when she received her marching orders from her husband. She was requested to join him at Masinee. Her heart was very heavy when she took her seat on the sleigh laden with camp supplies and utensils. She knew it meant a long separation from her parents and her young friends, and she looked back at the group at the gate with eyes blurred with tears.

The country grew wilder as they went north. The pine woods thickened and all signs of cultivation disappeared. The road grew at last to be merely a winding track in the sun-bright snow. It grew silent. At times when the bells on the horses' harness were still, nothing could be heard but the wind's low snarl in the pines, or the crackling of a twig settling under the snow. The camps drew farther apart, and to the young wife it seemed as if the world were being left behind.

At the Falls Holland met her, and she felt a shock of disagreeable surprise at his rough look.

"O Henry! What makes you wear a beard? I *don't* like it."

He laughed. "Too much trouble to shave, Mattie. You'll like it after you get used to it. Are you tired?" he asked with abrupt tenderness.

"Yes. How far is it yet?"

He pointed to the fine, rounded outline of Old Masinee. "We'll soon be there."

They moved off on the widening trail which cut across the elbow made by the river. The sun grew low, and faint clouds drew across it, and the wind strengthened. The bells jingled pleasantly, and the drivers shouted from sleigh to sleigh, but they could not soften the effect of the wilderness over the young wife.

They came at last upon the camp. It consisted of three little, low log huts; one for teams, one for the men, the other for the kitchen. A little creek ran by, deeply smothered in snow.

A dozen red-shirted men came pouring out of the large hut and raised a shout of welcome. They looked rough and wild to

Mattie, but they swarmed cheerily about the team, unhitching, and unloading the furniture.

A tall old man came forward to say, —

"We're mighty glad to see you, madame."

"You bet we are," said two or three others. "We've had a hard scuffle with Ralph's cooking."

"Mattie, Miller, my partner."

Mattie shook hands with Miller, whose round, smiling face she liked at once.

"And this is your headquarters," continued her husband, throwing open the door of the other shanty. She walked in and looked about. At one end was a small kitchen partitioned off with rough boards. A broken old stove was roaring with heat there.

"Here's where we eat," said Ralph.

The central portion of the room was the dining room. It had a long table running along the middle with benches at each side. It was lighted now with candles, and on the table were some tin plates and some rough knives and forks.

"And this is your room," Henry said, opening the door into another apartment at the opposite end of the long hut.

It was a rude place to bring a bride. The walls of logs were plastered with mud. The dresser was a board nailed to the wall. The partition had large cracks and knot holes in it, and the apartment was bare of even a bed. A lump rose in the wife's throat. She looked away for a moment at the window, with a set look in her eyes as she crowded down her discontent. The men swarmed in noisily, bringing the bedstead and chairs and the few little things which had been given the young couple at their wedding.

She stood by while Henry and Miller arranged the bed and hung up the little looking glass. Then she unpacked her trunk and got out her extra dresses and her brush and comb, trying all the while to conceal the tears which dripped down upon her hands.

After Ralph went back to the cooking and Miller returned to the barn, she broke down and wailed, —

"O Henry, I can't stand it here — I just know I can't."

He sat down by her side on the trunk. He was not a rough man, and he was touched.

"Now, now! Don't cry, Martha, you're tired and homesick. You'll feel all right when you get up to-morrow morning."

She sat passively while he went all over the ground again. "You know it saves us a lot of money, Mattie, and if we buy that farm next spring we'll need every cent, and besides it makes it easier for me and Chubb."

"Oh, but it's all so lonesome!"

"Lonesome! with fourteen men around? Well, now, it'll be lively enough when you get cooking for 'em. You won't have time to get lonesome."

She said nothing more, but sat dumbly there while the men swarmed in and ate the evening meal with much clatter of tin dishes and very little talk.

"Where's the woman, Hank?" some of them asked. "Ain't she goin' to set at the head o' the table to-night?"

"She's tired," he apologized. "She don't feel like coming out." He added, "You'll see her in the morning; she'll cook your breakfast for you."

The shrill yell which greeted the good news brought Mattie to her feet in terror.

"Three cheers for the woman who bosses the boss."

"Ralph, you're '*aus ker spielt.*'"

Their loud laughter did not provoke a smile in Mattie's eyes. She lay down on her bed and cried. She was only a girl of eighteen, and this was so far away from her modest little romance.

It was dark when she heard her husband call her. She started up in alarm. "What is it, Henry?"

"Four o'clock, time to get up. Wake up, don't you know where you are?" He shook her gently.

She remembered, and struggled slowly awake. It seemed like the middle of the night. Faint streaks of light came across the room, but they were from the candles in the dining room. She heard a strange sound, a snarling, humming, roaring sound; it was the wind in the pines. She dressed hurriedly, for it was very cold, and when she came out into the kitchen she was not yet awake. Her feet stumbled and her eyes dreamed.

Old Ralph, with his red arms bare to the elbow, was laying huge slices of beef in a great dripping pan.

"Good morning, cap'n," he said to her. "I'll just absquatulate"—

"No, no, please go on. I don't know anything about what to do."

"You've cooked for harvest hands and threshing crews?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, often."

"Well, just figure on a threshing crew of twenty-eight hungry men, and you'll have the needs of our gang of fourteen."

She watched him while he fried the steak and filled the tea pots and took up the beans and biscuits. At last he took down the horn and blew a short snort. There was heard a scuffle, a shout, and the men tumbled into the room like a herd of steers

into a cornfield. They ducked their heads at her as they passed; one or two said "Good morning" as if the effort were colossal.

She helped about the table, and the struggle was soon ended. They scraped in the beans, caught up some chunks of brown bread, heaved up the tin cups full of tea, and shoved back and disappeared with slow mutter of laughter.

Miller and her husband came in a little later and sat down to eat with her. They ate almost as swiftly and silently as the others and then Henry said, —

"Ralph will stay and help you get dinner, Mattie; and try and get the hang of things to-day, so I can have Ralph to-morrow," and then they rose and went out. It was not yet light, and the wind was roaring in the tree tops. There was something terrible in this grim dawn.

Old Ralph showed her the various boxes and barrels of food, and how to coax the stove, and how to wash the tin dishes wholesale, and many other things which long experience at dodging work had taught the male cooks.

At noon the men came tumbling in again with appetites like wolves. It was very hot and close in the little kitchen, where the meat sizzled and the potatoes steamed. Ralph was kindly and patient in all things, even taking her suggestions about cleaning up things with great composure.

Once or twice during the afternoon Henry pulled rein to shout just for the pleasure of seeing her come to the door. Occasionally some driver could be heard singing, but mainly all sounds were lost in the snarling moan of the pines.

At night, after supper, the men went into their own quarters. Henry and Chubb worried over some figures and the record of the logs, while Mattie and Ralph did up the evening work.

This came to be the regular routine of the camp life. On the second morning Old Ralph shouldered an ax and went out with the rest of the men, and Henry said, —

"Well, Mattie, you're chief cook and bottle-washer now. If you need any help, just blow on that horn there and we'll come. If you toot twice, we'll know you want something mighty bad and we'll come a-whoopin'."

All about was the wilderness of pine and tamarack, laden with snow. By day all was silent, save the click-clack of the axes and the perpetual moan of the pines. At night the wolves and owls and wild cats awoke and uttered voice. Mattie drew close to her husband then and was glad to hear the noisy laughter of the men. But in the early dawn, just after the men took their way into the dark woods-roads, or at night, just before they came to camp, she felt the wilderness like a visible presence marching in upon her. This feeling came upon her with terrible force the

third morning. It was cold and cloudy. The wind roared through the pines like a mighty river washing a pebbly beach; its grinding snarl was intolerably desolate and pitiless.

She seized the long tin horn which hung by the door, but the thought of her husband stopped her. What could she say in explanation?

This was her life. Up every morning at four o'clock to cook cakes and steak for the ever hungry men. Then two or three lonely hours of cleaning up the camp, then the attack upon dinner. A noisy, hearty quarter of an hour of dinner, and then silence again and the voice and presence of the pines.

II.

As it drew toward Christmas, Mattie grew childishly eager to go home. She had never been away from home so long before. Her desperation made her brave to the point of saying, —

"Henry, I want to go home for a week."

"I don't see how we can spare you, Mattie."

"But I can't stand it here any longer, it's so lonesome."

"O nonsense! with a crew of fourteen men around! If you'd settle your mind to staying here you'd be all right." There was a note of impatience in his voice.

Mattie's throat filled up and she stammered, "You don't think of me, how hard I work and how lonesome it is for me."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, don't snivel about it," he said irritably. "Of course, it's hard work. We all have to work hard; that's what we come up here for. I can't spare Ralph just when the sleighing is the best. There may be a January thaw, and I want to finish up the lumbering business this winter." As he talked his voice grew softer, but he could not take away the effect of his harsh, contemptuous tone. Mattie heard him in silence, with set face wet with tears. She had supposed he could never speak to her like that.

Sunday was a noisy day. The men played games and sang, or went hunting. They ate if anything more than on week days, and Mattie was busy most of the day. It was on Monday morning that she made up her mind to an epic deed.

"I'm going home," she said with determined straightening of the lips.

As soon as it was light, she put on her warmest clothes and cautiously opened the door to be sure none of the teams were in sight. It was a dazzlingly bright winter morning. The roads curved away into the forest, deep furrows in the almost unstained snow. The sun threw a golden sheen over it and stained it with purple shadows. The trees were silent; everywhere the frost glittered. The ring of the axes was very distinct to her ear, so

still were the pines. It was like setting boat into unknown waters, but her resolution did not waver now. She closed the door behind her and started on her long and lonely walk to Masinee to take the stage.

Up on the hillside the swampers' axes rang, the sleighs creaked to and fro, the trees crashed falling steadily, the logs rumbled on the skid-ways, the oxen snailed the logs out of the tangle of boughs, the saws rang, and the hearty voices of the men made up the pleasant jangle of sounds the logging crew enjoys.

Henry called to Ralph, "Say, Ralph, what time have you? My watch must be fast."

"Twelve-thirty."

"That's what mine says. I wonder what's the matter with the woman. I guess I'll go up and see."

"Guess you better. The boys have been looking at the sun for an hour, and my stomach's been saying 'cub-berd' for some time."

Henry went up the road to the shanty feeling that something had bothered and delayed Mattie, but when he saw the chimney — there was no curling smoke this time — he quickened his pace to a run. She was sick perhaps — or an accident! He dashed the door open. The room was silent and cold. He called as he ran into her room. He stood there astonished, confused. His mind reasoned upon the cold stove, the orderly room. She had been gone since morning, that was evident. What had happened to her?

He seized the hŏrn and blew two blasts upon it, then ran to the stable and down to the spring looking for footprints. The men came rushing down out of the woods. Their voices clamored in his ear almost before he knew it.

"What's the matter?"

"My wife is gone," he said.

"Gone where?"

"I don't know. Sŏmething must be the matter with her. See if you can find her tracks."

They bent to the ground, but the road was so hard her steps did not show for some distance. At last they found them. She had hurried down the road.

"She's gone to Masinee."

"She's gone to catch the stage," said Ralph.

"What makes you think so?"

"She asked me a few days ago when the stage left, and I told her about ten. She's on her way to her mother's."

Henry thought for a moment. Then his rage flamed out. "I'll bring her back." The men moved away a little. "Ralph, go back and get dinner. I'll go after her."

"No use now, Hank," said Chubb. "She's on the stage. You can't get off till to-morrow. Keep cool now. She's all right."

"I'm going, anyway," the husband said. "I can't stay here till I know where she is," and he started off down the road on the run.

"Come back and take a horse," yelled Chubb, but he kept on.

"The woman got homesick," said Ralph. "I don't blame her much. She's only a girl anyway, and Christmas comin' on."

III.

As Mattie entered the door the Adams family rose up from the table with a clamor of expletives.

"Well, for Peter's sake!" "Where'd you drop from, Mattie?" exclaimed her mother and sisters.

"Home for Christmas?" asked her father.

"I'm here to stay," she sobbed, as she ran to her mother's broad bosom to hide her face.

"Had a row, Matt?" asked her sister, Nettie.

"N-no, I've just — just run away; I couldn't stand it any longer."

"Well, there, there! Don't bother about it now. Nettie, put on a clean plate. Sam, stir up some fire and heat some tea. I s'pose it was hard work."

"I didn't mind that, but it was so lonesome, and I wanted to see you." Again her head went down on that sheltering breast.

"There — there! Wanted to see her ol' mammie; course you did, and it's all right. Now don't 'oo worry, there — there!" She patted the hysterical girl on the back and made little soothing sounds to her. At last the runaway sat down to supper with tear-stained cheeks and ate heartily.

"I'm awful glad you've come, Mattie. We're goin' to have a dance here to-morrow night."

"What 'd you run away fer? Wouldn't he let you come?"

"No. He said he couldn't spare me."

"How 'd you get down here?"

She set her cup down and distress came back into her face. "I had to steal" —

"Good land o' mercy! Well, Marthy Adams, you *are* doing things — Stole — who of?"

"Him."

Mrs. Adams was relieved. "Oh, well, I guess you earned it. How much 'd you take?"

"Ten dollars and seventy cents. All there was in his wallet."

"Well, did you ever! Hiram Adams, do you hear what your daughter is a-tellin' of?"

"I do, mother, but I ain't responsible. She always took after you."

Mrs. Adams rose up in wrath. "Well, I never! Do you accuse me of being a thief?"

"Oh no, of course not," he replied. "You never had any chance. I never had ten dollars to steal."

They all laughed and sat down to the table to enjoy a meal together.

It seemed so good to get home again. The light, the dishes, the homely smells, the clock ticking on the shelf, the cat by the stove, all the homely things which had been so dear since childhood, every figure in the tidies, every stripe on the wall — everything was dear and sweet.

Well, she would not leave it again. Of course, all was over with her and Henry. He would never forgive her, and she would live here sadly and quietly for the rest of her life.

But she went to sleep beside Nettie, while Nettie was telling her about Ned Peasley.

IV.

She was dancing the next evening. It was about nine o'clock. She was quite gay and girlish as she threaded the figure of the dance. She was, in fact, laughing heartily at Peasley, who danced like a negro at times to please the girls, when the door opened and her husband looked in.

Henry pushed the door open and entered slowly, with a gloomy face. He looked dangerous. His face was uncouth with beard. His coat was faded and his gray shirt collarless. His brows were drawn down sharply over his keen eyes.

"Stop the dance! Where's that wife o' mine?" he asked.

A gurgle of outcry followed.

"Hello, Hank!"

"Just in time."

"She's here."

The dancers fell away from the young wife and she stood confronting him, pale and silent. He looked at her, his arms folded sullenly.

"I want that wife o' mine," he said, advancing toward where she stood dazed, uncertain what to do.

"O Henry, I didn't mean" —

He caught her by her outstretched arms and drew her to him. His face blossomed into a smile of loverlike joy.

"Go ahead with y'r darned old fiddle," he said. "I've got a pardner."

And in the clamor of questions and gurgle of laughter, the fiddle had difficulty in making the measure of "Honest John" heard.

A "FIN-DE-SIÈCLE" VISION.

BY MARGARET STEWART SIBLEY.

WITH glory and honors of proudest achievement,
The century rounds to its ending fast;
And yet somehow, despite the lives that are saintly,
A shadow of gloom is over it cast!
And we think if the Man from Nazareth lowly
Were to come to dwell on the earth again —
Preaching and teaching, with the multitude mingling,
Beholding the ways of these modern men;

Should He go where the sons of luxury, idling,
Kill time with the costliest, newest "fad,"
Or enter the "sweater's" great palace, gilded
With gold he has ground from some woman sad;
Should He watch the curious and diverse methods
Of our gambling in complex, baffling guise,
Or the riddle unsolved of wages and labor, —
Could we meet the gaze of His searching eyes?

In a search for the "ten that are righteous," mayhap,
Though He chanced on a steward truly just,
Would He call for a scourge to drive from the temple
Nine others combined in the latest trust?
In the shop or field, on the street, in the churches,
Should He seek for the Golden Rule He taught,
Would He marvel somewhat how we've missed the spirit
Of Love, since the letter alone is aught?

Should He see the toil-worn, old faces of children,
Where the tireless spindle noisily hums,
The baby-fingers gravely plucking the bastings,
Or the nameless horror of city slums;
Then, noting our wonderful growth and progress,
Our knowledge of arts and sciences new,
Would He think it strange, why are passing, repassing,
An army of men with nothing to do?

And if gladly the weary should stop to hear Him,
As after a drought is the cool rain drank,
While He tenderly spake of the great commandment,
Would this *fin-de-siècle* vote Him a — crank?

Strange vision! The land is filled full with the harvest—
Hungry men look for the morrow with dread;
Our hearts swell with pride of our civilization—
God! hear that piteous crying for bread!

O brothers! hear ye that sad cry of the toilers,
That constantly goeth up unto God?
He giveth His bounty and we are but stewards;
Pray ye that His mercy spare chastening rod!
America! hope of the down-trodden peoples,
Whose glory the nations are pressing to see,
Make haste, from thy 'scutcheon, to cleanse blot and staining;
In deed and in truth, be the land of the free!

CINCH: A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

THE air was full of plaintive suggestiveness: drifting leaves, bursting burs, the startled scurry of a rabbit through the crisping brown grasses. Autumn in the mountains, Nature's time to die. A haze lay upon the river, the old Indian-loved Himassee, and veiled the finer line of mountains rising above Sweetwater Valley. Higher up, where the road lay along the rim of the mountain, overlooking the valley, a rider had drawn rein, and sat gazing down into the mist-enwrapped silence in a sort of fascination that seemed almost to illumine his bearded, sunbrowned face.

"Well," said he, rousing from his revery, "it *is* pretty. It has growed more prettier since I been gone, danged if it ain't. Lord, Lord, but if I haven't a-thirsted for it, as that there Texas parson useter say, 'like rain in a dry an' thirsty land.' The very sight of it's coolin', blamed if it ain't. An' if yonder ain' Sugar Creek friskin' along same 's ever to the Himassee. Well, well, well!"

He had been absent eight years, yet the fact that nature had stood still during the interval of his own varied wanderings filled him with surprise. It was like meeting, after years of separation and silence, a friend, and finding his friendly heart unchanged.

"Now I *do* wonder if old man Stampses cabin is still standin' over yonder on the side o' the Knob where it useter stand. I'm good mind to ride down there an' see; they're blood kin to me, an' if the old folks are gone maybe that triflin', liquor-lovin' Jerry's livin' there. An' if I ain't forgot more'n I think, I know a nigher cut to the house than the big road. Oh, but it *is* pretty, the mountains is; an' I've missed 'em, oh, I've missed 'em might'ly!"

He had fallen to dreaming again, his keen dark eye passing from peak to peak, sighting Cardwells, Chilhowee and Frog Mountains. The sound of a horn, long, winding, melodious, among the rocky steeps, aroused him; he shook himself, as if the witchery of dreaming had been a material bulk, to be thrown off at will.

"Well, I must be mosin' on; Christmas'll be comin' along here by an' by," he declared.

Giving the reins a jerk that turned the horse's head eastward, he struck off into one of the little cattle trails with which the mountains abound, laughing the while like a boy to discover how

well he remembered the old parts. For two miles he rode on; silent, after the manner of the mountaineers. Only once, in the woods upon his right hand his sharp eye detected a buckeye tree, and instantly he rode his horse under the freighted, low-drooping limbs.

"The best luck *in* the world, findin' a buckeye tree is," he told himself, and gathering two of the largest buckeyes he could reach, slipped them into his pocket and rode on, back by the cattle trail in the direction of Stamps' cabin on the Knob.

In a little while the woods broke away; the whole earth seemed to lie at his feet bathed in sunshine and carpeted with purple and scarlet and bright gold. He found himself upon one of those odd elevations, neither hill nor mountain, which across the Carolina line are known as balds, but upon the Tennessee side go by the no more euphonious name of knobs. Almost at his very feet stood a house, a weather-worn log cabin of the primitive build—a room on either side, with a broad, open passage between; a shed room in the rear, an ash hopper so near that it gave the impression of being a part of the house. A group of gnarled old cedars brushed their dark boughs in a kind of rhythmic time against the gray-boarded roof.

In the open passage, in the full glare of sunlight, a woman was sitting She was busily at work upon a piece of sewing that lay in a white heap, its coarseness concealed by distance, upon her knees, and had not noticed the stranger's approach. The face attracted him strangely; there was a cameo delicacy about the pretty, pinched features, and the October sunshine made a warm sheen in the brown-red hair. The face, the attitude, the half suggestion of weariness in the slightly drooping figure, even the gold-red tints in her hair, all were in keeping with the over colored death abroad in the hills. The strange man studied the picture intently while his horse went down the little bridle path to the gate, his hoofs giving out only a soft rustle among the dry grasses. To his restless, wandering heart it was like heaven; the restful sweetness of the sad young face might have belonged to the face of a cherub. She stood out in contrast against his own turbulent nature as the quiet of the mountains contrasted with the wild western life to which for eight homeless, danger-crammed years he had given himself. As he drew nearer the horse set his foot upon a loose stone; the woman gave a little start and looked.

"Good mornin'," said he over the rickety gate. "Is this where the Stampses live?"

"Yes, Jerry Stamps lives here," was the reply. "Leastways," she went on quickly, "he calls this home: *mostly* he's to be found at the settlement on the mount'n."

He did not in the least understand her meaning, though he detected the reproach in her voice, and noted the quick attempt to conceal the rash and too ready complaint in a show of hospitality. "Won't you-uns light an' come in? Jerry'll be along befo' long, an' while you're waitin' I'll knock you up a snack fur yer dinner."

There are moments that come to all when fate stands at the elbow of life ready to take advantage of the next step made; fateful moments we call them, and looking back upon them through the smoke and dust of after years we can trace all life, for shade or shine, from the step taken at one of these moments. It was such a moment with him; he hesitated — saw her get up and go into the room at the left of the passage. She was hiding her sewing, the odd little heap of domestic; he did not know that she tucked it carefully under the bolster of her bed, blushing scarlet while she drew the bolster securely over it.

When she went back he had dismounted and was coming down the little pretense of a walk to the door. He was well dressed; to her, accustomed only to the coarse jeans of the mountains, he was royally clad. A gaudily prominent chain depended from his watch pocket; in the bosom of a white shirt three golden studs shone lustrously. For a moment she felt almost timid. But the mountaineer is ever king of his own domain, ever the hospitable host.

"Hadn't you better put yer horse critter up?" she asked, the red still tinging her cheeks. In the eyes lifted to his he saw the liquid lights come and go with vitalizing warmth.

"No'm," said he. "I'll just set a bit if you don't mind, and wait for Jerry. Thank you, ma'm, but I can get my own cheer."

He dropped into the shuck-bottomed chair with a lightness that seemed to her young experience the perfection of all grace. It brought back the fair days of her own first sweet youth, not long gone, when she had tripped lightly over the puncheon floors to the tune of "Rollin' River," in faraway Sequatchee Valley.

She seated herself upon the doorstep, in the sunlight, and he saw the warm sheen return to the pretty gold-red hair, coiled girlishly upon the shapely small head. For a moment both were silent; he with wonder at the luck that had dropped him down in the company of the very girl, he told himself, that he had "travelled earth over to find."

"Pretty country hereabouts," he found voice to say at last.

"Hit's fair," was the uncertain reply. "I ain't keerin' fur the mount'n country much. I'm valley-born. I'm a S'quatchee Valley gal."

There was the familiar drawling sweetness in her voice that had tracked and trailed his memory like a sleuth hound in all

his weary wanderings, in his yearnings for home, and had driven him back at last, homesick, heart-hungry for the scenes that had surrounded his first manhood. He talked only enough to keep her talking — the voice was heaven's music to him.

"Yer horse looks like it might 'a' come a tolerble fur ride," she said, with a glance at the wind-blown, foam-flecked animal fastened to the low fence palings.

"He ain't come so far; he's just from Cleveland down here; he wasn't much shakes of a horse to begin with," he told her.

"Air you-uns from Cleveland?"

"Texas."

"From *whar?*"

Had he said from paradise she would not have been more surprised. Texas — that far-off myth-land of the mountaineer. He laughed aloud at her wonder; he knew that to the people of her class Texas was the limitation of all distance — almost of all life, indeed.

"Lord, I know just how you feel," he declared. "I useter feel the same way till I went there, eight year ago. Now it ain't no more than a canter over inter Kintucky or Alabama. Still," he modified, "lookin' at it one way it seems a good bit off, too. When a fellow got homesick it seemed like the tag end o' creation. And I always was homesick; I always wanted to come back. I'm mount'n born. Me an' Jerry useter play together — played marbles in this very yard; and when we got bigger we fished together in Sugar Creek many a time; to say nothin' of Himassee River. And I just couldn't forgit it. I was always hankerin' for the mount'ns."

The wonder in her eyes gave place to incredulity. "'Pears to me," she declared, "as I'd shake the dust of 'em off mighty quick if *I* could git ter Texas."

Poor, pretty young thing; there was a wound somewhere in the young heart that could not quite hush its plaining. He set himself to find it, to learn the nature of the wound, after which he would look to a remedy.

"Would you like to go to Texas?" he asked. "It's mighty far an' lonesome."

"*Would* I? Lonesome? Psher! *I* know lonesome."

There was no need of further words. "*I* know lonesome." That expressed it all, the longing and helpless loneliness of her life. He felt its narrowness and pitied her — he who had seen Texas.

"Yet," he said, as though following out his own thought, "it's lonesome; a body can't content hisse'f to love the levels when he's once knowed the mount'ns. You'd be honin' for the hills again in no time. You'd soon be sorrowin' for Tennessee. You'd die out there for the sight of a *tree*."

"Sorrer ain't killin'." There was knowledge, founded upon experience, in the simple declaration. "Sorrer ain't killin'. If it ware the graveyards 'ud be full."

She lifted her eyes to the distant peaks; the little complaint seemed to have been made to them, the veiled, unresponsive hills, rather than to him. Yet his large, man's heart went out to her in sympathy. To her, trouble was imaginary, of course. She was too young to have felt the real fangs of it; yet, to youth, pain is pain, whether it be real or fancied, and so he pitied her, felt for her, wondered what petty, girlish grief had unblinded her young eyes to the heavy truth that sorrow doesn't kill.

"Do you live here?" Even as he asked the question he remembered that she had said she was "a Sequatchee Valley girl." Her reply quite startled him.

"Yes, I live here, of course. I am Jerry Stampses' wife."

"*Which?*"

He had supposed her a young girl, a visitor perhaps, perhaps a kinswoman; at most a poor girl earning a home for herself by working out, among friends.

"I'm Jerry's wife" — he scarcely heard her — "married better'n a year ago. If you don't believe it, look" — She had begun to unbutton the wristband of her sleeve; there was a bitter note in her voice, a hard line about the mouth that should have known only girlish gladness. A moment she hesitated, pushed the sleeve slightly up, hesitated again, then as though ashamed of her impetuous confidence, drew it quickly down, buttoned the band again, and laughed.

A harsh, mirthless laugh it was, that made him shudder, and think of a young fellow the cowboys had hung one night. He was a young fellow just come out from Kentucky, and brave as the bravest. A belt, containing money, belonging to one of the gang, was missing; they had searched for it for three days, and finally charged the Kentucky lad with having stolen it. Proud, hotblooded and defiant, he had sworn he would die before he would submit to being searched. And they had hung him; they had not really intended to hang him, only, they said, "to scare the little fool into measures." Instead of being frightened when they led the pony under a limb and adjusted the rope about his neck, he had *laughed*, and flung himself from the saddle; cheating them, he had believed, of their triumph. The next day the belt was found where the owner had secreted and then forgotten it. And in the dead boy's trunk they found a little diary, kept in a boy's unformed hand. There were pages and pages of impassioned nonsense; then came other pages of wild ravings because of *some* one's falseness; the wild determination to run away, go West and be a cowboy. But it was the last entry had

caught and held their hearts: "*Life holds for me no hope so sweet as that of laying it down.*" After all, they had but given him that which he sought — death.

And this girl-wife of Jerry Stamps had recalled to him the young martyr. She, too, had learned that laying life down is not always its hardest feature.

She drew her sleeve down, holding it fast, lest the inclination to disloyal confidence return with irresistible force.

"Shucks!" she exclaimed, when the silence began to grow embarrassing, "it ain't anything. An' yonder comes Jerry down the road. I can't see him yet, but I can hear his horse. Thar ain't another horse critter in this country comes gallivantin' down the mount'n like Jerry Stampses. I reckin Jerry must 'a' scented comp'ny an' come home; it couldn't 'a' been dinner he smelt fur I ain't tetched it, more'n ter put on the punkin."

She went back into the shedroom leaving him to make his own introduction to her husband; though, as for that, he had forgotten to tell her who he was and why he had called. He had cared only for *her* story; his own appeared as nothing against the pretty misery of hers. He wanted to tell her not to bother with getting dinner for him, but she had not given him the opportunity; already he could hear her among the pots and pans, and already the man of the house was coming across the yard.

The visitor rose, hat in hand, and stood waiting. A moment and the tall, slender figure of Jerry Stamps cast its gigantic shadow upon the floor. A bloated, reckless face, a boyish face despite the marks of dissipation, met his. The two regarded each other intently, before the stranger extended his hand, and with a low, chuckling laugh said: —

"Howdy, Jerry — if you haven't forgot old friends and kinfolks."

"Bob Binder, or I'll be blowed," exclaimed Stamps. "Whar'd yer come from, what made yer stay so long, an' how long ware yer gittin' here? If this don't beat my time! Settin' here gossippin just like yer useter do eight year ago. Whar'd yer come from, anyhow?"

"Texas."

"Texas? Hell, yer better say; thar ain't no sech great differ'nce as *I* can make out. Had yer dinner?"

"No, but it's no matter. Don't let your wife go to any trouble for *me*."

"Waal, she may go ter a little fur me, then: I'm hungrier'n a b'ar. Hurry up thar, Belle; thar ain't but twenty-fo' hours in a day."

He dropped down upon the step where his wife had sat, and from the kitchen Isabel could hear their talk; now low and

reminiscent, now merrily resonant with some gay experience of the western plain. Once when her husband's laugh echoed through the passage, she paused in the work of slicing potatoes for the frying skillet, and drew up her sleeve. A bluish, sullen looking bruise shone revealed against the pink-white flesh. The laughter seemed to have set the wound to stinging.

"I ware about ter show him *that*," she sobbed, "ter prove ter him I ware a lawful wife. Any fool ud know a woman wouldn't take a lick like that off any but her husband. No other man have the right ter so bruise her." Alas! that man should so mistake his privileges. Her tears fell softly, unchecked; the bitterest of them were for the reflection that she was a wife of but one year.

"Been cow-boyin'?" Her husband's voice drowned the soft sound of her sobbing.

"Some."

How restful this new tone that had come into her life for a moment. And how pleasant the unspoken sympathy she had recognized in his eyes searching out her sorrow — how temptingly, ruinously pleasant.

"I had a ranch for three year, out on the Rio Grande, an' made myse'f a bit of a start. Then I went to San Antony an' Houston an' Dallis. Saw a bit o' the world."

"What business d' ye foller all that time? Must 'a' done somethin', jedgin' from the size o' yer watch chain."

There was a moment's silence before her husband's laugh again reached the ears of the woman in the kitchen. "I see," said he. "Been suckin' of yer paws, I reckin. What the hell fetched ye back here? Anybody as can make money, buy gold chains an' store clothes, an' can see the sights o' the world, ter come a-mosin' back here amongst hedgehogs an' screech owels air pretty bad off fur gumption, that all."

"Wall," said Binder, "as I was tellin' your wife, I got homesick."

"'Homesick,' hell!"

"Fell to hankerin' after the mount'n; the run of water in a laurel thicket; the feel of a bowlder under my feet; the sight of a tree."

"Did, eh? Told Is'bel that? I'll be boun' *she* didn't respon' ter no sech slack jaw as that. Said *she'd* like ter git a chance ter see Texas; *she'd* like ter git foot loose o' Tennessee sile one time. Oh, I know Belle."

"I tell you, Jerry," the visitor quietly ignored the outbreak, "I have laid 'wake nights in the corral long o' the horses, with the stars shinin' down on me, that lonesome that I actually *cried*. Cried for the sound o' the wary wind in the tops of a Tennessee

cedar, man as I was. Think of it: long level miles o' land, nothin' *but* land, and wavin' grass that made your brain rock; sunshine until your very eyeballs blistered. Then nights so still you could a'most hear your own ghost go by; moonlight so constant an' so bright, it reminded you of them midnight suns you've heard tell of off yonder in Norway somewhers. Why it's most daylight on them Texas prairies before the moon goes down. An' fires — great God! they swoop down an' skit across them prairies, an' sweep your ranch off the face o' the earth in half a minute. Nuthees, chills, tarantulas, horse thieves: that's Texas."

"An' what air Tennessee?" demanded Stamps. "A bed o' rock; a chenk o' mount'ns, with ribs o' iron an' belly o' coal that's bought up in a lump by the rich syndi*cates*, who set the pore ter work it at a dollar a day, an' a passel o' stinkin' convicts fur comp'ny. A little runt of a cornfiel' now'n then over which state an' gov'mint air wras'lin' like the devil; what's the gallon o' whiskey come ter after state an' gov'mint have had their pull at the kaig? Sometimes the kaig air left fur the owner o' the cornfiel', but more of'n he gits the bare cob of a stopper fur his sheer. Taxes an' trusts an' syndi*cates* an' booms *an'* starvation; that's Tennessee. Damned if hell ain't healthier, or Texas either."

How different to the other, the wanderer from home. The injustice of the accusation hurt him to his very soul. His voice, even, when he repudiated the calumny, had a softer tone; unconsciously he fell into the dialect of his people, which he had lost among his western associates.

"She ware allus mighty sweet ter me," he declared. "Tennessee ware allus home ter me, Texas or no Texas. I honed fur her like a man hones fur his wife an' babies. Why, once when I ware cowboyin' it out on the Rio Grande I rid thirty mile ter hear a Metherdis' preach, beca'se he allus preached about the mount'n. I didn't tell the boys — they'd 'a' laffed me out o' Texas. I lied ter them; told 'em I ware goin' court'n'. But I went ter meet'n', ter hear the old Metherdis' talk about the mount'n. He give out thar that day that Christ allus loved the mount'n might'ly, an' that He useter go off an' lonesome on it, all by Hisse'f. An' seem ter me I knowed percisely how He felt. Whilst he ware talkin' I could see Frog Mount'n, plain as day. An' I got ter honin' fur home till I fell away ter skin an' bone, an' couldn't sleep o' nights. Lord! Lord! I'd a died if I'd knowed I couldn't come back to *they-uns*."

He waved his hand, a kind of salute to the sombre, mist-veiled peaks. His dark, deeply-set eyes kindled with the joy of nearness. Life might offer broader vistas, but none more fair, more dear.

When Isabel called them to dinner, they kept right on with their talk, Jerry ignoring her presence, and she refusing to allow Binder to draw her into the conversation, though she knew that he talked for her. For her were recounted the midnight rides across the prairies, the race from Indians, the capture of wild horses. For her he described the wonderful cities he had visited, the magnificent buildings, museums, theatres, churches. He even attempted a description of the fine women he had seen; and was rewarded with a quick brightening of her eyes, a smile, when he told of their "furbelows an' fine fixin's"; silk skirts that trailed a yard on the floor, and hats loaded with feathers costing, to her simple experience, a small fortune. It was worth a trip to Texas to be able to bring back the smiles to that poor little face.

"How long ye goin' ter stay?" said Stamps. "Long 'nough ter give yer nag a bite, I reckin."

He had not intended stopping for any great time, but the pathetic little face of his cousin's wife, repeating with silent eagerness the question her husband had asked, bewitching him with its unspoken pleading, held him with a fascination as new to him as it was delightful. Was Jerry really unkind to her, he wondered; was he mean, brutal? Or was it neglect alone that had printed that hopelessness in the fair young face? He decided to stay awhile; at all events until he had satisfied himself that she preferred to unravel her life's mystery without his assistance.

"Well," he replied to his cousin's question, "if you've got a spare peg for my hat I'll hang up a day or two. If you haven't I'll stop down ter Uncle Silas Moore's down the valley; or else over to Cleveland."

"Silas fiddlesticks!" said Stamps. "Stay right whar ye air; if ye can put up with pore folks' livin'. I'll hitch up an' go fur yer duds after dinner. Thar's the whole o' the roof-room fur yer, and if that's too cramped thar's the horse lot, an' you can occupy hit, Texas fashion."

He laughed aloud at his own smartness. He was not sorry to have his fine kinsman stay; the latter's nimble tongue and rare experiences rendered him particularly pleasant company.

"I guess I'll choose the roof room," said Binder. "Say, Jerry, what's become o' the old cabin us boys useter sleep in? Useter stand in the front yard."

"Waal, the last time I see that cabin, it ware only yistiddy evenin'; it had been invited ter a back seat, an' ware occupied by as likely a fam'ly o' gopher rats as ye ever set eyes on. The ole man gopher ware settin' on the do'step pickin' his teeth with a cedar splinter, an' a-jawin' at the ole 'oman fit ter kill."

"Is the door locked?"

"Locked? Who'd ye 'spect ter lock it? It ain't been locked sence Bragg busted of it open, endurin' of the war, ter git we-uns' meat out fur the rebels ter feed on. Locked; *I* say!"

He got up, pushed his chair back and crammed his hat down upon his long, tangled hair.

"Look after Bob's nag, Belle," he said to his wife. "I'm goin' ter hitch up the wagon."

"I can attend to my own horse," Binder interposed. "An' I'd rather go for my trunk, too. There's valu'bles in it."

"Valu'bles?" laughed Stamps. "Paw suckin' must pay out in Texas. Can't yer put a feller on ter yer tricks? Come, Bob, now what game did yer play?"

"We played cinch. I'll learn you how to play if you want."

A teacup slipped from Isabel's hands and crashed into a dozen pieces upon the hard puncheon floor. Had Stamps been an interpreter of the human countenance he must have seen the pleading in the glance his wife gave their guest. But Stamps saw nothing but the fascination of a new game of chance, and with the gambler's greed he was ready to seize upon it. He slipped his arm through Binder's, and the two walked off together — gamblers both to the heart's core.

When Binder's trunk had been put away in the spare room, and Isabel had cleared away the supper things, by the light of a dripping tallow candle they had their first game of cinch. It was a four-handed game, but Binder explained that it could be played with two dummy hands until Stamps could become acquainted with it.

"Then we'll play with the boys at the settlement, maybe. Unless Cousin Belle here'd like to take a hand."

A pallor crept over the face lifted for a moment from the sewing upon her lap, and she got up quickly to leave the room.

"I ain't playin' o' no cards *my*se'f," she said, "an' thar'd never be none played in *my* house — *if* I had a house."

"Pity ye ain't got none," Stamps retorted, as the door closed upon her.

It was an every night thing. Jerry resented Isabel's opposition to the game as an insult to his guest, and at last she learned to be silent. He even forced her to sit by while they two played. He gave no further heed to her, however, and was ignorant that she paled and flushed, trembled and quaked under the steady, searching eyes of the man calling himself a Texan. Not that she was afraid of him: it was herself she feared; her own poor, starved little heart, aching and breaking with its own desolation. His eyes were full of the unspoken sympathy her life yearned for; she had but to respond once to the glance she dared not

interpret, in order to have the wild, passionate devotion her girlhood had dreamed of, her wifehood missed, poured at her feet. He understood her thoroughly, and while he played to the husband's passion he played upon the wife's loneliness. True, at times a great pity for her would spring up in his heart; and more than once, while the beautiful Indian summer drifted into desolate winter, he resolved to go away and leave her to work out the riddle of neglected wifehood as neglected wives must, alone. Then her sweet face would beam upon him, and he would declare that it was for her good that he stayed on; for her good that he was opening to her profligate young husband another road to ruin. He saw her growing whiter, frailer, more silent every day; and thought how upon the warm, sunflooded prairies of Texas his love would woo the roses back to the thin cheeks, the smiles to the colorless lips. His heart yearned for her, ached to take her away from the daily death she suffered.

She had not been, like her husband, bewildered by his wealth and show. She might have been, had she like him had a craving for such. But she did not; yet had he assailed her chiefest weakness also, her craving for affection. If he could have assured her a taste of the real blessedness of the wifehood that had been her dream and her delusion, she would have followed him to earth's ends.

One afternoon he came upon her as he had seen her first, in the sunshiny passage, the little bundle of sewing upon her knees, her hands folded idly upon the small white heap, her fathomless eyes fixed upon the distant peaks of mountains. Jerry had been off on a drunken spree for three days.

Isabel started, and crushed the coarse domestic under her palms when Binder stopped at her side and stood looking down upon her with that strange, compelling gleam in his eyes.

"Cousin Belle," said he, "this is a mighty hard road you have elected to travel in."

Her bitterness of heart found outlet in words at last: "This here *cinch* o' yours ain't makin' of it any more easier, as *I* can see," she replied.

He placed his hand lightly upon her bright bowed head, stroking the soft waves gently.

"Ain't it, Belle?" he said. "Then I'd ought to go away an' not bother you about it. I meant it for good; I swear it. I meant it, I played it so's I could stay along here an' kind o' look after you, Belle. 'Peared to me you war lonesome. I didn't mean to worry of you, cousin, an' I'll go away if you say so; to-day, *now*."

Without a word, she seized his hand and carried it to her lips, held it there, and burst into tears.

"Never you mind, now," he said, reassuringly. "Don't you worry. I'm a-thinkin' of how to pleasure you constant. That's what I'm here for, just to help you. You just trust to me, Cousin Belle."

"I can't," she sobbed. "I can't never trust ter nobody any more. My trust air all killed, killed, killed. It's been so long since anybody tried ter pleasure me, 'pears like I've clear forgot the feel of pleasure."

He took her hands in his, pressing her head against his side. There was an odor of musk in his clothes. Even in her sorrow she noticed the perfume, and thought what a great thing it was to be a man and free — free to go to Texas where life was glitter and perfume.

She did not observe that the bundle of work had slipped from her lap and lay upon the floor. But Binder, whose keen eyes lost but little, saw the scrap of domestic as it fell: shaken out of its wrinkles he saw it take the shape of a little shirt, a tiny baby garment, and he understood for the first time that she was soon to be a mother. For a moment he was dumb. That little muslin shape, telling in unspoken pathos the story of the untried, unshared, uncomforted motherhood, shamed and silenced him. Then his hot anger was kindled against the man who was to be father to the little unborn baby. To be alone, abused, neglected at a time like this! no wonder she went about the place like a doomed soul, ready to accept any refuge offered.

"I'm going to fetch you away from here, Belle," Binder broke out fiercely. "I've heard his talk to you when he was drunk; an' when he's sober he's off, neglectin' you shameful. I'm goin' to fetch you away from here, away from Tennessee; away to Texas, where they string up a fellow for wife beatin' same's a bologna sausage. I've got money, Belle, lots of it; enough to give you rest the balance of your days. You'll go back with me, won't you, Belle?"

Go? The temptation lay before her weary eyes like a golden pathway straight from her darkness into day's perfection. Safety, shelter, peace, love. Women will barter heaven for these things.

"I — dunno," she faltered. "I ware not thinkin' o' that. I dunno what Jerry'd do if he knew this. Kill me plumb, I reckin."

"I'll make him give his consent."

"*Make Jerry Stamps?*" She gave her head an unconscious little lift that made him laugh outright.

"Well, I *can*," he said. "I've got the screw will press him. Will you go if he gives his consent?"

He saw the hesitation, the wavering; the temptation had its

charms. He slipped his arm about her shoulders and with a sudden swift movement stooped and kissed her, full upon the parted, trembling lips.

The effect was electric; she bounded like a startled fawn to her feet, eyes ablaze, the delicate nostrils distended, lifted her arms, dropped them; the white lids fell under his passionate glance, and she saw the little brown domestic shirt lying upon the floor, between them.

The rebound came with quick, delicious thrills, that swept through her whole body. The motherhood awoke, and seemed to whisper presciently of the craving for affection that was soon to be satisfied, when baby fingers should press the no longer lonely bosom. She shook off his touch upon her shoulder, stooping to regain her treasure: —

"I dunno," she said sharply. "I dunno anything. I don't even know what I ware sayin' of."

She covered her blushes with both hands, the little shirt against her cheek, and staggered away from him. He heard the latch fall heavily into its place as the door of her room closed upon her.

For days he did not see her again, except when Jerry was about. And the autumn faded; the time of Christmas drew near, and with it came the time of her deliverance.

He thought she grew sadder, more thoughtfully quiet; she no longer ran away when she found herself alone with him. She was too weary to contend against her temptation. And he offered it her constantly, in a thousand little careful acts which her condition rendered her doubly capable of appreciating. But when he pleaded with her to fly with him she always gave him the same uncertain reply.

"Wait till after Chris'mas; I'll tell you after Chris'mas."

"But if I get his consent?" he urged shrewdly.

"His consent means that he flings me off," she replied. "Oh, yes! I reckin I'll have ter go if he gives his consent — after Chris'mas."

The hours were days while he waited, and the effort to keep up the good feeling between the husband and himself became indeed an effort. Yet he never once left off trying to hold the confidence of the man whose peace he was about to slay. He held him in his toils as a snake holds its victim. If he were late joining him at the store where they played cinch with the men there, Jerry would walk the floor and rage for him like a youth for his first sweetheart. The game ended, he would call to him, "Tell us about the night ye rode ter the ranch before the prairie fire, Bob"; and he would enjoy the interest expressed in the recital as keenly as though it had been his own story they were

applauding. And all the while he drank, drank, drank, with his last glass reminding Binder to take him home to bed all right. There was scarcely a night that he was not in his power; scarcely a night that he could not have dropped him off the bluff and had a dozen witnesses to swear he was too drunk to have walked down the path without falling off the mountain. But he restrained himself; he was waiting to get the consent without which Isabel would refuse to go — waiting for that, and for Christmas. She had stipulated Christmas, "after Christmas." He did not know that she was waiting for the baby and the effect its coming might work.

As the blessed season drew nearer and more near, his impatience became torture. There were days he did not eat, nights when he thought his brain was giving way. And good St. Hilary's cradle did not swing within the radius of his grasp, to rock him back to reason.

The night before Christmas he sat with the men in the back room of the settlement store, among mackerel and coffee scents, playing his last game of cinch.

He had not seen Isabel for five days, having absented himself from the house that she might feel the full weight of her aloneness before he put to her his final offer of escape. But he had calculated as man calculates — leaving out God, who stands beyond man, and leaving out the unexpected, which they tell us is what always happens.

He had plied Stamps with whiskey until his tongue began to thicken; he had told his best stories, sung, laughed, cried "Merry Christmas" "as they do it in Texas," and staked his silver dollars until the eyes of his fellows were fairly dazzled.

It was when the hands of the little dusty clock on a shelf over the door pointed to midnight that he chanced to glance toward the window against which the moonlight fell weirdly, grotesquely bright. The next moment he shuddered and started up with an oath.

He had seen distinctly, pressed against the murky, dusty pane, a gaunt, gray face; a woman's face. Isabel it was, but grown old; *how* old and haggard and gray.

"What ails ye?" said the storekeeper. "Somethin' give ye a start?"

"I seen a ghost, a sure enough ghost, Mr. Hartson. Its face was pressed against that window yonder."

"You seen the devil," laughed Stamps. "Mighty quare, a feller come from Texas not ter know his friends when he meets 'em."

This raised a laugh in which Binder did not join. At that moment a fleshless, ghoulish hand appeared, and tapped against the pane.

"There! there it is again. Look for yourself."

They did look, every one of them, and they saw the ghost's face return; it was close against the pane.

"Jerry! Jerry! Jerry!" a quavering voice called.

He half rose with an oath. "What the devil's ter pay out thar?" he demanded.

"Jerry, I'se come from my granddaughter Is'bel. Thar's a mighty fine boy down to you-uns' place, Jerry."

The ghost vanished, its midnight mission accomplished. The men laid down their cards to laugh — all but Binder. In an instant he felt his plans give way, his unholy hopes perish before this new comer, this babe born at Christmas. It had come, as life always comes, for good or ill, for better or worse, for power or pain. Only a babe's life; a thread a breath might snap in sunder. A tiny thing; the babe's head had not learned the pressure of the mother's breast, nor its little lips the secret of milk drawing. Young; one of God's little ones. The Christmas sun would be the first of suns to give the little strangeling welcome into the world it shone upon, and in which he, God willing, would have the right to shine also. Through every chink and crevice the golden rays would come rejoicing; searching for the babe born in the cabin, as once in old Judea the startled stars stood still in wonder for the babe born in a manger.

The tallow candle sputtered and flared, and cast the shadows of the gamblers upon the bare, brown wall, grotesquely. But the game had lost its flavor. It was the babe's doing.

"Well," said Hartson, "I reckin it's about time ter quit; Jerry 'll be wantin' ter git off home ter see his heir."

Clearly Stamps had no idea of allowing himself to be teased; he tilted his chair, his boot heels fastened securely upon the lowest rung, and with his largest air of bluff said: —

"Got mighty keerful o' Jerry all 't once. When I git so blamed anxious ter go home as not ter be able noways ter stand it I'll notify the crowd. Pass that thar jug over here, Texas. An' deal the cyards, Jim."

"Naw," said Hartson, "naw he won't. It's time ter stop. Ye ought ter go home ter yo' sick wife. If me an' Jim stop you-uns 'll be boun' ter, seein' as it takes four ter play this here cinch. Hit'll soon be Christ'mas day anyhow."

"Well, what if it air?" demanded Stamps. "Hit'll come off just the same, I *ex*pect, whether ye play cyards or not. I ain't goin' home till I git ready. I ain't *never* goin' if I don't feel like it."

Binder's dark eyes emitted flashes; he was thinking of the woman in the cabin, alone in her hour of trial, save for the old grandmother, whom she had sent upon her last hope of enticing

the ungracious father to his home, with the news of the baby's coming.

"Take another drink, Jerry," said he. "One more for lagniappe, as they say in Houston; we call it luck in Tennessee."

As the already drunken Stamps lifted the jug to his lips, Binder added: "That's what a man gits fur bein' married. Now look at me: I can go all the world over if I'm so minded. Better trade 'em off, Jerry. Say the word, an' I'll trot 'em off ter Texas termorrer an' give you your freedom. Or, better, I'll give you-uns the money ter light out, an' I'll stay here in your stead."

Stamps lifted his eyes; in a twinkling Binder had lowered his, but too late. Quick as he was, Stamps had caught the serpent gleam hiding in their dark, unholy depths. In that one swift, devouring glance all the unholy passion, the sinister and secret meaning of his every action since he had come to his house that fair October morning, lay revealed. This was why he had lingered, this the foundation of all his fine talk and finer professions of friendship. For this he had tossed his money constantly before the bewildered eyes of the victim he was making ready to stab. It was all plain reading to Stamps. He lowered his right hand, and lifted it to the table again; the sickly candle rays reflected the glitter of steel where the muzzle of his pistol shone beneath his broad, brown hand.

"You damned son of Satan," he hissed. "So that air yer game, air it? Be still thar; move a finger an' I'll blow yer blasted brains out fur ye. Cinch! ye think ye've got a cinch on a feller's soul, I reckin. Damn ye! Ye Texas horse-thief, ye."

Binder had half risen, his hand upon his hip. The two men who had made partners for the others offered a feeble protest. They even got Binder's pistol from him, leaving him helpless, at the mercy of the man he had wronged.

It was scarcely a glance that Stamps cast upward, into the dingy rafters, festooned with the web of the spider, and ornamented with the nests of wasp and dirt dauber. But in that glance he saw, beyond, behind the gray, gauzy spiders' web, the dust and soot, a woman's face, pictured against the smoke-discolored boards; a face full of unspoken reproach; eyes in which hope's hard death was reflected plaintively. It was the face of the woman for the possession of whom a professional gambler had offered him money.

"God!"

The quick, stifled exclamation burst from his lips in spite of his effort to restrain it. It came to him like a knife thrust, this cruel, barbarously inhuman thing that he was doing; leaving his wife, his wife who had lain upon his heart and had once believed

him tender, leaving her to the pity, the confidence, the insulting affection of a man whose extremest sense of honor boasted no loftier height than the gambler's table. What a travesty he was upon the sacred name of husband, and of father — he *was* a father. He had not thought of that, and as his heart whispered the blessed word he felt the warm thrill of conscious fatherhood creep through him, — something new and strange and indescribably sweet.

Slowly he rose, his hand still grasping the glittering weapon, his keen eyes never for an instant turned from the startled man who had too rashly risked his last throw of the die upon which his fate swung dependent. Amid breathless silence he lifted, poised the weapon: — "I give you," he said, in low, even tones, "jest three minutes ter quit this country. Open that door thar, Hartson. Git up; take that path up the mount'n, an' the fewer stops ye make this side o' yer cussed Texas the better it'll be fur yer health."

A moment, and the tall, skulking figure disappeared like a black shadow in the white moonlight that lay upon the mountain.

In the chill gray of the Christmas dawn Stamps lifted with trembling fingers the latchstring of his own little cabin. As he did so there came to him the faint cry of a little child, a baby. Again that delicious sense of fatherhood swept his being; again he remembered that other Christmas babe in faraway Judea. With noiseless step he entered: a slow fire burned in the deep old fireplace. An iron lamp swung by a rod from the sooted jamb, a tiny blue blaze sputtering a protest against the liquid grease that threatened its extinguishment. The old grandmother, who had tramped up the mountain with news of the babe's birth, nodded in the corner, her fireless pipe held fast between her toothless gums.

Jerry seized the lamp and carried it to the bedside. Isabel's bright head lay like a heap of spun gold upon the pillow; the lamplight brought out all the hidden, burnished beauty of the soft, girlish tresses. The blue reflection of the blaze fell upon her face, tinging it with daintiest sapphire; it bathed her bosom, bare and white, showing him the tiny head pillowed against the exquisite fairness, in dreamless, infant slumber; it stole beneath the mother's eyelids and they opened.

She smiled and put out her hand, to lay it on his bosom: "Hush," she whispered, "else you'll wake our baby."

Our, not *mine;* the simple words touched him as no sermon could have done.

"God!"

It was not spoken as he had been wont to speak the name of God; it was more a breath of reverence that had come with the

babe at Christmas time. He drew nearer, almost afraid of the little bundle of humanity that had come to claim his sonship.

Isabel's glad eyes waited his approval; he read the wifehood beaming in their honest depths and knew the man he had sent stumbling out across the mountain would not be missed in the heart the babe had come to fill. The neglected wife might fall a victim to the tempter, but never the worshipping mother.

Many thoughts awoke in his heart and held him silent. To Isabel his silence held a different meaning; she withdrew her hand, turning her face from him, and speaking for the baby at her breast: —

"If yer ain't got a word o' welcome fur us, Jerry Stamps, I reckin we'll have ter do without it," she said sharply.

He laid his hand upon her head, stroking it gently; it was the first time she had ever seen him embarrassed.

"I can't think of a blessed thing ter say, honey, exceptin' of jest Christmas gift."

She laughed softly, like a happy child, and lifting her arm placed it about his neck, drawing his rough, red face down to her own soft cheek.

"We're goin' ter be mighty happy *now*, I reckin," she whispered. "An' I'm mighty glad he came at Chris'mus; 'pears like he's almost of some kin ter Christ."

And who shall doubt that the mission of the two, at all events, was one? — a mission of love, humanity; a message of good tidings of great joy.

THE ABOLITION OF WAR: A SYMPOSIUM.

I. The Ethics of Peace, by Rev. Harry C. Vrooman.

The season approaches when we commemorate the birth of Him who was heralded by the angels' song of "On earth peace, and good-will toward men," and whose exit was preceded by the no less striking phrase, "My peace I leave with you." It is well to call Him "the Prince of peace." After nineteen centuries of struggle and growth, our very civilization is named after His name and the leading countries of the world are avowedly Christian nations, yet the anomaly still confronts us of strife and ill-will among men.

> "Still the cannon speaks in the teacher's place;
> The age is weary with work and gold."

But we meet now on every hand a marked revival of the cry for peace. It comes from every department of life. In the religious world the same cry comes from the deep Christian mystic who wants relief from the falsities and hallucinations of the phenomenal life, from the distracted Protestant who would be delivered from the interminable tangle and clash of sects, and from the Catholic church which yearns for the unity of the world to be found within her own fold. In the industrial world capital wants peace, so it masses in huge corporations and trusts, to abolish competition, lessen friction, and establish its security. Labor also groans for peace and organizes into trades unions and combinations of unions to establish harmony and to secure itself against the encroachments of capital. And the strife between the two grows steadily more deadly and more irreconcilable, and both in the meanwhile loudly proclaim for peace.

So, too, in the political world. The czars and Bismarcks in the name of peace are transforming all Europe into a vast military camp, and our own ruling classes — those who supply campaign funds to the two dominant political parties — are fostering the military spirit in our schools, strengthening the military fortifications, building vast armories in our cities, and fast abolishing the old constitutional citizen soldiery of our forefathers and transforming our militia practically into a standing army. In the midst of all this clash and fight for peace, there comes to the front a most laudable movement, though not above criticism,

headed by our Quaker brethren and the grand old Peace Society and proclaims for peace at any cost.

Under these circumstances the great mass of well-meaning, undiscriminating men look on and praise or blame promiscuously. Most people praise peace wherever named, not studying the conditions enough to coöperate intelligently in obtaining the desired end.

In approaching this subject with the hope of helping the world toward a state of true peace, which is the purpose of the Union for Practical Progress in giving a month to its consideration, it is of the utmost importance that the situation be analyzed and the various phases of the agitation thoroughly understood. I know of no better basis for classifying the champions of peace than that of the familiar ethical distinctions. The moral quality which calls for peace, makes other demands on the same plane. By studying the accompanying life purposes and demands of any man, movement or class you can determine the spirit of its call for peace.

It must be borne in mind that the abolition of war, when viewed from an ethical or philosophical point of view, cannot be narrowed to mean political war. In essence, religious, industrial and political war are one. To industrially and legally starve a man or a community into submitting to certain conditions is ethically very near akin to the more heroic military method of subjugation. War is war in the tented field, the industrial struggle, the selfish jostle of political forces, or in the methods of the religious heresy hunters. The one root of the matter is that they all represent a state of society without a *status*, an aggregation of interests and elements whose normal state is antagonism, whose very existence presupposes war. In other words, in its last analysis, war is competition and competition is war. The successful search for peace, instead of being expressed negatively in the present clamor against the bullet and bayonet struggle, must be developed along the positive line of a search for a basis for fraternal life.

Let us now examine the several demands for peace in the order of their ethical quality. First is the ethics of egoism in the demand of the ruling classes everywhere for the order of their law. The military imperialist is always the champion of peace within his own boundaries and makes war only to extend those boundaries — to extend the empire of peace. And it can scarcely be called a vain boast when it is claimed that the modern tendency to consolidate into empires is largely in the interests of peace. The German states have been improved in their internal *status* by the establishment of the empire. The barbarians of central and Northern Asia have been improved by assimilation

into the Russian unity. Almost every country that has passed under English rule, Ireland perhaps excepted, has been very much blessed thereby, notwithstanding the peculiar English custom of making them pay richly for all governmental benefits received.

This is peace of its kind, but its ethical quality is that of egoism, the survival of the fittest — the fittest being interpreted to mean the physically and mentally strongest. It is pure selfishness systematized. Its appeal is to the love for order and restful security, whose emoluments and blessings belong only to its devotees. In its extreme expression, it gives absolutism in government, slavery in industry and authority in religion. But it is not confined to these extreme types, for its advocates are not all logical. Its champions are the conquerors or slave holders in any guise and in any department of life, and the philosophers who build elaborate systems to defend their point of view. This spirit was manifested in 1861 when the slave-holding power asked only "to be let alone," and again to-day in the capitalist, who, having limitless provision against future need, has "nothing to arbitrate," and wishes to be allowed to establish peace with his workmen by the stern laws of want. This is also the peace sought by the heretic hunter of every age, from the Jewish sanhedrim and Pontius Pilate to the last Presbyterian general assembly. They are seeking the order and security of the old *regime*. For the peace of the old they make war on the new. Their peace means the end of progress.

Egoism has another phase which is often treated as a different principle because approached from another point of view. It is self suppression, the giving up to the will of another, regardless of the quality of that will. It seems to be the social expression of the philosophy of determinism, but when reduced to its lowest terms it will be found to be only egoism applied to the conquered instead of the conqueror, to the slave instead of the master. It is base self surrender instead of aggressive unselfishness. Its devotees are those who prefer submission to struggle, the peace of slavery to the price of freedom. It is the ethics of the coward and the sycophant, being egoism stripped of vigor and virility. Its weakness lies in its shortsightedness and baseness. Its advocates would have peace at the cost of every high aspiration, every hope of progress.

A marked illustration of a cry for peace through the inspiration of this quality is seen in the ancient Hebrew revolt in the desert. The people were tired of the struggle to reach their Canaan, and they servilely complained that they had been brought away from their flesh pots, leeks and onions — from the peace of Egypt. It is easier to sin than to resist. It is easier, from the

point of view of immediate physical well-being, to submit to any established injustice, than to spend a life struggling mentally and morally and perhaps lay it down struggling physically to establish a higher good for man. Egypt was better for Israel's enjoyment than the desert.

Martin Luther could have confined himself to scholarly platitudes against ecclesiastical corruption, as did Erasmus, and have saved himself and followers infinite suffering, and Europe rivers of blood. George Washington and his compatriots could have gained immensely in ease, comfort and peace, in the decades immediately following 1775, if they had accepted the peace of servility. There is scarcely a leader of men to higher conditions, from Moses to our present-day prophets, who has not been confronted by this servile cry of "Peace, peace."

It was Christ, warning His disciples against this seduction of conservatism, who said, "I came not to send peace but a sword." This degree of ethical quality urges every one to be orthodox for peace' sake, and to be content to dream of progress while living in stagnation. The full reception of this principle by the common people of the world would soon abolish all war of the nature of rebellions, by converting the world into a slave pen, giving it a universal calm, a Chinese peace, the peace of death.

A step higher in ethical quality reveals the order of prudentialism, which is associated with a higher moral state, taking into account the public good, but clinging also to the hard bed rock of individual selfishness. It is utilitarian and practical, a balance of forces with expediency for its watchword. It is the ethics of the Anglo-Saxon race, which commends honesty because it is "the best policy," and believes in arbitration whenever it is cheaper than war. It is filled to repletion with saintly maxims of the "gain of godliness," but never lets its ideals prevent it from securing a substantial advantage. It is also the champion of constitutional law with its peace and order. Republicanism in government, commercialism with its competition and the wage system in industry, and Protestantism in religion are its developments. These give an abundance of room for the play of ideals and sentiments, for the promulgation of reforms and the display of banners with lofty mottoes.

This sentiment, however, must not encroach on the realm of action. All action must be severely practical and must answer in the affirmative the one great question, "Does it pay?" Prudentialism would make a sharp distinction between the ideal and the real, between the sacred and the secular. There is one word which expresses the sum of its hope — "success." And yet withal it is a great reformer. In the lottery of life it would give every man a chance and encourage him in the competitive

struggle, with sermons on "self help," making virtues of the vices of parsimony and stinting, and basing on them the hope of future respectability.

But of all the reforms of which prudentialism boasts, of all the ideals it loves to praise, none outranks that of peace. It has made a valuable discovery. Peace pays. Here, again, the comparative application may be made to the various phases of life. In religion we have the call for ecclesiastical unity, for the abolition of creeds, for any possible working combination of denominational forces. This method is based on the mutual recognition of the present religious forms and beliefs. In industry we have the varied methods of conference, conciliation and arbitration before resorting to the severer methods of conflict. These presuppose the existence of the hostile classes of employer and employee, each recognizing the other as having a definite *status* to which it is entitled. To adjust a balance of forces is the problem.

The political phase, the movement to abolish war between nations, shows practically the same facts. It is taken for granted that the nations are antagonistic, have divergent interests which constantly tend to war. Prudentialism watches the balance of forces in other nations and keeps standing armies at home, powerful enough to make an attack improbable. When disputes approach the point of open hostility, the appeal to arbitration is made as protecting the commercial interests of the nation. The question of peace or war, while arousing much ideal sentiment, is usually settled at last on the basis of dollars and cents, except in cases of the ambition of rulers, or the offended sentiment of a people. In such cases arbitration is hard to effect. The systematic agitation in favor of international peace, has been very useful in keeping before the people the anti-war ideal, and in some instances it has been instrumental in assisting in the avoidance of war between nations.

The governments of to-day, however, adhere rigidly to the prudential ethics, with a strong tendency toward egoism. When France is dealing with Siam, she goes as far in her conquests as the financial interests of her commercial rivals will allow. England's military policy in Africa and India, Russia's in Central Asia, are measured by the same limits, the jealousy of their commercial rivals and the paying quality of the venture itself. A threatened war between France and Germany introduces other considerations. There are involved issues so momentous to both countries that they must needs use extreme caution. The risks are so great that until one or the other has some decided advantage there is an easy field for peace manipulators, though amid constant alarms.

The case of the United States and England in their disputes

over the fishery question, is the ideal one for a triumph of arbitration. It was a matter of no small financial value and so occasioned a sharp diplomatic dispute, but the other commercial interests of both nations were so much more important that neither would under any conditions go to war about this matter. Here common prudence demanded a court of arbitration, and peace triumphed.

As much as the prudential ethics fall short of the highest and can give the final solution for nothing, yet it must not be forgotten that they fill a worthy use in the evolution of human character, and are now working out the slow realization of the increasing ideal. This is particularly noticeable in the anti-war campaign. While mere arbitration contains no basic principle that leads to an essential peace, yet it is in its very nature a protest and tends to mollify the present constant tendency to war. Its long continued truce is conducive to the growth of the positive ideals that at last will establish organic peace. It leads its advocates to the very brink of the altruistic vision from whence they may glide by imperceptable stages into it.

The third step in our classification of ethical quality is that of idealism, altruism, Christianity. Its call for peace is fundamental and inspiring, for it alone holds the quality of a noble peace. Altruists know that the truest self is never developed except in the service of the whole, that each life is but a musical note in the great symphony of being. A musical tone sounded for itself — not in relation to the symphony of which it was meant to be a part — is discord, and has lost its life as music by the very fact of having sounded only for itself. In all phases of life the idealist sees the heart of things and will not be entangled by surface problems, will not give himself to side issues and expediencies. He would realize peace by establishing the true centre of gravity.

It must not be thought that the idealist can never be an executive, that he cannot be practical. Other things being equal, he is the most practical of men. He has an inspirational power that all others lack. By ceasing to be a sponge that draws all things to himself, he shines forth a sun transfiguring all things to the image of his ideal. While making no compromise with reactionary efforts, mere palliatives or opiates, he can, he must be patient to accept progress by degrees and work with vigor and enthusiasm for each partial step. His distinguishing work is that he views every action by its relation to the final goal and not by its easing immediate pressure. However slow the progress, however partial the gain, he can work practically for it, if it clearly is a step towards the transcendent altruistic vision.

In religion, he realizes the Divine immanence — the All Love, the All Truth and the All Power and its oneness with himself.

This realization is to him a veritable mount of transfiguration. He no longer fears. He believes, he acts. He has found the centre of peace, his sonship with God, and the indwelling Father yet speaking to man, guiding his activities, healing his diseases, quickening his spiritual intuitions and transfiguring his whole being into harmony with the Divine. All distinctions between secular and sacred, real and ideal, are gone. "Every bush is afire with God." Such a life cannot be tied to denominationalism, cannot be intolerant; neither can it be understood by the prudentially orthodox, who will not admit that such lives exist, except in the ancient writings of the Hebrews, as though God exhausted Himself in making the prophets and apostles. In the vision of this higher spirituality is realized the only true basis of a Christian unity — a vision of God whose holy light reveals the blasphemy of denominational egoism or prudential makeshifts.

In the industrial life the altruist holds all his powers and possessions as a sacred trust for the betterment of man. His methods must vary with his environment. At present they are chiefly seen in the heroic efforts to realize an organic harmony in industrial relations through the practical application of the altruistic principle to business and government. Industrial idealism has given the world a vision of peace that has already enamored its millions of followers and inspired them with an enthusiasm for economic righteousness, corresponding to that of early Christianity. Instead of crying "Peace, peace," it presupposes that all good men want a real peace and expends the passion of its life in showing how men can attain, not a truce, a chronic war waiting to begin, but peace on the permanent basis of a common interest. The attainment of this ideal necessitates the introduction of a system of industry based on the coöperative idea, where the relation of every factor to production is definitely known, and a clash of interests in the manner now so common would be impossible.

The old business and political methods that were born of egoism and developed into prudentialism cannot sustain the new soul of idealism that is now being breathed into the world, and must be superseded by an organization of human forces corresponding to the new spirit of the time. The altruistic *regime* of this industrial ideal would have no conflicts between employers and workmen, no business antagonisms between rival concerns, no commercial tragedies suddenly crushing out the life and hope of millions, no unholy conflicts between "union" and "non-union" workmen, each willing to take the very means of life from the other. These antagonisms would all vanish with the establishment of the mutualistic industrial method, when society will be organized, through the instrumentality of the state, to

guarantee employment to every citizen and to conduct its industries for the supplying of human needs rather than for making individuals rich.

This would give a coöperative republic, an organic union of all parties engaged in the work of the world, or at least of such a portion of them as would set the standard for those who prefer still to work in smaller associations. Fear of want once abolished, all hate and fierce struggle that now grows out of anxiety for financial security, would vanish, and the intellectual and ideal life would be free to rise. The struggle to gain a financial footing in the world, taken in its larger commercial relations, directly or indirectly, is the basis of practically all conflict, all war. A fraternal coöperation of the forces of human life to struggle only against the limitations of nature and of man's ignorance and depravity, would transform the face of society and give the solid basis for a permanent peace. It is to this ideal that the labor movement of the world is fast coming.

It is this vision of a sure foundation, of an all-inclusive peace, that gives such a religious enthusiasm to its propaganda, that sustains its workers amid so many discouragements and through such slow developments. This industrial idealism is the most marked ethical movement of our age. It is worthy of special note that almost to a man the industrial idealists are champions of the abolition of political war. The marked difference between the advocates of the coöperative ideal and the advocates of the mere substitution of arbitration for political war, is that one is an idealist and in the present selfish industrial methods sees the basic cause of strife and has faith in the vision of an approaching social redemption, while the the other is most likely a mere prudentialist in ethics, patching up the chronic quarrel with a new truce and calling this a "triumph of peace"; or if an idealist — and many of them are grand and noble embodiments of this type — he is limited in vision and does not see the relation of political war to the industrial life of man.

The greatest peace society in the world to-day is the great labor movement, international and non-sectarian. It is striving to remove the cause of all war as found in class antagonism and private business for profits. The sentiment against war between nations is one of the most marked features of the European labor movement. Barring the exponents of the peace societies, it was the German and French socialists alone of those nations who made open protest against the war of 1871.

In a recent excitement in Germany over a threatened war with France, the German Workmen's Congress sent its fraternal greetings to their coworkers in France and assured them of the unity of interest of the workers of both countries and pledged

non-participation in hostilities. This expression of international fraternity was responded to with characteristic French warmth, and marked an oasis in modern history that gives proof of the fraternal ideals of the laboring class.

More striking still was the declaration of the German socialists that when they come into possession of the government, they would restore Alsace and Lorraine to the French nation. They believe not only in peace but in justice and fraternity.

Only last spring the municipal council of Marseilles, under the dominance of the French socialists, refused to give a public reception to General Dodds who returned victorious from the Dahomeyan war. In a long resolution condemning the war the hope was expressed of "the advent of a time when human butcheries, white or black, will be abolished forever."

Such altruistic sentiment in the common people should not be ignored by the peace advocates of the comfortable class. It has a virility about it these advocates lack. Moreover it is philosophically consistent. It sees that war is war, whether it slays its thousands with bullet, shell and bayonet, or its millions by crushed hopes, foul air and insufficient food. To the true philosopher, to welter in one's blood on the field of honor, is no worse than to wither and fade away for lack of nourishing blood, in some lone garret. To die charging the cannon's mouth animated by thrilling music and high hopes is no worse than to fall a tortured victim to a commercial panic, caused either by the conspiracy or stupidity of the manipulators of our financial system. The command "Thou shalt not kill," was not limited to death by implements of war, but might include as well, starved lives gone out in despair.

The present hour thrills from continent to continent with the great hope of a redeemed, a christianized industry that embraces all political activity within its scope. This hope is a religious vision to millions of human beings to-day, who would willingly lay down their lives for it, that future generations might have peace. Its spirit is so inclusive, its changes are so fundamental that its advocates believe that through its influence, the religious life of man would also more easily come into that state of divine idealism, where all dissension in the name of Christ would be impossible.

It has been shown that the ethics of egoism gives only the ignoble peace of the tyrant and slave, useful perhaps in times and places as a restraining force but always powerless to uplift. Prudentialism, the developing and progressive balance of forces, the transition from egoism to idealism, however much to be encouraged and however useful to certain ends, surely offers no basis for a final solution of the life problem of peace. Idealism,

on the other hand, is the entrance to the heart of life, a redemptive force that recreates, that finds the basis of eternal harmony in a unified interest which establishes justice and fraternity. The eighteenth century was the climax of egoism, and David Hume, the great English atheist, was its most representative exponent. The nineteenth century has been the era of prudentialism, with Herbert Spencer as its high priest.

Our century presents the strange anomaly of bearing on its closing years the forerunners of the coming altruistic age, and of having surviving types of every former period. Thus there are leaders of thought who still minister to the surviving egoists, the left-over specimens of two centuries ago, who teach that what men owe to each other is only to mind their own selfish interests, while at the same time the prophets of idealism, heralding the dawn of the twentieth century, are increasing in strength and flooding the world with light. While egoism and prudentialism rave and lash themselves to fury, in their own storm centres, yet throughout the world, steadily, altruism gains.

This is inevitable prophecy of the reign of a peace inclusive and comprehensive, a peace that in its divine radiance puts to shame the cheaper makeshifts of the lower ethics. Time to unfold and devotion to the ideal are all that are needed to bring in the day of light. Is not this the Christ-era so long foretold, so universally looked for, so little understood? It hails from Nazareth and is scorned by scribes and pharisees. May its vision transform us and lead us to the most consecrated service, to lay our stilted intellectual conventions on the altar of the divine ideal and consume them in its holy flame. A new Pentecost awaits those who in deep fraternal union thus devote themselves to this transcendent vision of to-day's faith — a faith that is spiritual sight, a revelation that fulfils all the saints of old recorded, the vision of triumphant peace realizing the divine Fatherhood through the attainment of the universal brotherhood.

II. The Abolition of War, by Prof. Thomas E. Will.

1. The Argument for War. — War has acted in the past as a factor in social evolution. It has forced families to unite into clans; these into tribes; these, in turn, into states and these, at times, into empires. Since consolidation was a necessary precedent of that high organization which would make civilization possible, it was better that men should be forced together by blood and iron than that civilization should not be attained. War is one form assumed by the "struggle for existence" that characterizes all life from vegetable to man. Its result is to clear the ground of the unfit, to sift out the fit, to strengthen

and develop them by the fight and to make them the progenitors of future organisms. The result of this process of selection and improvement is the steady elevation of the race.

Civilization, further, presupposes coöperation. But before men will coöperate voluntarily they must be taught, by coercion, the advantages of union and coöperation over individualistic self defence. By war and its attendant, slavery — shall we also add land monopoly? — men are driven together and forced to practise division of labor and exchange of products and services. (See S. of S., pp. 194–96.)

War, again, has stimulated activity and prevented sluggishness. "Peace, as exemplified in China, is synonymous with stagnation; war, as instanced in Rome, is equivalent to constant activity and political change" (Civ., p. 234).

"The people of China have grown more and more like one another, while those of Europe [characterized by militancy] have grown more and more unlike. The one region has become homogeneous in thought, the other heterogeneous." [Progress is everywhere characterized by an advance from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous.] (Civ., p. 237.)

An interchange of ideas is a condition of progress. Before the days of railways, telegraphs, ocean cables, steamship, etc., thought could diffuse itself but slowly between different peoples. War brought them together and, "despite its destructiveness, is the one efficient means for the mingling of barbarian and semi-civilized nations" (Civ., p. 239).

"The mind of the soldier is far more receptive than that of the quiet citizen . . . it is freely open to ideas which it would have refused in the cold, stagnant, unreceptive, peaceful stage" (Civ., p. 240).

Speaking further of the place of war in history the same writer says: "It. was a destructive process. Life vanished, wealth perished, nations disappeared. But mind remained and became expanded by every new invasion of ideas. The raw material of progress was not destroyed. Material production is only inorganic substance poured into the mould of an idea. The loss is only temporary if the idea remains. Its loss is a gain if it aids in yielding a crop of new and superior ideas" (Civ., p. 244. See also N. A. R., p. 677).

It is worthy of note, on the other hand, that a philosopher like Mr. Herbert Spencer, while indicating the influence of past wars in promoting social progress, points out with equal clearness the evil effects of continued militancy upon an advanced society. He shows that while warfare effects a weeding out of the weak so long as all adult males bear arms, the process is reversed when only a portion of the adult males enter the army; for, when such

is the case, the best are selected for war while the physically inferior are left at home to propagate. When, further, the percentage of men chosen is so great as to throw upon women the burdens ordinarily borne by men, the twofold strain of hard work and child bearing thus placed upon the women stunts the children and thus causes degeneration.

Warfare also works disaster to industry in advanced societies. "It is repressive as necessitating the abstraction of men and materials that would otherwise go to industrial growth; it is repressive as deranging the complex inter-dependencies among the many productive and distributive agencies.* It is repressive as drafting off much administrative and constructive ability, which would else have gone to improve the industrial arts and the industrial organization."

Since the soldier should be a fighting machine, warfare, of necessity, tends to callous the heart and sear the affections and sympathies; to exalt egoism and depress altruism. But, as Professor Drummond has so nobly shown in his "The Ascent of Man," altruism must be a constantly increasing and egoism a constantly decreasing factor in an advancing civilization. Mr. Spencer continues: "The necessities of war imply absolute self-regard, and absolute disregard of certain others. Inevitably, therefore, the civilizing discipline of social life is antagonized by the uncivilizing discipline of the life war involves" (S. of S., pp. 196–99). Observe, too, that the military *regime* is that of authority. Absolute, unquestioning obedience to the command of his superior is the first duty of the soldier. But social progress must be toward individual liberty — the *regime* under which the individual needs and knows no law save the laws of nature and of pure ethics; in other words, the law of God. Though, then, it be conceded that war contributes to social development in the lower stages of civilization where men are unfit for freedom and necessarily subject to the *regime* of authority, it nevertheless follows that, as men become fit for freedom, militancy, by tending to perpetuate the reign of authority, hinders social progress.

Some of the older arguments in favor of war will be found on pp. 323–24 of B. P., stated and considered by William Ellery Channing.

2. Barbarities Attending the Military Regime. — Callousness is necessary to the trade of killing; hence where militancy flourishes, customs at which the more highly civilized revolt are maintained and encouraged. The writer has heard a cultivated German lady express her admiration for the custom of duelling, declaring with enthusiasm that the unsightly facial scars resulting therefrom were *ritterlich*. Thus we may account

* On this point see Henry George, "Social Problems," Chap. I.

for the inhuman custom of flogging in the army and navy, accounts of which may be found on pp. 47–54 of P. M., and pp. 65–76 of B. P. "Flogging is certainly a tremendous punishment. The delinquent is stripped to the waist, tied up by his hands, and then flogged with a whip having nine lashes, with three knots each, so that each stroke makes twenty-seven wounds; *if a capital sentence is awarded* [italics mine], he receives nine hundred and ninety-nine of these stripes; and, at every twenty-five strokes, the drummer who inflicts them is changed, in order to insure a more energetic enforcement of the penalty" (P. M., p. 50).

When the sentence is not capital, "he is attended at each whipping by a surgeon, to determine how much he can bear without immediate danger to life; and often does the flagellation proceed till the victim faints, and then he is respited to renew his sufferings another day" (P. M., pp. 47, 48).

One case out of many: "Henley, for desertion, received two hundred lashes only; an acute inflammation followed, and the back sloughed. When the wounds were cleaned and the sloughed integuments removed, the backbone and part of the shoulder blade were laid bare, and it was upwards of seven months before he was so far recovered as to be able to do his duty" (P. M., p. 54). "We sometimes find the body melt away into a spectre of skin and bone from the large suppurations that have followed" (P. M., p. 54. See also P. M., pp. 43–46).

If these instances should be thought far-fetched, the hanging of Private Iams by the thumbs at Homestead, in the summer of 1892, will doubtless be recalled by many.

The following table from Mulhall, p. 432, may now be appreciated: —

Suicide in Armies.

Per 100,000 men, per annum.

	Army.	Civilians. (Age, 20-60.)	Excess in Army.
British	38	11	245 per cent.
French	51	20	154 "
German	64	25	156 "
Belgian	45	10	350 "
Austrian	85	15	467 "
Italian	30	8	275 "
Swedish	45	12	275 "

Since the treatment accorded soldiers by each other is such we are not surprised at the barbarities practised by them upon enemies. "It is an eternal law," says Xenophon, "that when a city is taken the persons and possessions of the conquered become the property of the conqueror" (N. A. R., p. 676). Carthage, though taken by the relatively human and high-minded Scipio Africanus, affords a notable instance. The captured city, the second in importance in the world, was burned; the plough was

passed through the soil, and the spot was solemnly cursed" (M. and A., p. 145). "We read of the cultured Macedonian, Philip V., exercising such severe measures that, on the capture of Abydos, the whole population committed suicide *en masse*" (N. A. R., p. 676).

For account of atrocities committed by the Spanish soldiers in America in their hunt for gold see Del Mar's "History of the Precious Metals." Also, E. L. S. E., Second Course, Lecture III. As a single instance it is said that Drake, when he visited San Domingo, found a mere handful of natives on the island. These explained to him that, in order to save their children from the ferocity of the Spanish gold-hunting soldiery, the people had unanimously decided not to become parents (p. 64). The career of the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands is well known.

3. Horrors and Sufferings of War. — Instances of these may be found in any military history. An excellent compilation is found in P. M., pp. 55–107. The sack of Magdeburg by Tilly's army is typical. When the gates of the captured city were thrown open the victorious general slipped the leash and turned loose his murderous horde upon the defenseless inhabitants. "Now began a scene of massacre and outrage which history has no language, poetry no pencil, to portray. Neither the innocence of childhood, nor the helplessness of old age, neither youth nor sex, neither rank nor beauty, could disarm the fury of the conquerors. Wives were dishonored in the very arms of their husbands, daughters at the feet of their parents, and the defenceless sex exposed to the double loss of virtue and life. . . . Fifty-three women were found in a single church with their heads cut off. The Croats *amused* themselves with throwing children into the flames, and Pappenheim's Walloons with stabbing infants at their mothers' breasts, etc." (P. M., p. 66).

4. Expenditure and Waste from War.

(a) *Life and Property.* From Mul., p. 65.

Wars Since 1793.

Date.	Belligerents.	Expenditure.		Loss in Men.
		Million £.	Million £ per Annum.	
1793–1815	England and France	1,250	60	1,900,000
1828	Russia and Turkey	20	20	120,000
1830–40	Spain and Portugal (civil)	50	5	160,000
1830–47	France and Algeria	38	2	110,000
1848	Europe (civil)	10	10	60,000
1854–56	England, France, Russia	305	146	485,000
1859	France and Austria	45	45	63,000
1863–65	United States (civil)	740	350	656,000
1866	Prussia and Austria	20	20	51,000
1866	France and Mexico	15	15	65,000
1864–70	Brazil and Paraguay	48	8	330,000
1870–71	France and Germany	316	316	290,000
1876–77	Russia and Turkey	190	190	180,000

SUMMARY.

Period.	Expenditure. Million £.	Loss of Life.	Per Annum.	
			Million £.	Loss of Life.
1790–1820	1,250	1,900,000	42	63,000
1821–1850	118	450,000	4	15,000
1851–1860	350	548,000	35	55,000
1861–1880	1,329	1,572,000	66	79,000
	3,047	4,470,000	33	50,000

See also P. M., pp. 21–42; B. P., pp. 113–124 and statement following p. 200; also No. II., p. 2.

"Mark the havoc of single battles. At Durham, 1346, there fell 15,000; at Halidonhill and Agincourt, 20,000 each; at Bautzen and Lepanto, 25,000 each; at Austerlitz, Jena and Lutzen, 30,000 each; at Eylan, 60,000; at Waterloo and Quatre Bras, one engagement, 70,000; at Borodino, 80,000; at Fontenoy, 100,000; at Yarmouth, 150,000; at Chalons, no less than 300,000 of Attila's army alone! . . . Marius slew, in one battle, 140,000 Gauls, and in another, 290,000. . . . Julius Cæsar once annihilated an army of 363,000 Helvetians; in a battle with the Usipites, he slew 400,000; and on another occasion, he massacred more than 430,000 Germans who 'had crossed the Rhine with their herds and flocks and little ones, in quest of new settlements.' The Old Testament records one instance (2 Chron. xiii. 3–17), where one side lost 500,000 lives!" (P. M., p. 40). Of this last destruction, surpassing even the exploits of Julius Cæsar, it is declared in the text, "and God delivered them" — the Israelites — "into their hand . . . and the children of Judah prevailed, because they relied upon the Lord God of their fathers." See also P. S. M., pp. 524, 525 and B. P., No. II., p. 3.

(b) *Labor withdrawn from Production and turned to the Work of Destruction; being made, at the same time, a Burden on Producers.* "From information given in successive issues of the 'Statesman's Year Book,' it appears that, since 1870, the armies and navies of Europe have been increased by about 630,000 men on the peace establishment. This number of men has, therefore, been wholly withdrawn from productive labor; but during periods of war a much larger number is thus withdrawn, and the country is, to that extent, still further impoverished." Speaking of ironclads he says, "To build one of those monster vessels requires from first to last a small army of men, all of whose labor, so far as any benefit to mankind is concerned, might as well have been employed in pumping water out of the sea and allowing it to flow back again." Continuing his showing he concludes: "We shall probably not think it an extravagant estimate that for every ten thousand men in a modern army and navy at least another ten thousand are wholly employed in making the necessary equipment and war-material — the labor of the whole twenty thousand being utterly wasted, inasmuch as all

that they produce is consumed, not merely unproductively and uselessly, but destructively. We may fairly estimate, then, that the military preparedness of modern Europe involves a total loss to the community of the labor of about *seven million* men, and a corresponding amount of animal and mechanical power and of labor-saving machinery," etc. (P. S. M., pp. 522, 523. See also N. A. R., p. 686.)

(c) *Taxation.* "Let us next consider the heavy burden of taxation upon all the chief European peoples, the increase of which during recent years has been almost wholly caused by increased military expenditure and the interest on debts incurred for wars or preparations for war, for fortifications, or for military railways. This increase may be best estimated by comparing the expenditure of 1870, the year before the Franco-German War, with that of 1884. During this period of fourteen years our own expenditure has increased from £75,000,000 to £87,000,000; that of Austria from £55,000,000 to £94,000,000; that of France from £85,000,000 to £142,500.000; that of Germany from £54,000,000 to £112,500,000; that of Italy from £40,000,000 to £61,500,000; and that of Russia from £66,000,000 to £114,500,000. Altogether the expenditure of the six great powers of Europe has increased from £345,000,000 to £612,000,000, an additional burden of £266,500,000 a year. The population of those states is now a little over 269,000,000, so that they have to bear, on the average, an addition of taxation amounting to nearly a pound a head or about five pounds for each family, a most oppressive amount when we consider the extreme poverty of the masses in all these states, and that even before this period of inflated war expenditure they had already to support a heavy and often an almost unbearable load of taxation" (P. S. M., pp. 523, 524).

From Mul., p, 436:—

TAXES.

A.—*National and Local Revenues.*

	Thousands omitted.			Per Inhabitant. Shillings.	Income. Million £.	Ratio of Taxes. Per cent.
	National.	Local.	Total.			
United Kingdom	£85,682	£38,091	£123,773	71	1,247	10
France	112,205	32,440	144,645	77	965	15
Germany	90,320	13,270	103,590	46	850	12
Russia	73,700	11,200	84,900	20	760	11
Austria	68,400	5,300	73,700	40	602	12
Italy	54,200	20,100	74,300	52	292	25
Spain	31,600	9,100	40,700	49	188	21
Portugal	6,900	1,300	8,200	39	45	18
Holland	8,400	2,100	10,500	52	104	10
Belgium	11,400	2,250	13,650	50	120	11
Denmark	2,700	1,330	4,030	41	47	9
Sweden and Norway	7,020	3,460	10,480	32	104	10
EUROPE	£552,527	£139,941	£692,468	44	5,324	13
United States	75,600	84,200	159,800	61	1,420	11
TOTAL	£628,127	£224,141	£852,268	46	6,744	12½

B. — *Increase of Taxation in Great Britain and France.*

Thousands omitted.

Year.	United Kingdom.			France.		
	National.	Local.	Total.	National.	Local.	Total.
1830	£55,500	£10,820	£66,320	£39,600	£7,100	£46,700
1840	59,360	10,240	69,600	46,400	8,800	55,200
1850	55,800	11,050	66,850	55,200	11,700	66,900
1860	71,100	14,950	86,050	68,500	18,100	86,600
1870	75,400	24,300	99,700	72,900	21,300	94,200*
1882	85,700	38,100	123,800	112,300	32,400	144,700

Append to the above "Sidney Smith's graphic account of England's taxation" from the *Edinburgh Review:* "Taxes upon every article which enters the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the feet; taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell or taste; taxes upon warmth, light and locomotion; taxes upon everything on the earth, and in the waters under the earth; taxes on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home; taxes on the raw material, and upon every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauce that pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health; on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal; on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice; on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride. Taxes we never escape; at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The school-boy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle, upon a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine which has paid seven per cent, into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent, flings himself back upon his chintz bed which has paid twenty-two per cent, makes his will on eight-pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and then he is gathered to his fathers — to be taxed no more" (P. M., pp. 30, 31).

(d) *National Debts.* War affords a golden opportunity to the exploiter, inasmuch as, by lending money to a government, often on terms extraordinarily favorable to the lender (see E. L. C. F., *passim*), the lender secures for himself and his descendants for an indefinite time, a lien on the wealth of the nation, based on security as firm as the foundations of the government

* The figures are those of 1869, the year before the war.

itself. Doubtless many of the wars of the nineteenth century that have so puzzled those who believed war to be going out of date among civilized peoples, have been instigated by the great money-lenders of Europe for the express purpose of creating national debts. See E. L. S. E., Second Course, Lectures I., V. and VI. Following is Mulhall's table (p. 134) of the

Debts of Nations in Millions Sterling.

	1820.	1848.	1870.	1882.
United Kingdom	841	773	801	769
France	140	182	468	911
Germany	53	40	148	229
Russia	50	90	280	553
Austria	99	125	340	419
Italy	25	36	374	522
Spain	52	113	285	390
Portugal	8	17	59	94
Holland	110	114	76	80
Belgium	–	18	28	62
Denmark	4	12	13	10
Sweden and Norway	–	1	6	20
Greece	–	10	18	18
Turkey	–	–	92	110
EUROPE	1,382	1,531	2,988	4,187
United States	26	48	496	333
Spanish America	4	62	144	237
Canada	–	–	17	40
Australia	–	–	37	97
India	29	51	108	156
South Africa	–	–	2	14
Egypt	–	–	37	106
THE WORLD	1,441	1,692	3,829	5,170

A graphic showing of the above facts, though with the numbers varying somewhat from the above, being sometimes greater and sometimes less, will be found in the cartoon published by *The Road*, Denver, Col., and entitled "The English Octopus." B. P., pp. 193–96, also contains statistics on war-debts.

5. HOW WAR HURTS THE WORKER.

> "War is a game that, were their subjects wise
> Kings would not play at."

P. S. M., p. 525 and Br. Es., pp. 218–20, point out how war burdens, like most other burdens, including taxation and toil, fall most heavily on those least able to bear them; while such benefits as may accrue fall chiefly to those who contribute little or nothing to the result. Since, in most advanced countries, the oppressed and exploited now hold in their hands the key to the political situation, the ballot, they have now to blame only their own stupidity and unwillingness to coöperate politically if they continue to be crushed by burdens which they can vote from their shoulders when they choose.

6. How War Hurts the Business Man. — P. S. M., p. 525, shows clearly what should be obvious to any one who can see; viz., that war, by killing off some customers and impoverishing others, is bad for trade. Such an argument, once comprehended, will doubtless weigh more with many than any appeal to the conscience, the sympathies or the sense of logical consistency.

7. Weighty Testimonies against War and for Peace. — See B. P., III., pp. 1–12, also p. 52; and P. M., pp. 14–20. Among these witnesses we find the names of Cicero, Seneca, Raleigh, Louis Bonaparte, Wellington, Washington, Macchiavel, Lord Clarendon, Necker, Thomas Jefferson, Burke, Fox, Canning, Lord Brougham, Franklin, Benjamin Rush, Jeremy Bentham, Erasmus, Burton, Carlyle, Herbert Spencer, Tertullian, Irenæus, Jeremy Taylor, Bishop Watson, Cecil, Robert Hall, Chalmers, Judson and Jesus Christ.

8. Christianity and War. — That warfare in all its forms and phases is utterly and unalterably opposed to the whole spirit and genius of the Christian religion should be so evident to any one who will take the trouble to glance even superficially through the four gospels as to render a labored proof of the fact absurd. Yet Christians who religiously tithe the mint, anise and cummin and *fight* over the jot and tittle of the "written word," will engage in war when called, and will stoutly defend militancy in time of peace. Such grotesque inconsistency can only be understood by remembering that few people have any conception of the meaning of consistency, or have ever laid their various beliefs and notions down side by side to see whether or not they do harmonize. One who attempts to do this work for them not infrequently has cause to repent his temerity. A consideration of the subject of Christianity and its attitude toward war may be found in Ch. Ex., pp. 157–80; Ec. M., V. 103, pp. 679–90; Br. Es., pp. 220, 221; P. M., Part II., Chap. v., and B. P., *passim*.

9. Forces Militating against Warfare.

(a) *The steady progress of the race toward humanity*, sympathy and the consciousness of the interdependence of all the members of a given society and of all the members of the family of nations. See H. M., p. 918, and K. S. E., especially chapters on "Western Civilization" and "Modern Socialism."

(b) *The greater value constantly attaching to human life*, shown in the increasing sentiment against murder, on the one hand, and against the execution of the murderer on the other; and shown still further in the increasing efficiency of judicial systems. In time, however, people will see the absurdity in a state's hunting a single murderer round the globe while, at the same time, it is planning the wholesale murder of its own citizens as well as of the citizens of some neighboring state.

(c) *The gradual rise of woman* to a consciousness of her place as a genuine social factor and her consequent preparation to assert herself as such. Her influence, in time, must inevitably be against war. "Justice," Chap. xx. and § 108; and H. M., pp. 919, 920.

(d) *The dawning consciousness that war does not pay.* See 4 above.

(e) *The growth of popular intelligence.* Demos is slowly opening his sleepy eyes. When once he has got them fully open the chances are that he will decline longer to play at the game of war for the amusement or enrichment of his masters.

(f) *The vast improvements in killing machinery* and the advantage, under the coming *regime*, of the invaded over the invader. See "The Warfare of the Future," by Archibald Forbes, an article copied by the *Eclectic Magazine* for July, 1891, from the *Nineteenth Century;* "The Future of Warfare," by Captain E. L. Zalinski, U. S. A., in the *North American Review* for December, 1890; Ec. M., V. 115, 470, and Eng. M., V. 3, 226.

10. Substitutes for War. — Among the proposed substitutes for war are (1) *negotiation*, (2) *arbitration*, (3) *mediation*, and (4) *a congress of nations.* (B. P., I, 7). Of these the most hopeful is arbitration. "There is no period known to history in which instances are not found of arbitration as a substitute for force, and we can only wonder when we consider the historical antiquity of the former that the latter should have maintained its hold so long, so constantly and so fiercely" (H. M., V. 87, p. 920). Plans of arbitration are indicated in N. A. R., 682, 683, and in B. P., 218 *et seq.* The United States enjoys the honorable distinction of leading the world in the employment of this peaceful method of settling international differences; it has entered into forty-seven agreements for international arbitration; . . . one of its representatives has seven times acted as arbitrator; . . . it has erected thirteen tribunals under its own laws to determine the validity of international claims; the total, therefore, of the arbitrations or *quasi* arbitrations to which it has been a party is sixty-seven" (H. M., p. 923. See also N. A. R., p. 685).

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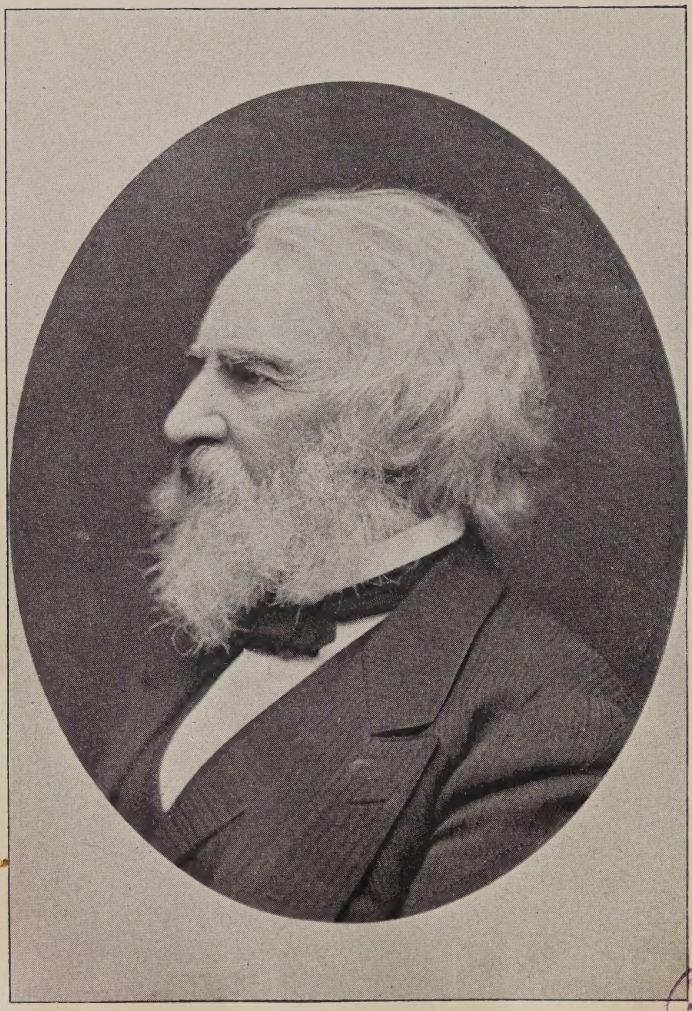

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Henry W. Longfellow

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THE RELIGION OF LONGFELLOW.

BY REV. W. H. SAVAGE.

MR. LONGFELLOW was at the time of his death the most famous of Americans. For more than fifty years he had been sending forth his writings to a world that welcomed his slightest word. In both hemispheres his influence had been felt, giving a nobler cheer to the daily life, consecrating the home and sweetening the thoughts and the intercourse of men; and yet in all these years he said very little either about his own religion or that of other men. His early years of authorship were passed amid the eager debates of the great revolt of the New England mind against Calvinism, but Longfellow took no part in the strife of tongues and pens. He was the familiar friend of Channing and Emerson and the rest, but the limpid stream of his poesy is nowhere disturbed by the winds of doctrine that blew about him. And yet his poetry seems somehow to be *sacred* poetry. While nothing is said about religion, the reader of his lines soon feels that he has entered upon holy ground. The world through which we walk with him is fresh from the hand of God. Its streams whisper divine secrets, unpronounceable in words, its trees have messages from spirits that walk the woodland glades, its fields are glad to be the almoners of God's good gifts to men. His towns and cities are ennobled and made beautiful by saintly and heroic presences, and builder and blacksmith and farmer wear at their work the royal air of those engaged in a divine service.

Just how our poet works such results, it is hard to say. While we are under the spell of his spirit it does not occur

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to us that there is any other way of looking upon the world and human life. We seem to be simply more keenly and sanely observant than at other times, and to be seeing realities which we had overlooked. It is as if our guide were an unfallen son of God to whom the inner meanings of things are plain, who tells us things sweeter and higher than he puts into words, and who lets us look for the time with his eyes upon the secret that consecrates the universe. So far as one can gather from the words and writings of those who were the familiar friends of Longfellow, there must have been about him some such inexpressible charm as I have indicated. A most gracious, kindly and hospitable man, whose home and hand were ever open, who took with infinite patience the demands made upon his time or his purse, there was, it is said, an inner silence as of a life apart. We know from his Journal that through all his years he was meditating the theme of his "Christus," and that the words he puts into the mouth of his Saint John reveal a motive that dominated his own spirit: —

> And Him evermore I behold
> Walking in Galilee,
> Through the cornfield's waving gold,
> In hamlet and wood and in wold,
> By the shores of the Beautiful Sea.
> He toucheth the sightless eyes;
> Before Him the demons flee;
> To the dead He sayeth: Arise!
> To the living: Follow me!
> And that voice still soundeth on
> From the centuries that are gone,
> To the centuries that shall be!

Beholding evermore such a figure walking a world that took its meaning from that transcendent Life, Longfellow seems to have discovered the secret of seeing this nineteenth-century world as our backward-looking eyes sometimes see those Galilean pictures of the first century. And so it comes to pass that when we journey in his company, we find

> "That all of good the past hath had
> Remains to make our own time glad,
> Our common, daily life divine,
> And every land a Palestine."

More than any other eminent singer, Longfellow seems to me the elected poet of youth. Whatever one of his charac-

teristic poems I read, I find myself transported to a younger world.

> How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
> With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
> Book of beginnings, story without end,
> Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!
> Aladdin's lamp, and Fortunatus' purse,
> That holds the treasures of the universe!—
> All possibilities are in its hands,
> No danger daunts it and no foe withstands;
> In its sublime audacity of faith,
> "Be thou removed!" it to the mountain saith,
> And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
> Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!

So sang he, when seventy years had whitened his hair and brought him back to the scenes of his college memories. No matter what his theme, there are touches that tell of wistful glances backward towards the uplands of the dawn. "My Lost Youth" is an exquisite threnody, in which one can hear, mingling with the rustle of "Deering's Woods" and the low breathing of the sea, the far-echoing steps of a boy on his way to school, the voice of a youth who chants a brave "Psalm of Life," and the sigh of a man, who murmurs as he paces the familiar street,

> A boy's will is the wind's will,
> And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

The backward look so characteristic of our poet is seen in writings that deal ostensibly with passing aspects of nature and current events. "Rain in Summer" is a revery as truly as it is a description. The fields and highways are fields of memory and highways of thought, and the vista of the rain deepens to a distance where one sees a boy musing by the gate of dreams. "The Bridge" that spans the Charles changes insensibly to one that spans a gulf of years, whereunder rushes the stream of time. "Bruges" and "Nuremburg" are peopled by shadows of a noble and heroic past, and "The Old Clock on the Stairs" gives no heed to the little years of time, but counts, onward and backward, the æons of eternity.

I have said that there is, in the writings of Longfellow, very little of formal utterance on the subject of religion. I have also said that this reticence was far from indicating an absence of religious thinking and feeling. He was a Uni-

tarian by training and by conviction, and though he had "no religion to speak of," he had a very definite and noble religion to live by. He believed that this is God's world, and that the best religion is a pure and faithful life. The first statement of his practical creed was set forth in his youthful "Psalm of Life," the lines of which are household words in both hemispheres. Later this creed took form again in "The Builders": —

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part —
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

At a still later time his practical faith was somewhat more elaborated in "The Ladder of St. Augustine": —

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame

A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire; the base design
That makes another's virtue less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That have their roots in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will:

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

* * * * *

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern — unseen before —
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

There is nothing theological in the phrasing of the foregoing creed. There seems, indeed, to be a careful avoidance

of everything that savors of traditional and churchly forms of statement; but the life that was framed to match the working of the builder and the striving of the saint assures us that it was lifted and inspired by something diviner than the desire to reach

The cloudy summits of our time.

Mr. Longfellow understood that life here and life beyond are not two, but one, and that a right care of the present is safety for the future.

When'er we cross a river at a ford,
If we would pass in safety, we must keep
Our eyes fixed steadfast on the shore beyond,
For if we cast them on the flowing stream,
The head swims with it; so if we would cross
The running flood of things here in the world,
Our souls must not look down, but fix their sight
On the firm land beyond.

That he believed in a "firm land beyond," Mr. Longfellow's writings, despite his remarkable reticence, very plainly show, in words that have cheered and comforted countless souls in trouble:—

There is no death! what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead — the child of our affection —
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

After Mr. Longfellow's death the drama of "Michael Angelo" was found in his desk. His Journal shows that he wrote into this work much of his latest meditations upon life and its relations to the unseen. It is, in a sort, his last confession, and it shows us that the more than thirty years that had passed since he gave to the world the secret of his "Resignation," had only enlarged his faith in the soul's larger destiny: —

> Parting with friends is temporary death,
> As all death is. We see no more their faces,
> Nor hear their voices, save in memory.
> But messages of love give us assurance
> That we are not forgotten. Who shall say
> That from the world of spirits comes no greeting,
> No message of remembrance? It may be
> The thoughts that visit us, we know not whence,
> Sudden as inspirations, are the whispers
> Of disembodied spirits, speaking to us,
> As friends who wait outside a prison wall
> Through the barred windows speak to those within.

And again: —

> Death is the chilliness that precedes the dawn;
> We shudder for a moment, then awake
> In the broad sunshine of the other life.

Death is but the enlargement of life. We, and not the departed, are the prisoners. But we are the "prisoners of hope," and our waiting is cheered by whispered words of remembrance and prophecies of liberty, from those who wait outside our prison wall. That is the poet's message to a world that is

> — full of farewells to the dying,
> And mournings for the dead.

The sorrows of time, the clouds that shadow homes, the rain of tears that sweeps forever round the world, none of these bring permanent eclipse to the sunshine of his soul.

> All is of God! If He but wave His hand,
> The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
> Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
> Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.
>
> Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
> Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;
> Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
> Against His messenger to shut the door?

We might, perhaps, here make an end, but as Mr. Longfellow's religion was so much more a thing of character and action than a thing of words, we may fitly add something regarding the manifestations of his religion in the various relations he sustained to the home, to his associates and to mankind at large.

It is probably true that he, more than any other of the poets, was and is the poet of the people and their homes. It was said, at the time of his death, that in the sixteen years preceding, more than three hundred twenty-five thousand copies of his works had been sold in this country alone; and more than any of their own writers, he was the poet of the English people, also. His sweet and pure and tender genius has hallowed all domestic relations and events, and there is no one of the emotions common to "all sorts and conditions of men," that does not readily and fitly express itself in his verse.

In his greatest poem, "Evangeline," he has given the world such an epic of love as no man but himself could possibly have written. In the heroine of that matchless poem, the praise of womanhood is made perfect. Her home, in the little village of Grand Pré, still stands, despite the decays of time, a shrine to which love will make pilgrimage in the ages to come; and each youth who lays his garland at the feet of village maiden will carry thence a consecration to ennoble his life. And as he has sung the sweetest and purest song of love of any of our poets, so he sang, in the "Hanging of the Crane," the song of the home, as no other has sung it: —

For two alone, there in the hall,
Is spread the table round and small;
Upon the polished silver shine
The evening lamps, but more divine,
The light of love shines over all;
Of love that says not mine and thine,
But ours, for ours is thine and mine.

They want no guests, to come between
Their tender glances like a screen,
And tell them tales of land and sea,
And whatsoever may betide
The great, forgotten world outside;
They want no guests; they needs must be
Each other's own best company.

The years pass, the circle widens; the home is full of the pattering of small feet that grow steady and strong and then are lost in the great tramping of the world, of children's voices that laugh and sing and then die in the distance.

> And now, like a magician's scroll,
> That in the owner's keeping shrinks
> With every wish he speaks or thinks,
> Till the last wish consumes the whole,
> The table dwindles, and again
> I see the two alone remain.
> The crown of stars is broken in parts;
> Its jewels, brighter than the day,
> Have one by one been stolen away
> To shine in other homes and hearts.
> One is a wanderer now afar
> In Ceylon or in Zanzibar,
> Or sunny regions of Cathay;
> And one is in the boisterous camp
> Mid clink of arms and horses' tramp,
> And battle's terrible array.
> I see the patient mother read,
> With aching heart, of wrecks that float
> Disabled on those seas remote,
> Or of some great heroic deed
> On battle-fields, where thousands bleed
> To lift one hero into fame.
> Anxious she bends her graceful head
> Above these chronicles of pain,
> And trembles with a secret dread
> Lest there among the drowned or slain
> She find the one belovéd name.

This is all very simple; it seems as if any man might do it. So the story of the prodigal son is very simple, but somehow it took a genius to tell it — simply — and eyes have grown dim in the reading of it now for nineteen centuries. And Longfellow's way of dealing with the "simple annals" of the home has made him a beloved guest by every fireside of the English-speaking race.

"Was that God?" asked a little boy on whose forehead the aged poet had left a kiss as he went away after a call at a friend's house. And none of the boy's elders felt quite ready to answer in the negative for, just then, God seemed not far from every one of them. We cannot wonder that children's eyes regarded him with a kind of trustful worship, for there was in his regard for them the benignity of a divine Fatherhood.

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,
But in mine is the wind of autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

* * * * *

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

In the outward conditions of his life, Mr. Longfellow was most fortunate and happy. With good health, a noble enthusiasm and ample means for the gratification of his taste for books and his love for travel, he seemed far removed from the turmoil and struggle of the common life of men. His familiar associates were the wealthy and the famous, the scholars, the artists and the statesmen of his time; and it seemed to many that no rumor of the world's trouble and no care for its pain could reach him in his sheltered retirement. He was not, in the ordinary sense of the word, a reformer, but he has left behind him witnesses that record his sympathy with the want and sorrow of the world he did so much to sweeten and uplift. In his poem, "The Challenge," he summons the world's wealth and refinement and comfort to behold how they are surrounded at their feasts by the world's poverty and hunger and despair: —

There is a greater army,
That besets us round with strife,

A starving, numberless army,
At all the gates of life, —

The poverty-stricken millions
Who challenge our wine and bread,
And impeach us all as traitors,
Both the living and the dead.

And whenever I sit at the banquet,
When the feast and song are high,
Amid the mirth and the music
I can hear that fearful cry.

And the hollow and haggard faces
Look into the lighted hall,
And the wasted hands are extended
To catch the crumbs that fall.

For within there is light and plenty,
And odors fill the air;
But without there is cold and darkness,
And hunger and despair.

And there in the camp of famine,
In the wind and cold and rain,
Christ, the great Lord of the army,
Lies dead upon the plain.

No more dreadful indictment of a selfish and comfortable civilization was ever drawn than that! And it came from the pen of the gentlest, most temperate and most forbearing of modern poets! If all the religion of the world had been as practical and as humane as the religion of Longfellow, the feasts of this nineteenth Christian century would not be disturbed by such spectres as now thrust themselves in amid the mirth and song.

It was a stalwart faith in God that enabled our poet to write, almost at the same time as the foregoing "Challenge," his noble song of the "Christmas Bells": —

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered from the South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearthstones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

And the faith in which Longfellow lived did not fail him when the hand that had served his fellow men so long came to the last lines of his sweet and noble message. The final stanza of the "Bells of San Blas" was written nine days before the poet's death — and he wrote no more. The bells of the old convent were ringing out a call to the past, when kings wrought their will with the peoples whose bowed shoulders upheld the oppressions under which they groaned and when the priest was lord of human souls. And the soul of the seer, before whom the gates of the hereafter were unclosing, made answer in the out-raying light: —

O Bells of San Blas, in vain
Ye call back the Past again!
The Past is deaf to your prayer;
Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere.

It is daybreak! God speed the coming of the day!

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN INDIA.

BY VIRCHAND R. GANDHI, B. A.

SINCE the close of the Parliament of Religions, India has excited much interest among the American people, and many liberal-minded persons have been set to thinking as to whether there is any necessity of sending missionaries to that country to save the souls of the poor "benighted Hindus." Many pious Christians of this country have been spending hundreds, nay thousands of dollars for the purpose of securing salvation to my countrymen, and they are under the fond impression that they are really doing a Christlike work. Some months ago I expressed in another review my views as to why these Christian missions have not been able to do the work contemplated by the followers of Christ.

Since the great Parliament of Religions, where I represented the Jain Community of India, I have spent considerable time in studying the political, educational, industrial and religious institutions of America, and I find much in all that I have studied that is commendable in this great country and its grand people — except its religion. In this I must frankly say that I fail to find spirituality or even the common practice of the brotherhood of man, much less love to those creatures dependent upon man. I have watched, with interest, the religious movement of this country and its attitude towards other countries whose religions differ from Christianity, and especially its attitude towards India and her religions. It is absolutely painful to see a body of people who claim their religion to have been founded upon goodwill and love to all mankind, who can only see through the eyes of bitter prejudice.

My former article, it seems, has called into action the bitter hostilities of most of the orthodox papers of this country and not a few abroad, and I have thought much upon these hostile criticisms. There has not come to my notice a single criticism from a liberal church or secular paper; but that love for all souls — orthodoxy — has added her bitter dose of criticism from every state in America, but not one of these "soul-loving" people has said one word or made the slightest effort to convert me or even to discuss the question with me, and, since every convert made

in India by America has cost her at least a thousand dollars, it would seem more economical if these "soul savers" would do a little mission work here on American soil. Possibly this would be too tame a business and there would not be enough self-sacrifice or hand-to-mouth hardship, as I have been told, since coming to America, is the case with missionaries in India. This may be the reason, too, why Christianity is such a failure in America. I should think, however (if a heathen may think on such subjects), that if the clergy of this country should devote some of their personal time teaching morality to the people on the streets where I have had cause to pity, they would find but little time or money for *foreign* mission work.

A Mr. F. P. Powers, son of a missionary, has given his views in the June number of the *Forum* in the spirit common to all missionaries in India. These missionaries do not come with gentleness and reasoning, but they come reviling our religions and customs. I believe in the principle of heredity and, therefore, I shall not blame Mr. Powers; I am, nevertheless, much surprised at the ignorance of Christian America concerning the religions of India, and especially since they have had their brightest lights (as I am told) in the mission field in that country for so many years. At least, since the great Parliament of Religions, those who have written in the various church papers ought to have known that, although I belong to the Hindu race, I did not represent any phase of Brahmanism, Vedism or Buddhism — but Jainism. The religion and philosophy of the Jains differ very materially from those of the Brahmans. In my article, I spoke of Christian missions in India from the standpoint of the followers of the Hindu or Brahman religion who only, in a religious sense, have to contend against the Christian missionaries. The Jains, neither as a community nor individually, have any contact whatever with the missionaries, so that, in directing their attacks against me, the church papers have hit the wrong person.

In reply to my article, the orthodox papers have weighed Christianity in the balance and tried to prove its success by counting the numbers of Christian converts in India, which numbers are, of course, furnished by the missionaries, who are *well* known in India for their *truthfulness*. They know well how to swell the list. From the rank and file of the poor, low, ignorant people come the Christian converts. And how are these secured? Sometimes by giving them each a half peck of rice per week until conversion is secured; others are secured by giving large dinners and serving sweetmeats prepared with intoxicants, which generally bring the greatest harvest of souls for ready baptism, and these converts are often registered in several churches, thereby increasing the list. Straightforward, honorable work is

a rarity with missionaries in India — that is, when they work at all.

The British Government have now added Burmah to their Indian Empire, and the Karen Christians, a wild tribe numbering many thousands, are added to the Christian community of India, which, of course, swells the number. Taking into consideration the Nestorians, Roman Catholics and the Lutheran Caste Christians, the Hindu converts (true Hindus) are but a mere handful. Civilization has, however, introduced into India another race or kind of people who are growing too numerous. These are the offspring of the poor, low-caste Hindu women and high-standing, moral, European Christian fathers (illegitimate, of course), but they help to swell the missionary report, and they dub them all Hindu — one might as well call your American mulatto an Anglo-Saxon. In Portuguese India they are called Descendants.

Mr. Powers may cite authorities like Sir Richard Temple, the professed enemy of all Hindus and noted for his false statements in connection with the Famine Reports of India; he may also cite with enthusiasm the names of native Christians whom his co-religionists worship. I have no desire to be personal, but I feel compelled to state some facts relating to their very Christianlike conduct. These converts have repeatedly, in the twilight, thrown chunks of beef in the windows and doors of Hindu homes. It is said that they were urged to commit these contemptible crimes by the missionaries themselves and then, under the influence of wine, they did their bidding. They know that the Hindus, according to their religion, could not sleep or remain in their houses after beef had in any way been brought into it until everything in the house is thoroughly cleansed. So long as a Hindu is true to his religion (I mean a high-caste Hindu) he will never eat, touch or taste meat, wines or liquors, but as soon as he forsakes his religion and becomes a Christian, he is at liberty to do all these and more. The missionaries have, for the most part, acted in India with the same spirit, and Mr. Powers is an authority on that subject when he says in his "Christlike" spirit, "If abstaining from meat fosters the belief that there is a god under cowhide, it is the duty of the missionaries to eat meat three times a day, if, thereby, they may help to convince the dupes of Brahman superstition that beef is diet and not deity." I am glad Mr. Powers has resounded the true missionary spirit, which will aid my countrymen to understand what kind of humble, Christlike, soul-loving people they will have to contend with henceforth.

I really believe that a large majority of those kind and noble-hearted people who give so freely to the missionary fund are under the impression that the life of the average missionary is

one of hardship, danger and self-sacrifice. This is far more likely to be the case with the man who embarks in a business enterprise in a foreign country. Madame Ida Pfeifer, the great traveller, was of the same opinion regarding the missionaries until she visited their stations in India, but I will quote her own words. She says:—

> My opinion was that the missionaries were almost if not complete martyrs, and I thought that they were so absorbed with zeal and the desire to convert the heathen that, like the disciples of Christ, quite forgetting their own comforts and necessities, they dwelt with them under the same roof and ate from one dish, etc. Alas! these were pictures and representations which I had gathered out of books—in reality the case was very different. They lead the same kind of life as the wealthy; they have handsome dwellings which are fitted up with luxurious furniture; they recline upon easy divans while their wives preside at the tea table; their children attack the cake and sweetmeats heartily. Indeed, their position is pleasanter and freer from care than that of most people; their occupation is not very laborious, and their income is certain, whatever may be the national or political condition of their country.

Many of the missionaries believe that they might effect a great deal by preaching and issuing religious tracts in the native languages in the towns and villages. They give the most attractive reports of the multitudes of people who crowd to hear their preaching and receive tracts, and it might be reasonably thought that, according to their representations, at least half of their hearers would become converts to Christianity. But, unfortunately, the listening and the receiving of tracts is as good as no proof at all. Would not Chinese, Indian or Persian priests have just as great troops of hearers if they appeared in their respective national costumes in England or France and preached in the language of those countries? Would not the people flock around them? Would they not receive the tracts given out *gratis* even if they could not read them? And I will add that in America, too, I think this was demonstrated at the Parliament of Religions, where it was a fact that at least a third and sometimes two thirds of the great audience of Columbus Hall would make a rush for the exits when a fine orator from India had closed his speech. It was even a very noticeable fact that, long before the close of the great Parliament, some of my countrymen, made popular by the Parliament, were used as a drawing card to hold the great audiences, and in this way thousands were compelled to sit and listen to long, dry, prosy papers by Christians. They showed plainly that they were not interested, but there they sat enduring with much murmuring, expecting the next speaker might be one of the popular Orientals whose name was usually first on the bulletin board. When this was the case here in this great civilized city of Chicago, what can you expect from the illiterate poor of India?

Madame Pfeifer says: —

I have made the minutest inquiries in all places respecting the results of missions, and have always heard that a baptism is one of the greatest rarities. The few Christians in India who here and there form villages of twenty or thirty families have resulted principally from orphan children who had been adopted and brought up by the missionaries, but even these require to be supplied with work and comfortably attended to in order to prevent them from falling back into their superstitions.

Alluding to the manner in which missionaries travel about to spread the gospel, she says: —

At the same time, it must be remembered that these journeys are not made in a very simple manner, as mine has been, for instance. The missionary surrounds himself with numerous conveniences; he has palanquins carried by men, pack horses or camels, with tents, beds, culinary and table utensils, servants and maids in sufficient number. And who pays for all this? Frequently poor credulous souls in Europe and North America, who often deny themselves the necessaries of life that their little savings may be squandered in this way in distant parts of the world.

An American gentleman, who was an officer of high standing in the late war of the Rebellion of 1861–65 in this country, and is highly esteemed by all, who has spent ten years in India, and several in China and Japan, related to an American in my presence a few days ago, his experience and observations made concerning missionaries in those foreign countries in which he had sojourned. Among other things, he stated that he had listened to a sermon by a missionary one Sunday on board a steamer carrying several hundred passengers. In his sermon, the missionary stated that he had endured every kind of hardship and privation, that he and his family were living from hand to mouth that they might save and win souls to Christ. After this harangue was over, the gentleman met the preacher on the upper deck and accosted him thus, —

"Did you not make some very strange remarks to-day for a man in your position?"

"No," said the missionary, "I told the truth."

"Oh! indeed," said the gentleman, "I see you do not remember me, but I know you quite well. Also I know that you have a handsome residence, where you keep in your employ just twenty servants. I know, too, that you own a fine cotton estate in India. I know that you have an interest in two cotton mills, one in Bombay, the interest of which yields you eight thousand dollars a year. I know that you have an interest in a prosperous mine, and I also know that you own a magnificent place on the Hudson in America and that your daily life is that of a prince; how dare you give such rubbish to these people?"

At this the gentleman stated that the missionary threw up his hands saying: "Oh, say no more about it, I see you know who I

am. But we have to tell such things to these people; it's the only kind of talk that will do the work and bring the desired effect." This was a confession from a cornered missionary of the highest standing, who has since the gentleman stated, retired, and is now living in America. This gentleman also mentioned that an honest missionary who had spent twelve years in China told him once, confidentially, that he believed that he had converted two Chinese in the twelve years. He believed he had, he was not quite positive.

Mr. Powers may well believe in the missionary reports and the statements made therein, but we, in India, know very well what they are doing. We know what kind of religion they are preaching, and also know what trouble they are making for the natives.

I read last year, in Bombay, a tract published by a missionary society reviling the Hindu religion in such terms that if a similar tract were published in this country, it would have caused bloodshed; the same would have been the case in India had it not been for the wise and conciliatory spirit of the Hindus. Quite recently the missionaries of India have published a work entitled "Theosophy Exposed." I am not a Theosophist, but the unjust and diabolical statements presented in that work are fair samples of how the missionaries work in India and how they present our religions to the world. And this is not all because of ignorance on their part.

I do not know why Christians glory in reviling everything not their own dogma. They forget their past history. How did they propagate their religion in times gone by? Was it by sweet reasonableness or by the use of the sword? The Protestants will say, "It was the Catholics who did that." Even in their own church let us take Luther, the great reformer. He exhibited great inhumanity towards Anabaptists, as appears from his own letter to his friend Myconius in which he writes: "I am pleased that you intend to publish a book against the Anabaptists as soon as possible. Since they are not only blasphemous but seditious men, let the sword exercise its right over them. For this is the will of God, that he shall have judgment who resisteth the Power." Luther only wanted sufficient strength and authority to be a theological despot. And later did not Calvin, the founder of that select body, Presbyterianism, order Servetus to be burned at the stake? I need not mention the name of Munzer, Archbishop Laud and others. Even now Protestants and Catholics, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists and others are pursuing one another with deadly hostility in Christian lands.

The Duke of Somerset once related how a Chinese mandarin was puzzled by having two kinds of Christianity presented

(Papist and Protestant). In India, there are representatives of some twenty-five different missionary societies, differing more or less in policy, organization, discipline and partially in doctrine. You cannot go anywhere in India without being confronted with the question, "To what church do you belong?" — and when told they may add, "Oh! there are so many so-called Christian bodies besides yours." How are we to understand which is right (if any)? Go settle your differences and show brotherly love among yourselves, and then come to us, if you can come not reviling. And what do the missionaries preach in India? I will let the missionary speak for himself. Bishop Caldwell says: —

> The people of this country [India] alone worship as gods, Vishnu, Shiva, Krishna and various similar gods. The very names of these divinities are unknown in every other country. Seeing then that Shiva, Vishnu and the rest of the Hindu divinities are worshipped as gods by the people of India alone, if they were really gods, they would certainly be very gracious to the people of this country. . . . They would certainly give proof of it by abusing the white men who do not worship them and by exalting their worshippers, the people of this country. They would bestow on the Hindus unbounded wisdom, favor and prosperity, and would probably commit to them the government of the rest of mankind. . . . How widely different is the condition of the Hindus! The supreme government of every part of India has passed into the hands of Christians.

This is the sheet anchor of Christian argument for superiority, but it is an old argument. The Mohammedans for eight hundred years have presented it in India, with the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other, but where are they to-day? Every one has his day. This is the Christian day, and he is producing the same argument at the point of the bayonet. The so-called disciples of the Bible believe in power as the supreme manifestation and demonstration of truth. So do we, but we go one step farther, and have declared for thousands of years to the world that power, indeed, is the test of truth, but goodness is the highest power in the world. If it is powerful to do, it is a hundred times more powerful to suffer. Such outpourings of savages over the land of Brahata, such scourges of the human race have been let loose upon the plains of beautiful India over and over again. But, like a meteor coming out of eternal darkness, flashing across our horizon of view and plunging back into eternal darkness — its origin and its mother's womb — all these oppressors and tyrants, with all their claim for truth and power, must, in the long run, melt like mist on the river, and the Hindu will live on, firm in his faith that goodness and not oppression is the highest power in the land.

In reply to my article, some of the church organs retorted by citing the alleged cruelties and superstition of the Hindus and the ignorance and slavery of their women. It seems that these

so-called religious people of America are better informed on Hindu matters than the Hindus themselves. For instance, they are told by the missionaries that women throw their babies in the Ganges, that the people throw themselves under the car of Jajanath. I had never heard of this story in India; it was only in the city of Chicago that these facts were brought to my notice, and I have spent considerable time at Benares on the Ganges. Shall I thank those church organs for enlightening me on matters which never at any time existed in India. Sir William Hunter, who resided many years in India, has publicly, in his works, exposed the missionary calumny of the car of Jajanath. As to the practice of widow burning, that was introduced centuries ago by the foreign conquerors of India — the Tartars — whose belief was that everything that was disposed of with a dead man he was sure to possess in the next life, and the ignorant and selfish Brahman priesthood readily availed themselves of the opportunity to set their iron heels on the necks of the masses who were fast becoming superstitious through foreign invasions. The old Vedic religion, which sanctioned for them the sacrifice of animals, was pliant enough to allow authority for this practice, and the Brahmans got hold of a text in Rig Veda which they mangled and misconstrued, and thus furnished divine sanction for suttee. Who were primarily responsible for this custom? Not the ignorant Brahmans, but the foreign barbarians who sucked the blood of India. The practice, however, has long since been abolished, and, even when it was in force, was practised only in a certain part of the country, and even there only among certain classes.

As to women and their education, why speak of their ignorance? The masses of India *are* uneducated, and is Hinduism or any other religion to be blamed for it? It is the saddest chapter in the history of India that the simple, spiritual people of that country, who wanted nothing from the outside world, who were happy in their own earthly paradise, and who had found solutions to some of the problems of which the Western scientists have no knowledge, were invaded by Greeks, Persians, Mongolians, Scythians, Mohammedans, and lastly by the Christians, and for no fault of theirs except ignorance of the art of killing man. And what have these foreign barbarians done for the education of the masses? As to the Christian government which we now have in India, it has established a number of schools, but not one of them is free to all classes of people. We thank the British government for founding the various educational institutions which have brought forth hundreds and thousands of graduates of universities, but it is a lamentable state of Christian enlightenment we find in the fact that the government of India (Christian)

has not even tried to educate the poorer classes without charging fees. The fees per month are more than many a man receives for his labor with which he must support his entire family. Education, then, is simply beyond their ability to obtain.

But to say that the masses in India are illiterate is quite different from saying that the women are in a state of slavery. To be sure, our women know nothing of the art of securing divorces, nor the art of evading the duties of motherhood. These and other like arts known and practised in Christian lands, our women are densely ignorant of. What do the missionaries know about the women of India? The political rights and the rights of inheritance and maintenance are greater than those of any women in the world. But the missionaries, moving in the northern part of India, where Mohammedan rule has spread terror among the Hindus by reason of the lustful and oppressive acts of the followers of the Arabian prophet, and compelled, as it were, the Hindus to keep their women secluded, take it for granted that that is the general condition of all women in India. Such hopeless ignorance has never been found in any other missionary except the Christian. The Christian missionary eats beef to convince the Hindu that there is no god under cow hide. The Hindu never believed that a cow was a god. But the missionary would say, Your wife cannot eat with you at the same time. I would say, She can but she would not, for reasons which I have not time or space to explain. In fact, if the missionaries were to devote half the time and effort in studying and understanding the religions and customs of India that they do in reviling and misconstruing them, there would exist at least a better state of brotherly love.

My dear friends of America — I must call you friends, for I find you a generous, noble, kindly disposed and liberal people — your liberalities are shown by the thousands of dollars you spend yearly in mission work hoping to help my people and others. I sincerely appreciate the nobleness of your good intention, but as a Hindu who has the interest of my people, as well as that of all mankind, at heart, allow me to speak freely. I have studied my own religion from childhood; I studied yours long before coming to America; I have studied your methods of administering it to us; I have studied your religion here in America; and my conscientious conclusions are that, for the most part, your thousands of dollars are misspent. The work, as it is done now by the missionaries, is largely productive of pernicious results. Not that it is so intended, by any means, but the facts remain the same. For instance, every missionary soon learns after coming to India, that he can come in contact with only the lowest caste of the Hindus. These poor people are ex-

ceedingly wretched and ignorant. Just remember that of two hundred and eighty-eight millions of people in India, one half of that number are never able to obtain but one meal a day from childhood to death, and often these poor people are induced to become Christians (if you can call it so) by the alluring promise of food, and as soon as these have once eaten meat or drank wine, they are forever outcast even from their own low caste. And now the trouble begins. Except where they are kept by the missionaries, even the English in India will seldom employ as servant a native convert. The reason is plain. The convert conceives the idea that with his conversion comes the liberty to do anything he chooses.

Education must precede the missionary if good is to come of it. The British Government has built schools, colleges and universities (not one free); it has built railroads and the telegraph, and has introduced many other improvements, but it has not spent one dollar for the improvement of India that does not bring in return large revenues to England, and our people are becoming poorer and poorer. If you really want to help the people of India, I would plead with you to reconsider and change your methods. Were you to institute free secular education, I believe that you would have the coöperation of all intelligent Hindus, and that caste and superstition as they now exist would melt away and a lasting good would be accomplished.

I have been confronted in this country with the statement, "But our missionaries are giving free education to your people." Will you tell me where and how many schools you have in India with not a cent of expense attached to them, and I will tell you the terms. They are free only to those who will give up their religion. For the man who holds to his caste system, there is no free education offered. Free secular education given to the people of India at the hands of the natives of India would do in a few years what the missionaries cannot do in a thousand years. If you would turn your thousands of dollars into free education and industrial institutions for India, you would accomplish all and more than you could anticipate.

WELLSPRINGS AND FEEDERS OF IMMORALITY.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

Second Paper, Lust Fostered by Legislation.

Sad creatures who on emerging from childhood have already nothing in the world, — neither liberty nor virtue nor responsibility. Souls which blossomed out yesterday and are faded to-day, like those flowers let fall in the streets which are soiled with every sort of mire while waiting for some wheel to crush them. . . . He who has only beheld the misery of man has seen nothing; the misery of woman is what he must see. He who has seen only the misery of woman has seen nothing; he must see the misery of the child. — Victor Hugo.

The time is coming when such laws as those which practically hand over innocent and unsuspecting girls and children to be the lawful prey of brutes in human shape — if they can get their consent, forsooth! to something of which they know nothing until it is too late — will be regarded with as much shame and indignation as the Fugitive Slave Law. Certainly as long as these states persist in leaving defenceless maidenhood without the protection of law, the vaunts about American chivalry and high regard for women and children sound as hollow as did the Declaration of Independence in the old slave states. — W. T. Stead.

I.

A forcible illustration of the presence in our civilization of a savagery which has come to us from that barbarous past when woman was in fact and theory the slave and toy of man's lust and caprice, is found in the attitude maintained by our legislators touching the protection of virginity from masculine lust. Not only is this illustrated in a most striking manner in the "age of consent" laws, but it is equally apparent in the inadequacy of statutory provisions prescribing means by which a pure child might legally find protection from the avarice of corrupt parents and for the proper punishment of those who traffic in the innocence of childhood. Let me emphasize this thought by citing a few thoroughly typical cases.

Charlton Edholm in her noble work, "Traffic in Girls," gives the details of the case of Nellie Gilroy.* This child was sold by a drunken mother to the woman's own paramour when the little girl was only twelve years old. She was a pretty child, and after being cast adrift found her way into a house of prostitution, the great maw which swallows up so many of our daughters who are sacrificed to the lust of moral lepers.

Another instance of the inadequacy of legislation for the proper punishment of those who traffic in girls and those who entice the young and unsuspecting into dens where the victim is powerless to prevent her pollution, is illustrated by a court item

* "Traffic in Girls," by Charlton Edholm. Published by the Woman's Temperance Publishing Association, The Temple, Chicago.

published in one of the Chicago dailies of Jan. 1, 1887, in which mention was made of a man being fined *one dollar* for enticing a young girl into a house of bad repute on the night of Dec. 29, 1886.

Another case came up in the Chicago courts a few years ago, the full details of which are given in "Chicago's Dark Places." The following extract from that work will serve to enlighten thoughtful persons as to the way in which legislators discriminate in favor of boys and men, and conventional society while ignoring immorality in the male sex makes an outcast of the girl who is lured from the path of virtue: —

A lad not yet sixteen enticed a girl of thirteen away from her home, took her to his married sister's and kept her there two or three days. They went for a walk each day and two or three times he induced her to yield to his desires. The law in this case is powerless to touch this vile youth. Had he been sixteen years of age his crime would have sent him to a penitentiary, but because he is under that age he is allowed to go scot free. On the other hand, a girl at *fourteen* years of age can give consent to a violation of her person. Look at this glorious consistency! A lad of sixteen is not responsible, but a girl of fourteen can be cajoled into yielding her virtue, and the scoundrel who thus persuaded her can walk out of court an "innocent person" in the eyes of the law.

Here is a striking case related by J. F. Percy, M. D.*: —

Not long since I was appealed to, because of my position as an officer in a charity organization, to invoke the aid of the law to prevent a girl fourteen years of age from being forced by her parents into a life of shame. The attorney of the society filed the necessary papers with the court in which the case was to be tried, and was informed that the law under which he made them out could not be construed to apply to the case in question; and furthermore, that there was no law in Illinois that would cover that case or similar ones. The case was such a pathetic one that the judge of our circuit court, after fully investigating the matter, advised the society to kidnap the child. Here, then, was an instance where the need of rescuing a young girl from parents who already had two daughters leading the lives of prostitutes was most urgent, yet no means but illegal ones could be used in that state to accomplish anything for her good.

I call the attention of men and women of convictions to the important fact that the only way this pure little fourteen-year-old child could be saved from pollution was by the friends of morality becoming law-breakers! And just here let me observe that if a government has any legitimate function, it is to secure equal and exact justice to all her children; to shield the weak from the outrages and the savage injustice of the strong, and to promote as far as possible the happiness of all her citizens. When a government legislates in the interest of one class and to the injury of other law-loving citizens, it has clearly exceeded

* This extract is taken from an able address delivered in 1882 by J. F. Percy, M. D., of Galesburg, Ill., on "Prostitution: Its Cause, and the Relation of the Medical Profession to Its Abolishment."

its function and has become in essence tyrannical and oppressive. But when that government so far forgets morality and justice as to place the age when a girl may consent to her ruin far below her majority; when our law makers deliberately shield lecherous men in the perpetration of the heinous crime of despoiling virginity by making it legal for a girl to consent to ruin at from ten to seventeen years of age; and furthermore, when a government refuses to enact laws which would suitably punish the criminals who sell little girls to moral lepers, while through its criminal indifference it compels those who would save the child from debauchees to become law-breakers in order to preserve the virtue of maidenhood — I say when a government becomes thus culpable she has passed beyond the stage of being merely unjustly discriminating and tyrannical, she has become immoral as well, and has inaugurated a policy as scandalous as it is unjust, as destructive as it is infamous; a policy which reminds one of Rome during her long, slow agony of decay after immorality had permeated the nation.

II.

I now wish to notice more at length the age of consent* statutes, which are essentially barbarous, and which reflect on the decency no less than the chivalry of our legislators; laws which in effect take from immature girls the mantle of protection, in so far as it relates to their most precious possession, and leave them an easy prey to depraved and brutalized men.

In order that we may appreciate the enormity of these essentially criminal enactments, let us look at them in connection with other statutes which are made for the protection of minors. Here, for example, is a girl fifteen years old. She has a little property left her which she wishes to sell or transfer, but the state, in order to protect her from undue influence or imposition, steps in and forbids the sale or transfer. She desires to make a contract; the state, again assuming the importance of protecting the minor, declares that the contract shall not be binding. She falls in love with a man and wishes to enter the bonds of honor-

* The age of consent laws are statutes which set the limit of age at which a girl may be ruined if her consent is won, while the moral leper who ruined her is shielded from the punishment his crime calls for. In Wyoming, where women enjoy full franchise, and in Kansas, where they have long enjoyed municipal suffrage, the age of consent has been raised to eighteen years; but with these honorable exceptions every state in the Union places the age of consent below the age recognized as the legal majority of girls. The existence of laws on our statute books which shield men grown old in vice when they lure to ruin girls of ten, twelve or even sixteen years, is a most eloquent answer to the false assertions that woman is a greater moral factor in shaping legislation without the ballot than she would be if the right of suffrage were hers. To those who are constantly raising the cry, as hackneyed as it is false, that "The hand which rocks the cradle is the hand which sways the world," we would put this question: How many states in our republic to-day would be disgraced by laws placing the age at which a girl may consent to her own ruin at from ten to sixteen years, if our wives, sisters and mothers had votes to cast, or were permitted to sit in the halls of legislation and aid in shaping the laws?

able matrimony; the state again interposes; she is not free to marry until she reaches majority. But if instead of marrying the girl her pretended lover desires to seduce her, she may legally consent, and the seducer can shield himself behind the "age of consent laws." In this illustration I have placed the girl's age at fifteen years, but the legislators in many of our states have placed the age at which somebody's daughter may consent to her ruin at from ten to fourteen years.

Let us take another case. A poor girl of sixteen is struggling to make a livelihood. She may have an invalid mother dependent upon her; winter is coming on. Her employer makes her extremity his opportunity; he lets her understand that the price of her position is the surrender of her virtue. It is a desperate alternative; her refusal means the street, with a strong possibility that she may be forced at last to a dive or a house of prostitution, or the river, as a refuge; perhaps the very life of a mother is involved. Does the law step in here and prevent this horrible crime? No, the fathers, brothers and husbands who make laws for men, women and children have stamped their own degradation on the statute books. The solicitous legislators have been careful to protect from prison the libertine whose heinous crimes should call for such prompt and effective treatment as would protect society against any future outrages. But the poor child, the helpless, defenceless victim, somebody's little girl who could not legally sell her gloves, finds no protection here when protection would mean everything.

Frequently little girls have been ruined for life by the promises of presents, and I have been informed that a bag of candy has proved sufficient to lure a little girl into a resort and win her consent to something about the real nature of which she knew nothing until she found her cries of agony absolutely unavailing. When in New York some time ago, the noble-souled matron of the Florence Crittendon Mission, Mother Prindle, as she is called by all those in the home, related the details of many cases which illustrated the practical working of these inhuman laws. The case of Nellie Conroy was one which impressed me deeply. The details of the ruin of this poor little girl, who was afterward rescued and is to-day an earnest worker for a higher morality, have been graphically given by Charlton Edholm in her work to which I have already alluded. Nellie was not yet in her teens when her ruin was accomplished. She was strikingly attractive in appearance. One day while looking in the window of a jewelry store she was accosted by a man whom she had several times noticed.

"Would you like a gold watch and chain and one of those diamond rings?" he asked in a velvet voice.

"Oh, yes," replied the child, her eyes fairly dancing in pleasurable anticipation.

"Well, pick out the ones you would like and you shall have them, as I own the store," replied the man. The child did so. Then he added, "Just come upstairs and when we come down I will get them for you."

The unsuspecting child followed him, carried away with the dream of the promised presents. The door opened; the bolt turned; the screams of the child availed not. She left the room robbed of her virginity and started on the path of prostitution. In closing the narration of this case, Mrs. Edholm says *: —

> Had she any redress? No, for the man would swear that she had accompanied him of her own free will, hoping to get the jewelry; and even though she did not understand what he wanted with her, the judge and jury, themselves fathers of little girls, would hold the child guilty and the man innocent.

If you ask why they would so hold, the answer is that the child was over the age which the state at that time assumed to protect little children from the lust of men who had sunk below the level of wild beasts, and to whom purity, honor and love were alike strangers.

III.

The pitiful pretext which has been advanced to excuse such legislation is, that without such laws the pillars of our society would fall victims to the wiles of designing little girls who have not yet reached maturity. This, it will be remembered, was substantially the plea put forth by Colonel Breckinbridge when his adulterous relations had been proved. If the subject was not so essentially urgent, and if it did not affect the very foundation of civilization, such a pretext as this which those who defend the age of consent laws advance, would not call for serious attention and might well be dismissed as too absurd for consideration. But since the very life of civilization depends upon the sturdy morality of the people, it is well to notice an important fact which takes from this pretext any shadow of force it might have had for any thoughtful mind. In our courts of law the burden of proof is placed upon the girl who brings the accusation, not upon the man who has committed the crime. And on this point I shall quote at length from a forcible argument made by Martha K. Pierce, LL. B. †: —

> Now as to the exact effect of dispensing with proof of the consent or non-consent of a girl, much apprehension prevails. It must not be imagined that even under such favorable circumstances as are secured by

* "Traffic in Girls," page 128.

† See "Some Legal Aspects of the Question," by Martha K. Pierce, LL. B., published by the W. C. T. U., Chicago, Ill.

this rule, the conviction of any guilty man would be certain. He would still have several possible defences, and could clear himself as readily by overturning the testimony of the plaintiff by evidence contradictory to her statements. as he could in any other criminal case. But when he is allowed to set up the plea of "consent" his acquittal is almost certain. If he can prove the acquiescence of his victim, no matter how o when it was obtained, he need not make any attempt to deny the commission of the crime, for it is only held to be complete when it is committed by force, " without the consent and against the will of the woman." The crime was so defined in early English statutes, and the definition is not satisfied by evidence that the reluctance of the girl was overcome by fraud, persuasion, rewards or promises. It makes one's blood boil to think of the relative chances afforded by our laws to mature vice, and youthful, trusting innocence. Occasionally we find in the reports the *dictum* of some judge to the effect that if the defendant intended to use force in case other means failed he can be found guilty; but it is evident that only a jury of skilful mind readers could hope to arrive at the truth in such an inquiry into thoughts and purposes. This distinction is practically valueless, but it shows that there are men, who, moved by a sense of the injustice of letting an offender go free because he took care to obtain the consent of some little girl of tender years by a gift of a pretty toy or a trifle of finery, would, if they could, stretch the provisions of our law far enough to bring him to punishment. On the other hand there are judges not a few who stretch the law to set a guilty man free.

A large number of the cases of the kind given in our state reports have turned upon the interpretation of the expressions "without her consent" or "against her will," one or both of which will be found in the statutes relating to girls beyond the age of ten. In New York it is held that "any fact tending to the inference that there was not the utmost reluctance and the utmost resistance, is always received." The People *versus* Dohring, 59 N. Y., is the case of girl of fourteen in the employ of the defendant. She was playing in his barn with two younger children when the defendant entered and sent the latter away. After locking the door he called the plaintiff down from the loft. Before she in the least comprehended his purpose, resistance was made practically useless, if not impossible. Still the court of last resort ruled that "she must resist until exhausted or overpowered, for a jury to find that it is against her will."

In Whittaker *versus* the State, 50 Wis., the court says, " We are satisfied that it is never proper or safe to instruct the jury in any case that this crime may be committed with the consent of the woman, however obtained." "Resistance and the dissent ought to have continued to the last, and the physical power of the woman must have been overcome by physical force." In this case the testimony of the woman, given in broken English, is affecting in its simplicity and earnestness, but her evidence could not outweigh that of the defendant, who depended upon "consent" as a defense.

In Commonwealth *versus* McDonald, 110 Mass., the supreme court held that the instruction of the judge of the lower court to the jury, that "the jury must be satisfied that there was no consent during any part of the act," was correct.

In a Michigan case (Don Moran *versus* the People, 25 Mich.), a physician, at whose house a consumptive girl of sixteen had been placed by her father for treatment, induced her by false representations as to the state of her health, the treatment necessary to her recovery, her father's wishes, etc., to consent. When found out and brought to trial he set up her willingness as a defense, but the lower court refused to admit it

because of the manner of obtaining it. He appealed to the supreme court, by whom it was declared that the charge of the judge of the lower court was erroneous; that some effect must be given to the words "by force and against her will" in order to bring the case within the statute. But in the desire of the judges to secure punishment of so artful and unprincipled a man as the defendant had proved himself to be, it occurred to them to suggest, on sending the case back for a new trial, that if the jury would find that the girl was so deceived as to be in fear of death unless she submitted, they might by such a finding satisfy the statute.

An attempt to commit this crime is punishable as a misdemeanor, and as the offense is extremely difficult to prove, guilty parties frequently receive the light penalty provided for the attempt, because of the failure of the prosecution to establish the principal charge.

It would not be pleasant, and I hope it is not necessary, to give many cases out of the host that appear in our state reports, in order to give fair knowledge of the workings of our laws; enough instances have been given, I trust, to show how the letter of these statutes kills all hope of justice when unscrupulous wrong-doers keep outside of their provisions, as they easily can. The sentiment of mankind has recognized the superior chastity of woman's nature; her natural purity of heart has been acknowledged and praised in prose and poetry, but our law does not recognize it; it doubts it; collects and weighs evidence against it, and unless a girl dies in the attempt to defend her honor, her innocence must be proved to the satisfaction of a jury of men.

That no man shall be allowed to take advantage of his own wrong is a legal maxim upon which sound and equitable rules of evidence which bear upon other crimes have been based. For instance, in the crime known as burglary, which is defined by the common law as the "breaking and entering a house in the night time with intent to commit a felony," breaking is essential to the completion of the offense, but it is settled law that his deceit will not be permitted to excuse a defendant who has, by fraud, prevailed upon the owner of a house to open his door to him. Here we see that any person, even a man of ripe age and sound mind, is protected by the law from the consequences of his folly in yielding to the false representations of an artful burglar. But the old English law did not entertain such sublime ideas of the honor of either sex as to "lay the blame of a mutual fault upon one of the transgressors only" (Blackstone IV., p. 211), and modern American law is shaped and moulded according to the same principle. So womanly purity is held to be fair game for wily Lotharios, who may take advantage of their own wrong and escape punishment in the form of action by showing to the judge and jury that their artifices were successful in leading their victims into error.

Girls below ten are, as we have seen, protected in this county; but what father or mother whose little daughter yesterday celebrated her tenth anniversary can bear the thought that she is now, in the eyes of the law, competent to so consent to the most grievous and irremediable of wrongs, as to exculpate from all blame her partner in the "mutual fault"?

This author further shows how unjust discriminations are made against women in the following striking words: —

I will now call attention to a defect in even the most advanced legislation, which practically nullifies efforts of reformers. I observe in the states in which seduction is made a felony, to be punished by imprisonment for a term of years, the statutes provide for the imposition of a

fine as an alternative. The little word "or" may have great weight in a statute. It is easy to see the object of its insertion in these new laws. It furnishes a cunningly devised way of escape for convicted persons from all real punishment. Possibly some poor, unfriended wretches may occasionally be sent to prison under these statutes, but no wealthy man will ever be so punished. Such men have the benefit of the clauses for their cases made and provided, and will be let off with the mere nominal penalty of a fine. And what a fine! One thousand dollars seems to be the limit of value that our modern legislators can place upon a woman's honor! We cannot afford to let such legislation stand. No amount of money, no political influence, should have power to shield the enemy of purity from a punishment which will impress upon him the fact that the decent portion of society abhors his sin. No woman, whatever her station, can escape the disgrace which follows upon a departure from the paths of rectitude. No legal penalty can be so swift, so lasting, so unerring in its searching hold upon the sensitive chords of feeling, as the shame which society heaps upon the miserable girl who falls a victim to deceit or fraud. It is but just, then, that every man who is proven guilty should have meted out to him a punishment worthy of the name. No chance should be given for his escape from the branding disgrace which a term in the penitentiary leaves.

Since the revelations made by Mr. W. T. Stead in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a moral agitation has been carried on in this country, with the result that in many states the age of consent has been raised; still, only two states, Wyoming and Kansas, have placed it at eighteen years. And it is a noteworthy fact that the moment the friends of social purity relax their vigilance, efforts are made to lower the age of consent. A very striking illustration of this character occurred a few years ago. After the moral cyclone which followed Mr. Stead's disclosures, the age of consent in New York was raised to sixteen years, but in 1890, when it was evidently supposed that the friends of social purity were no longer on the alert, Senator McNaughton introduced in the senate a bill to reduce the age of consent from sixteen to fourteen years. The judiciary committee reported favorably, and had it not been discovered just as its framers were preparing to crowd it through in the closing hours, it would doubtless have been passed. A few papers were courageous enough to denounce the bill in unmeasured terms, and it was killed. On the very day that Senator McNaughton introduced his bill to reduce the age of consent to fourteen years, an elderly man was convicted in the court of general sessions in New York City for abducting a fourteen-year-old school girl. This man was a trustee of one of the Hoboken churches, and had for years been employed in a Sixth Avenue hardware store. He took the girl first to a house of ill repute, but was refused entrance because the child was not the legal age — sixteen. He then went to a hotel, went upstairs alone, registered, and returned to take the girl with him, but the porter refused to let them go upstairs, as the child was so small. On leaving the house, he was arrested.

It is worthy of note that legislative sessions where this subject is considered are always secret, as it is said the matter is not fit for women to hear, and it would be highly demoralizing for young girls to know what is said. Was sophistry ever more glaring or hypocrisy more audacious? Mothers and maidens must not hear arguments advanced in favor of laws that protect blacklegs and libertines in their pastime of despoiling maidenhood. It is the laws, not the arguments advanced, that tend to pollute womanhood. It is the laws, not their exposure which leads to a cure, that are dangerous, and this is the one fact that must ever be kept in view.

Men and women of conscience and conviction, shall these immoral laws stand? Shall the wellsprings of immorality flow on while we maintain a criminal silence? We are confronted by a duty which, though unpleasant, is nevertheless of supreme importance. We must inaugurate a holy crusade. We must agitate and educate. We must not rest or relinquish our efforts until the evil laws which place the blister of shame on our statute books are replaced by laws springing from an awakened sense of justice and a higher regard for morality. We must go further; we must demand at all times a white life for two. The conscience of this nation must be awakened. The most startling and ominous fact which confronts thoughtful men and women is the scepticism and indifference of society in regard to fundamental reforms, and the faint heartedness of reformers. It is true we have our spasms of moral fervor, but after accomplishing a little in certain directions and in limited fields, they die out. What we need, what we must have, is a moral reformation, and the soldiers who enlist under this standard should count the costs and prepare to enlist, if at all, for life. Men and women of America, shall the wellsprings and feeders of immorality remain undisturbed, or shall a revolution be inaugurated which shall elevate man, woman and child, and mark our time as the dawn of humanity's golden age?

JAPAN: OUR LITTLE NEIGHBOR IN THE EAST.

BY HELEN H. GARDENER.

It is unfortunate, perhaps, but it is true that no Christian nation has ever had the respect for any so-called pagan country that Japan has recently extorted from all nations by her skill in war. It is rather a sad commentary, is it not, upon the followers of the Prince of Peace, that in despite of the gentle and fine nature of the Japanese, in despite of their skill, ability and honor, in despite of the fact that Japan has been sending to us many of her gifted young men as students in our colleges, we have looked upon and treated her with contempt and contumely until she was forced to show what she could do as a fighter?

As a gentle, peaceful, honest and honorable nation, Christians would have none of her except as a semi-contemptuous field for mission work. We would not even make citizens of her more gifted sons. As a slayer, as a fighter, she has brought all Christian nations to her side with hats off, and a surprised: "By Jove, she's great. She has won our respect. She must henceforth be reckoned with as a nation." In the abundance of our ignorance and self-righteousness we have presumed to send missionaries to the Japanese, and most of us must have read with surprise the civilized and gentle and humane messages to the soldiers which have been issued by the "minister of state for war," as he is called in that wonderful little country; here we would call him the secretary of war. One of these documents, carefully perused, must surely convince even our Board of Foreign Missions that so far as civilization goes it might better send its agents and reformers to Tammany Hall than to Japan; and that a people who can conduct even so brutal and brutalizing a thing as war upon such humane principles and still achieve wonderful victories over a larger power, is not especially in need of either our patronage or our particular brand of piety.

To one who is familiar, as I have had the good fortune to be for some years, with the character and nature of the Japanese, their present achievements and their nobility of conduct is not a great surprise, but is simply a confirmation. In a recent book by Lafcadio Hearn, he says: —

My own conviction, and that of many impartial and more experienced observers of Japanese life, is that Japan has nothing whatever to gain

by conversion to Christianity, either morally or otherwise, but very much to lose.

Commenting upon this another able writer remarks: —

This will not be pleasant intelligence to the American Board, but one who reads Mr. Hearn's book will find in his descriptions of the simple and childlike faith of the Japanese a great deal to confirm his convic-

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EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

tion. Mr. Hearn regrets that the cruel superstitions which the West has long intellectually outgrown — the fancies of an unforgiving God and an everlasting hell — are to replace the simple and happy beliefs of these people, and if this is the result of teaching them Christianity, it must be said that it is a sorry substitute for their heathenism.

The old life in Japan is rapidly passing away. The new civilization is taking its place, and Mr. Hearn has caught the phases of that older life, both religious and social, which it is really interesting for us to know. Instead of writing a book on the religious beliefs of the Japanese, he has exhibited in sketches of great *minuteness and detail the way*

in which the Japanese worship as Buddhists, and the effect which it has upon them. He says that except where native morals have suffered by foreign contamination, as in the open ports, the Japanese in the practice of virtue, in purity of life, and in outward devotion far outdo the Christians.

Which to one who has tested this devotion and virtue and purity of life, is neither a new point of view nor a startling fact.

Yet only last summer we had the humiliating spectacle in the state of Massachusetts of the refusal of the right of citizenship to one of this race, who was a gentleman of scholarship and of position; who had been a student of ability at several of our leading schools and colleges, and who was studying medicine at Washington University when the death of his father required that he leave school, and he then became a merchant. He is married to an educated American girl, and is the father of an American-born son. At the same time, we were "naturalizing" hundreds of the low and worthless from European countries, many of whom are not as "white" as he is, while their ignorance is a menace to our form of government, and whose low and corrupt natures (which are pretty generally run in the Roman Catholic mould and are wearing its brand) are furnishing the world at the present moment with the unexampled spectacle of corruption, vice and crime — which is being commented upon from St. Petersburg to London and Paris — afforded by the revelations of the Lexow Investigation Committee, under the search light of which are being displayed the inner history and workings of Tammany Hall.

To deny citizenship to Shebata Saito, a Japanese gentleman and scholar, and by so doing to cast a stigma upon every son of that brave, beautiful little island of the East, and to grant not only citizenship but political power and preferment to the Sheehans, Crokers, McKanes and their political heelers, is both political and financial madness in any country. No nation can be prosperous and happy while under the rule of the class of rogues and moral idiots who have made of our local and national politics a mere intricate mechanism of vice and crime and extortion.* We had the spectacle a short time ago of most of these same gentlemen who are now squirming under the pitiless lash of Mr. Goff of the Lexow Committee, forming a solemn procession up Fifth Avenue to "venerate" the relic of Saint Ann.

* Mr. Goff's demonstration of Tammany's depravity made at the Saturday afternoon session of the Lexow Committee renders it impossible for any decent man to admit openly that he will vot the Tammany ticket. It was, as Mr. Goff said, a "climax of horror." We have all been forced to take a low view of police and Tammany morals, but few of us had believed such depth of vileness as this possible. It had been shown that the police shared the profits of swindlers, gamblers, prostitutes and liquor dealers, but it was not suspected that they went lower than this and shared the profits of a crime of such unspeakable loathsomeness that its mere name is an offence in decent society. Yes, Mr. Goff showed us a police justice sitting on the bench, and not merely shielding a regular practitioner of this crime from punishment, but conniving with him in his guilt. — New York *Evening Post.*

It is true that most of our Japanese applicants for citizenship would be far more likely to "venerate" honor and truth and a clean and upright life. With their intense sense of absolute personal responsibility and uprightness, it is not likely that they would band together to plunder, debase and outrage a whole city and nation, and to live in luxury on the enforced vice of its outcast women, as many of these men did, even while sitting in

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judgment upon, and dealing out law to, petty criminals whose crimes were as snow compared to their own vicious lives, and then attempt to fulfil their moral and religious obligations vicariously by "venerating" an old bone in a glass case. No, decidedly, the Japanese can hardly be looked upon by our present politicians as at all desirable citizens. They could not be relied

upon to join in the blackmailing business. They would be a difficult element to control and use. The offscourings of Europe, if they had been made to order, could not better suit the taste of the politicians of to-day.

MR. SHEBATA SAITO.

In his decision against Mr. Shebata Saito, Judge Colt held as follows: —

> This is an application of a native of Japan for naturalization. The act relating to naturalization reads that "The provisions of this title shall apply to aliens being free white persons, and to aliens of African nativity and to persons of African descent." The Japanese, like the Chinese, belong to the Mongolian race, and the question presented is whether they are included in the term "white persons."
>
> These words were incorporated in the naturalization laws as early as 1802. At that time the country was inhabited by three races—the Caucasian or white race, the Negro or black race, and the American or red race. It is reasonable, therefore, to infer that when Congress, in designating the class of persons who could be naturalized, inserted the qualifying word "white," it intended to exclude from the privilege of citizenship all alien races except the Caucasian.

This is probably true in a measure, but it seems far more likely that at that time (1802) the intent of Congress was to exclude negroes and Indians, both of which have since been made citizens. (In South Dakota the Indians are made citizens if they will accept land in severalty.) Judge Colt continues: —

> But we are not without more direct evidence of legislative intent. In 1870 after the adoption of the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution,

prohibiting slavery, and the fourteenth amendment, declaring who shall be citizens, the question of extending the privilege of citizenship to all races of aliens came before Congress for consideration. At that time Charles Sumner proposed to strike out the word "white" from the statute; and in the long debate that followed the argument on the part of the opposition was that this change would permit the Chinese (and therefore the Japanese) to become naturalized citizens, and the reply of those who favored the change was that this was the very purpose of the proposed amendment.

Why "therefore"? As we all know, Spaniards, Poles, Italians, Mexicans and others are quite as dark, quite as far from being "white," as are the Japanese. The color test, then, was not fairly applied by Judge Colt. But if it was, as Judge Colt says, the especial purpose of Congress to exclude the Chinese, it was *not* the special purpose and thought in passing that law to exclude those who were not Chinese. If it is fair and judicial to go behind the word "white" to find at whom the law was directly levelled, and if he finds that it was the expressed intent to so frame it as to exclude the Chinese, then it is fair also for him to conclude and to argue that since it was not levelled at the Japanese — since that was not the intention of Congress — they are not under its ban. If we can go behind the returns or behind the face of the wording to discover "intent," and we find that the intent was to hit one thing, surely we may remain behind those returns long enough to discover that since it did not mean the Japanese, they are therefore not excluded by the act. In construing the "intent" of the law is it not better to be logical and sincere and fair? The motive in excluding the Chinese was said to be that they sent to us their lowest element. Japan has never done this. It is her student and merchant class, elements which our country can well afford to encourage to come to us, which Japan has always sent.

In conclusion Judge Colt said: —

> Whether this question is viewed in the light of congressional intent, or of the popular or scientific meaning of "white persons," or of the authority of adjudicated cases, the only conclusion I am able to reach, after careful consideration, is that the present application must be denied.

As we have seen, according to Judge Colt's own statement, that the "intent" was aimed at the Chinese, he having gratuitously flung in a "therefore" in order to include the Japanese, and as we all know that many of the nations whose representatives we do naturalize are less "white" than are the Japanese, it seems to me that the decision fails of a basis upon which to be sustained; while upon the grounds of expediency America has much to gain and nothing to lose by treating our little neighbor in the East with the dignified and honorable consideration which her character deserves.

In talking not long ago with one of the young Japanese students, who had been sent to a university in Germany and afterward to this country, in order to educate him in the political economy of the Western nations, and who was going back to his own country to hold a high political position after having been thus fitted for it, he said something of adopting the Christian religion as a state religion in Japan. He told me that if done it would be done entirely as a political measure. He said that their religion made it almost an impossible thing for one man to be very rich and his relatives to be very poor; that great inequalities in wealth were looked upon as disgraceful, and that therefore the wealth of Japan could not accumulate in a few hands, leaving the other inhabitants at a wretched disadvantage.

"Now we students observe," he said, "that in all Christian countries these great inequalities of wealth not only exist, but are encouraged by public sentiment and legislation. This being the case, the Christian countries have distanced us in enterprise, invention and material properity — in the upper classes at least. Therefore we are thinking seriously in our country of formally adopting a religion which will enable us to do the same way."

"But," said I, "would not this be a distinct ethical descent?"

"Undoubtedly, madam! But it is a good commercial religion, and Japan is trying to hold her own now with the Christian nations. Assuredly an ethical and moral descent, but a commercial advantage." This was all said quite seriously and simply. That is the way this student looked upon it after six years of study in Europe and after two years of study and observation in this country.

I am tempted to give here the full text of the recent military order of which I spoke, together with the portrait of the now famous man who issued it. I have not at hand, at the present moment, the one issued first by the emperor, which was fuller, and which, so the native papers state, was received by the soldiers with great delight and obeyed not only in letter but in spirit. I copy from a Japanese paper the official order: —

Count Oyama, minister of state for war, has issued the following notification to the army: —

Belligerent operations being properly confined to the military and naval forces actually engaged, and there being no reason whatever for enmity between individuals because their countries are at war, the common principles of humanity dictate that succor and rescue should be extended even to those of the enemy's forces who are disabled either by wounds or disease. In obedience to these principles, civilized nations in time of peace enter into conventions to mutually assist disabled persons in time of war without distinction of friend or foe. This humane union is called the Geneva Convention, or more commonly the Red Cross Association. Japan became a party to it in June, 1886, and her soldiers have already been instructed that they are bound to treat

PRIME MINISTER, COUNT ITO.

with kindness and helpfulness such of their enemies as may be disabled by wounds or disease. China not having joined any such convention, it is possible that her soldiers, ignorant of these enlightened principles, may subject diseased or wounded Japanese to merciless treatment. Against such contingencies the Japanese troops must be on their guard. But at the same time they must never forget that however cruel and vindictive the foe may show himself, he must nevertheless be treated in accordance with the acknowledged rules of civilization; his disabled, succored, his captured must be kindly and considerately protected.

It is not alone to those disabled by wounds or sickness that merciful and gentle treatment should be extended. Similar treatment is also due to those who offer no resistance to our arms. Even the body of a dead enemy should be treated with respect. We cannot too much admire the course pursued by a certain Western country which in handing over an enemy's general complied with all the rites and ceremonies suitable to the rank of the captive. Japanese soldiers should always bear in mind the gracious benevolence of their august sovereign, and should not be more anxious to display courage than charity. They have now an opportunity to afford practical proof of the value they attach to these principles.

(*Signed*) Count Oyama Iwao,
Minister of State for War.

(*Dated*) September 22, the 27th year of *Meiji*.

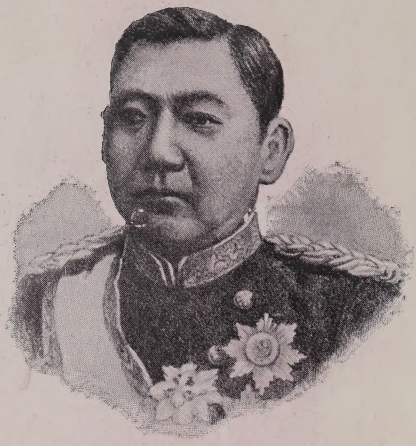
To show how this order has been received and acted upon by the Japanese soldiers, I quote the following paragraph from a London daily paper two months later: —

London, November 6. A despatch to the *Central News* from Shanghai says the Chinese army has been thrown into a panic by the Japanese victories, and is still fleeing before the Japanese. The Chinese troops in Manchuria are robbing the natives, and committing horrible atrocities wherever they pass. The Japanese, on the other hand, are treating the Chinese well, and are consequently received with open arms by the natives, who are furnishing them with supplies of various kinds.

In a private letter I am told by one who ranks high in Japan: —

Our troops fought like what you call demons, but it was no unusual sight after the battle was over to see our men who were slightly wounded themselves carrying or dragging more seriously wounded Chinamen to the relief posts, where they could receive better care. It was too com-

MINISTER OF STATE,
COUNT INONYE.



MINISTER OF WAR,
COUNT OYAMA.

MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS,
VISCOUNT MUTSU.

MINISTER OF COMMUNICATION,
COUNT KURODA.

JAPANESE CABINET MINISTERS.

THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH BUILT BY THE COREANS TO WELCOME THE RETURNING JAPANESE TROOPS AFTER THEY HAD DRIVEN THE CHINESE FROM COREA.

mon to attract notice to see them share with the wounded or captured enemy their food or covering, and it was done in a spirit which your nation would call "Christian," but it was done by our soldiers, many of whom never heard of Christ, quite as often and quite as gladly as by those of us who have had that pleasure. I am proud of our men to-day, more proud than I can tell you, for, as you know, I have seen war in Germany, in France and in America, and I am glad to feel sure that civilization is not local, and that my own little nation is not behind the highest and the best in some ways at least.

There is no "waving of the bloody shirt" in that, even if there is a slight touch of it in the enthusiastic letter of a younger man who was educated not a thousand miles from Boston, and who felt so keenly the stab our government gave his people in the Saito decision that he went back home with a scar in his gentle heart, and a good deal less admiration for our institutions and our sense of fairness and liberty than he had when he came here. In one letter he says quaintly: —

In the war, which took place recently between our country and China, I have just receive the telegram that the Japanese regiment got a victory by the second fight. I think I can receive the cheerful information that the our soldiers have soon reached to Peking. I have already send you a map of Corea a few days awile ago, and hereafter whenever the card of war is published I will send you that quickly for it is all go our way.

In common with many foreigners of all nations he has lost some of the facility acquired in the English language while here, but his meaning remains sufficiently clear to make it plain, even as we smile over the evident fact that he does not wholly love the Chinese, and that his faith in "our side" is pretty able bodied; that he has the vitality and enthusiasm of youth everywhere. His letters upon other than war topics are as charming and gentle as was his own dignified small self, and had I space to reproduce some of his fun and philosophy it would make plain to the dullest that we have much to gain and nothing to lose if our government should decide to treat with fairness and respect the wise and cheerful little "pagan" nation which is standing out now like a Bantam facing a Shanghai, and is, meantime, displaying to an almost unparalleled degree, even in war, what we in our self-righteousness are pleased to call the "Christian virtues."

Just as this article was sent to the printer, my Japanese mail arrived. One letter from a gentleman who was once a student here contains such a cleverly written presentation of the present situation that I give the part of it which deals with public affairs: —

Now if you remember what I wrote in my last, you will see that my words hold good so far as the Japanese arms have not met with reverse yet. Judging from the clippings you sent to me, and also from the American papers which I take, your people are also misled by the ridiculous, false reports sent from China. Poor China is trying hard to make

COUNT GENERAL YAMAMURA AND FOUR OF HIS MAJOR GENERALS.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

the Western countries believe that she is victorious by bribing the editors of the English papers in China and Japan. It is perfectly safe to regard all the war news about Japan's reverses coming *via* China as entirely false. The bribed English papers in China and Japan have their correspondents in Corea, who manufacture all kinds of news that they think is disadvantageous to Japan. You may be surprised to learn the fact that all the English papers published in Japan wish that Japan will get a licking good and hard. The only paper that I think is independent and fair is the *Japan Mail*, two copies of which I mailed to you by last steamer.

All these English papers have done their best to say good things of the Chinese forces in Corea, but they cannot twist the facts and have finally to admit that the Japanese arms have been crowned with victory both by land and sea. Still they don't like to style the Chinese army "defeated." Their latest invention in the way of twisting facts is that they call the Chinese defeat and flight "a brilliant military achievement — a masterly retreat." They have finally come down to admit that it was a Chinese defeat at Phyong Yang on September 16, but they call that "a masterly retreat," and also say there was no battle at all, and that the Japanese had simply a "walk-over." Well, a retreat that involves the loss of artillery, stores, treasures, two thousand killed and four thousand wounded and captured, must be looked upon from a novel point of view, indeed, in order to appear particularly "masterly."

When the foreign papers in the East are in such a bribable state, it is not to be wondered at that you do not get any straight news from your papers. As evidence of the absurd reports, in some of the papers you sent me, they said that the Coreans fear and hate the Japanese. Now I will send you a picture of the triumphal arch which the Coreans themselves built for our troops to march back under after the great victory. The rejoicing was universal and you will see the way our troops were welcomed. Even in China this is often the case, because of the terrible brutality of the Chinese soldiers (if one may call such a scurvy mob soldiers when one knows their conduct toward the citizens). I shall tell you, as I promised, more fully of this, though it is a dreadful thing to tell; it is more dreadful that it can be and is true. Silence cannot prevent it, and perhaps publicity may help prevent some of it in the future.

There have been four battles in all so far since the outbreak, two on land and the other two on the sea. The first was the sea fight, off Fantao, in which our war vessels sank a Chinese transport with eleven hundred soldiers on board, and captured a Chinese gun boat, "Sowko," and put their cruiser, "Chie-Yuen," to flight. The second was a fight at Song Hwa and Asan. The enemy was defeated, with five hundred killed and wounded. The Japanese casualities were about seventy in all. The above two can hardly come in the sphere of the word battle, but the third and fourth, respectively on land and sea, were quite decisive. Fight number three, the battle of Phyong Yang, showed how little the Chinese army is worth. Our forces smashed the enemy to such an extent that there are practically no Chinese soldiers now in Corea. With two thousand killed and over four thousand wounded and captured, all the Celestials fled pell-mell to the Chinese frontier. You know the Chinese army is far superior numerically to ours, and although over ten thousand have been killed, wounded and captured so far, the pig-tail country will not suffer much from so slight a loss of inhabitants.

But fight number four, the naval battle off Hai Yan Island on September 17, resulted in the loss to the Chinese navy of five men-of-war. That is a loss they will feel, while our fleet lost none and three vessels were only slightly damaged. The two big Chinese ironclads sustained great damage. This loss of five good cruisers cannot fail to be a great blow

to China; it is not now too much to assert that the crack "Peiyang Squadron" has been deprived of its fighting strength. It follows, therefore, that the Gulf of Pechili is in the control of our united squadrons, so you see all the laurels have been given to us thus far, and we do not for an instant entertain any doubt as to the consummation of our purpose. Our army in the Chinese frontier is expected to march "on to Peking," which is the cry all over Japan. The only trouble I fear is that the colder season has set in and our army may not be able to march to Peking before next spring. One thing is certain, that our people are united in wishing to have our army march to the Chinese capital and dictate terms.

The two great New York papers, *World* and *Herald* have sent their own correspondents to the seat of battle, and I understand they are now back in Japan. The ——— correspondent is reported as speaking very fairly about our troops and it is believed that he is sending truthful reports, so that you will get straight news now.

We are treating the Chinese captives very kindly, and their wounded are receiving just as good medical service as our own. The Chinese are so barbarous and have done a great many things, as I said, which I hate to write about. Before we routed them at Phyong Yang they were about twenty thousand strong, and were all-powerful over that unfortunate city. They robbed the people right and left, and ordered them to present the pretty young women of the town, a great many of whom were carried away and kept in the Chinese camps. It is not necessary to say the rest. It seems to me that such soldiers can hardly be called human beings. They are a disgrace to Asia. Over six hundred Chinese captives have arrived in Japan. I saw them on their way from the station. They are the most wretched-looking lot of people I ever looked upon. So much for our war affairs. I shall send you the *Japanese Mail* whenever it contains interesting accounts in the future, but don't you believe any news coming *via* China or England. I think that any war news approved by the Japanese legation at Washington will always be trustworthy, since they get their news straight from our government.

From another correspondent in a different part of Japan, whose letter reached me by the same mail, I take this interesting bit of naval history: —

Our warships received much damage, of course, in this encounter. The "Matsushima" received the severest damage. On her, thirty-seven were killed and more than seventy wounded. The "Hiyei" caught fire once so had to leave the ranks to put out the fire. She returned after putting out the fire. Then it was after our fleet defeated the Chinese. The "Akagi," our boat, lost her captain. The captain was up on a mast and was commanding to direct the guns toward the chief officers of the enemy. Just then a cannon ball struck the mast, and his body above the waist was cut off and thrown overboard. Instantly a sailor dived for it and brought it back. How was that for gallant conduct? Captain Sakamoto was killed, it is true, but it was the result of his effort (brave would not convey the idea of the braveness of his effort) that the general commander of the "Northern Fleet" (Chinese), as well as many other high officials, were killed and wounded. The fourth of our boats that received damage was the steamer "Saikyo." It is not a war ship, but a large mercantile steamer, which was made one of the reporting ships. It was the largest of them all, so of course the poor Chinamen thought it was the best — perhaps the flag ship — and fired most on her. Her rudder was broken, so in leaving the ranks

she ran full speed toward the enemy's fleet between their two best ironclads. They thought the steamer was coming to run against theirs, and the two ironclads parted themselves. The "Saikyo" passed between them safely, within sixty metres of them. Two torpedoes were fired toward her, but she was too near and so the Chinese torpedoes just swam under the bottom of the "Saikyo" and she sailed into port safely!"

Still another enthusiast writes: —

I am very much obliged to you for those American newspapers. It is intensely interesting to us to learn how the outside world is discussing the trouble we have here. I can write you in large type of the news we have on hand. The complete victory at Heijyo! And China "is in the soup." Excuse that expression, but I learned it in America. We feel as if the war is over. The next step is to take Peking, and that won't take very long now. Our navy has got possession of a large island near the entrance of the bay along which Tientsin is situated. The attack on Heijyo was only for a few hours, and then over — ten thousand killed and captured! We lost about twenty, and two hundred and fifty wounded, that is all. The Chinese had the strong defence by natural condition of the country, but their skill in war was very weak. We feel as if we are not fighting against men in arms. You will see the name of Japan will be the strongest in the Orient hereafter.

As you know, we captured one man-of-war in the last naval battle. It is the first time we ever captured the enemy's boat, and we have put her into our service. The captain of her, I tell you, is in a risky position, as the Chinese have their eyes on her, but she is well "painted and powdered" and is ready to go to the wedding any day. I sincerely hope that some of the Chinese navy will come out and make a fight against her. We will then show how the skilled can use their own boat. . . . Our people are wild with the last victory. A great many public dinners are given. The Emperor gave a big dinner to the military officers of the army and navy. Our honored Emperor went to Hiroshima to take the sole command of the forces himself. Hiroshima is a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants, and is the nearest town on the main island to Corea.

Another correspondent, who has been a student of sociology and of political economy in both Europe and America, views the situation thus: —

Just now with us everything has ceased except stories of the war. We Japanese are entirely united, even though the different political parties have hitherto held divided opinions. The whole Japanese people now does everything according to the will of the Emperor, the highest authority over land and sea. The Parliament claims everything for the war, and this war has given us the opportunity to show the foreign powers that we Japanese are progressive, that we do not stand behind any nation. On the other hand, the war has taught us that there is more patriotism awakened in the hearts of the poor than in the fine and glittering circles of rank and riches; by that I mean to say that the poorer people are more patriotic than the richer ones. The poor willingly give their last penny for the soldiers. To be sure the rich people also give largely, even a hundred thousand dollars for their fellowmen, but that is only a small part of their whole property in proportion to what is given by the poor. I think that these things will have their effect, and that after the war, a great social awakening will occur among

us. Whether my prophecy will be fulfilled or not, we must wait quietly to see. Just now there is little time for speech making or philosophising, and our eyes are upon Peking.

And this is the class and quality of manhood that America does not find suitable for citizenship! I have copied these letters just as they stand. They are from different classes and localities — from men of rank and from men of no rank. They were private letters. Their writers had no thought that they would be printed, although I am quite sure they will not object to this use of them. I question very much if many of our American citizens send out private letters which display more strong individuality, ability, insight, philosophy and good breeding.

THE SHAME OF AMERICA—THE AGE OF CONSENT LAWS IN THE UNITED STATES: A SYMPOSIUM.

I. History of Recent Years, and Present Status of Age of Consent Laws, by Aaron M. Powell, Editor of The Philanthropist.

Age of consent laws, in their usual acceptation, refer to the crime of rape, and designate the age at which a young girl may legally consent to carnal relations with the other sex. Statutes pertaining to rape provide, in varying phrase, for the punishment of "whoever ravishes and carnally knows a female by force and against her will," at any age; and also penalties for whoever unlawfully and carnally knows a female child, with or without consent, under a given age. That age varies in different states in the United States, and in different countries. Under the old English Common Law the age was ten, sometimes twelve, years. Until within the last decade the old Common Law period of ten, sometimes twelve, years was the basis of the age of consent legislation of most of the states, and also of the law of Congress pertaining to rape in the District of Columbia and other territory under the immediate jurisdiction of the national government. It still continues the basis of the age of consent laws of North Carolina, South Carolina and Alabama, wherein the age remains at ten years, and in Texas, Kentucky, Wisconsin and Louisiana wherein the age is twelve years.

It was not until after the astounding revelations made by Mr. Stead, in 1885, of the crimes against young girls in London that the age of consent laws in the United States began to arrest attention, except in courts of law, on this side of the Atlantic. Even then the age of consent in England was thirteen years. One outcome of Mr. Stead's shocking exposures was the speedy raising of the age by the British Parliament from thirteen to sixteen years, Mr. Gladstone and others advocating eighteen. The New York Committee for the Prevention of State Regulation of Vice has been at work for ten years to thwart the periodical efforts made to introduce in New York and other American cities the odious Old-World system of licensed and state-regu-

SOME DEFENDERS OF THE HOME.

HELEN H. GARDENER.

FRANCES E. WILLARD. WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

REV. A. H. LEWIS, D. D.

O. EDWARD JANNEY, M. D. AARON M. POWELL

lated vice; but its members were quite unaware, until Mr. Stead's startling London revelations suggested the inquiry here, that, by the age of consent laws of New York and of most of the states, young girls of ten years were made legally capable of consenting to their own ruin, and that at that time in one state, Delaware, the age was at the shockingly low period of seven years! Bad as English law had been shown to be in its inadequate protection of girlhood our own legal position in relation to exposed young girls was found to be still worse. The New York committee, as soon as the facts were known, inaugurated a campaign of petitions to sundry state legislatures and to the Congress of the United States, asking that the age be raised to at least eighteen years, and the work was also entered into earnestly and effectively by the Woman's Christian Temperance Unions and the White Cross societies. Changes in the age of consent laws soon followed in many states.

In New Hampshire and Utah the age is now (November, 1894) thirteen years, the same as in England before Mr. Stead's investigation. In twenty states the age is now fourteen years, viz.: Maine, Vermont, Connecticut, Michigan, Indiana, Missouri, Idaho, New Mexico, Arizona, North Dakota, Maryland, West Virginia, Georgia, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Nevada, California and Oregon. In Montana the age is fifteen years. In eight states the age is sixteen years, viz.: Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Washington, South Dakota, Arkansas and Colorado; and also in the District of Columbia. In Tennessee the age is sixteen years and one day, the one day having been added as a facetious amendment while the matter was under consideration in the Tennessee Legislature. In Florida the age is seventeen years. In two states, Wyoming and Kansas, the age is eighteen years. In Delaware "an act for the better protection of female children," passed March 29, 1889, fixed the age at fifteen years. In Texas, in 1890, the age was reported by the secretary of state as twelve years; in Louisiana, twelve years; and in Mississippi, sixteen years. Official answers to our last inquiries from these four states have not yet come to hand.

Several attempts have been made in different states to lower the age of consent again after it had been raised. Thus far, fortunately, they have not been successful. In the New York Senate, in 1890, a bill was introduced to lower the age of consent from sixteen to fourteen years. It was reported favorably by the senate judiciary committee, but vigorous protests against the proposed retrograde legislation were promptly sent to Albany by the friends of purity, and the disreputable scheme was defeated. It was understood to have originated with Rochester attorneys who sought thus to provide a way of escape for a

client, a well-to do debauchee guilty of despoiling a young girl under the legally protected age of sixteen. Another attempt was made in the New York legislature, in 1892, this time in the assembly, to lower the age of consent from sixteen to fourteen years. A motion made to amend thus the penal code was adopted by a *viva voce* vote, and was about to be declared carried, when the chairman of the judiciary committee, realizing its serious import, called for the yeas and nays, declaring that on such a measure the constituents of every member should know how his vote was cast, and that all should therefore go on record. This effectually killed the unworthy amendment, proposed, it was understood, in the interest of the brothel-keepers of New York. In the Kansas senate, in 1889, a bill was introduced and passed to lower the age of consent in that state from eighteen to twelve years. The house was flooded with earnest protests, and its judiciary committee reported adversely the disgraceful senate bill.

In noting the changes of the last decade in the age of consent laws of this country, it is a suggestive fact that the two states in which the age of legal protection for girlhood has been raised to eighteen years are states in which women vote — Wyoming, upon equal terms with men, and Kansas, in municipal elections. In Colorado, where a legislature has recently been chosen, for the first time with the help of women voters, and wherein the age of consent is now sixteen, it is to be hoped that the age may be promptly raised to at least eighteen years.

It is a great scandal to the whole American nation that there are eight states which still have age of consent laws upon their statute-books making it possible for young girls of ten and twelve years legally to consent to their own ruin. It is a type of legislative barbarism which ought to be at once and forever abolished. It is a shame to puritan New England that, after all the discussion of this important subject in recent years, it still has one state, New Hampshire, which shares with Utah the disgrace of fixing the age of consent at thirteen years; and that Maine, Vermont and Connecticut extend legal protection to the young girls of those states only to the age of fourteen. With seventeen other states, the age of consent laws of which fix the age at the unreasonably and inexcusably low period of fourteen years, the need of a vigorous crusade, in behalf of exposed girlhood and in the interest of public morality, against such shameful legislation, should be obvious to all. Neither at fourteen nor sixteen should the young girl be left legally a prey to the merciless, wily sensualist and debauchee. It is not too much to ask in any state that the age of legal protection for the person be made at least to equal that of property.

II. What Shall the Age of Consent Be? by Helen H. Gardener.

When I am asked to present an argument against lowering the age of consent, or when I am requested to write the reasons why that age should be raised to at least eighteen years, it impresses me very much as if some one were to ask me gravely, if I would be so kind as to try to think up some fairly plausible grounds upon which one might base an objection to the practice of cutting the throats of his neighbor's children whenever that neighbor happened not to be at home to protect them; or to furnish a demurrer to the act of inoculating the community with small-pox as a matter of ordinary amusement. There is not, there never has been, there never can be any fact in nature that is not a protest in letters of flame against the infamy of legal enactments which place the innocence and ignorance of childhood at the mercy of licensed lechery.

To begin with, no being who is not too degraded or too utterly mentally and morally diseased to be a safe person to be at large, could wish that a little child, a baby girl fourteen, twelve, aye, ten years of age should be made, as is the case in many of our states, the legal and rightful prey of grown men. There is no argument. There is no basis for a difference of opinion. No man on earth would pass or want passed such a law for his own child, for his own sister, for any one for whom he cared. It is too gross, it is too inhuman for words. No legislature on the earth, if its discussions were open to women, if women were present at its sessions, would ever have passed such acts. No man who ever lived, no man who ever will live, could justify his vote in its favor, with his wife or his mother or his sister beside him, with his own little girl looking into his eyes. Now, legislation that is not good enough, just enough, based upon principle and honor enough to meet the open understanding and approval of the mothers of a nation, can ever result in anything but disaster for that nation.

What good can it do any human being to have the age of consent below that at which honorable marriage or the right to sell property comes to a girl? Who is to profit by it? Surely not that girl, since by her immature "infant" judgment she has wrecked her whole life, while the law protects her against her "infant" judgment in immaturely squandering or deeding away her property. Who is to profit by it? Whom is it intended to benefit? There can be but one answer. It is a law in the interest of the brothel, in the interest of the grade of men who prey upon the ignorance and helplessness of childhood.

"Ah, but," says one, "there are wild and bad and perverted

girls, who would lay traps for inexperienced boys, who are not over eighteen years of age, and by threats thereafter blackmail them into marriage." That is the only attempt at an argument that I have ever heard on that side of the question. It is easily answered. Let the boy and the girl stand upon precisely the same legal footing. Let the law not favor her in the least. Let it not hold him, any more than it does her, to account in such a case. Where both are children, "infants before the law" let both be treated as children, and give no legal advantage to either.

But this plea is and has always been a mere blind subterfuge. Such cases are too rare to demand very serious consideration. It is not, and it never has been to protect the lads who may be led into indiscretion by designing young girls that such laws were made. It is to shield men of mature and vicious lives from the results of their most heinous vices. It is to cater to crime against the baby girls of the lower and middle classes of the race, and to foster the vilest traffic that was ever known to human beings, that men who are our fathers and brothers have met in secret session and framed and passed such laws — sessions so secret that even some of the members of the legislatures themselves, after years of service for their states, assure us that they personally never even dreamed that such laws had been enacted by their own body and that they disgraced the statute books of their states.

But if there are good and legitimate reasons (of which I am ignorant) for such legislation; if there is a member of any legislature of any state who honestly believes that he is justified in voting for such a law, there are many thousands beside myself, both men and women, who would be glad to have him present his case. I therefore ask, with the permission of the editor of THE ARENA, that any legislator of any state who believes that he has a right to help to retain the age of consent below that at which a girl may legally dispose of property, will clearly set forth, over his own name and in appropriate language, his reasons for such a belief, whether these reasons be of a religious, scientific, social or legal nature, and I will respond to them, and leave the verdict in the hands of the readers of THE ARENA. If no legitimate and convincing argument can be advanced, if there is no open champion who can present a legitimate reason for passing and sustaining such laws, then surely we may demand their immediate repeal in every state.

Recent information from one of the states says: "It [the bill to raise the age of consent] was introduced into the senate and debated during one whole afternoon *behind closed doors and for men only*. It was not even allowed to go to the lower house,

but was defeated right there." If there is enough to say in favor of such a measure to take up the debate of one whole afternoon, there is surely enough to form one magazine article. Its champions are now requested to respond.

III. Arousing the Public Conscience, by Frances E. Willard.

To my mind the most difficult and important task we have before us is to impress upon the average mind among good men and good women that there is such a thing as the "age of consent." For myself I had reached the age of forty-seven before I ever heard of it; doubtless the phrase may have met my eye, but as Carlyle says, "An ox and a philosopher look out upon the same landscape, and the difference between the impression that it makes upon each one of them is the measure of the difference in the brain behind the eye." No human being was ever yet arrested in conscience until he had first received the arrest of thought. To take the great lethargic public by the shoulder, to point with decisive finger and to shout in its dull ear, "Look there"! — this is really all that any reformer has ever done. The inertia of the mass, whether of matter or of men, is what we work against. Reformers are a feeble folk in numbers, wealth and prestige, and it proves the tendency towards goodness in the majority of mankind, that with instruments so feeble reforms have had successes so infallible. Just so soon as it becomes well understood in the homes of this country that by the common law, a girl of ten years, who cannot legally give away her pocket handkerchief or sell her doll, is held responsible equally with her strong, relentless and doughty assailant for the sale of herself in a crime of which two only are capable, just so soon will the moral sense of the home revolt against this barbaric reminiscence of those dark ages when all women were the property of all men. Unless women had been at some time objects of barter, no such law could ever have been made; and if I were asked the greatest hindrance to that optimistic view of the physically stronger sex which I have always held and still hold, I should say, the original enactment by men of the law of consent and its enforcement by men appointed for the purpose.

When in 1886 (as a sequel of William T. Stead's purity crusade in London) the white ribbon women of this country learned that such laws were on our statute books, and that in the state of Delaware the age of equal responsibility with man was, on a girl's part, seven years, we at once declared ourselves determined to "clean house" in a governmental sense, until this record of defilement should be washed away. With this in view we organ-

ized, in the national convention in 1886 at Philadelphia, the department of work for the promotion of purity, of which I was made superintendent,* and from that date to this we have steadily prosecuted the work along the lines of prevention, education and legislation. In prosecuting this work I called to my aid my former pupil, Dr. Kate C. Bushnell, now so well known for the remarkable achievement of herself and her associate, Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler Andrew, in securing the enforcement of laws for the prevention of vice in the British army in India.

Appeals were sent to every religious denomination in the United States, and W. C. T. U. representatives in each state and territory went before the legislature carrying petitions through which the effort was made to secure better laws for the protection of women. In several of the states the age of consent was raised from ten to sixteen years, and in many, heavier penalties were attached to laws for the punishment of wicked men. In Kansas the age of consent was raised to eighteen years, the highest known, and in the United States Congress a bill was passed in response to our petitions, raising the age to sixteen. (Mrs. Ada Bittenbender of Nebraska, aided by United States Senator Henry W. Blair, was largely instrumental in securing this advance.) I shall not go farther into the statistics, as they will doubtless be furnished by others. White Cross and White Shield pledges were circulated by hundreds of thousands of copies, the demand for these being greater than for the literature of the temperance propaganda; these pledges were prepared by our society and printed by the Woman's Temperance Publishing House, at the Woman's Temperance Temple, Chicago.

White ribbon women throughout the world have long felt that the Siamese twins of vice are strong drink and the degradation of woman. Our study of the former has led us to acknowledge that any blow struck at either of these abominations tells equally upon the other; for their relation, always close, has in these days, when the liquor traffic has fallen more and more under the ban of public sentiment, and when high license has increased the temptation of the saloon keeper to furnish various attractions that he may increase his custom, become one of actual interdependence. We have based this department of our work, as from the beginning we have based every other, on the sure foundation of the education of the public mind in order to the arousing of the public conscience. Every local union is supposed to hold regularly its "Mother Meetings," at which different aspects of the purity movement are passed in review, and leaflets are distributed showing the necessity of educating children to know the laws of their own being, the relation of dress to vice, the pitfalls

* Dr. Mary Wood Allen, Ann Arbor, Mich., is our present superintendent.

for our boys, the predisposing causes of impurity, the relation of the laws of hygiene to habits of purity, the evils of the use of narcotics and many other kindred topics. The petition sent out by our society to every state and territory is as follows; I give the exact form: —

Petition of the
WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION
for the
PROTECTION OF WOMEN.

(N. B. — Attach paper for signatures. Print in local papers; get editorial in favor; urge that petition be clipped from the paper and circulated.)

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

The increasing and alarming frequency of assaults upon women, and the frightful indignities to which even little girls are subject, have become the shame of our boasted civilization.

A study of the statutes has revealed their utter failure to meet the demands of that newly-awakened public sentiment which requires better legal protection for womanhood and girlhood.

Therefore we, men and women of ————, State of ————, do most earnestly appeal to you to enact such statutes as shall provide for the adequate punishment of crimes against women and girls. We also urge that the age of consent be raised to at least eighteen years; and we call attention to the disgraceful fact that protection of the person is not placed by our laws upon so high a plane as protection of the purse.

It is almost impossible to separate the work for raising the age of consent from the other lines that are intended to converge in the pledge of the White Cross, which reads as follows: —

I promise to treat all women with respect, and endeavor to protect them from wrong and degradation.

To endeavor to put down all indecent language and coarse jests.

To maintain the law of purity as equally binding upon men and women.

To endeavor to spread these principles among my companions, and try to help my younger brothers.

To use all possible means to fulfil the command, "Keep thyself pure."

The White Cross old pledge is for women and is as follows: —

I promise, by the help of God, to uphold the law of purity as equally binding upon men and women.

To be modest in language, behavior and dress.

To avoid all conversation, reading, art and amusements which may put impure thoughts into my mind.

To guard the purity of others, especially of the young.

To strive after the special blessing promised to the pure in heart.

But under all the work for purity lie two principles which must be established before we can ever hope for a genuine and an abiding success. First, *We must have such knowledge, conscience, custom and law as will establish an equal standard of purity for boys and girls, youths and maidens, men and women.* The white

THE BLACK LIST OF STATES.

Below we give the black list of states, showing the limit at which fathers, brothers and husbands have placed the age at which *a little girl may consent to her ruin:*—

TEN YEARS.
Alabama, North Carolina, South Carolina.

TWELVE YEARS.
Kentucky, Louisiana, Texas, Wisconsin.

THIRTEEN YEARS.
Iowa, New Hampshire, Utah.

FOURTEEN YEARS.
Arizona, California, Connecticut, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Maine, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Vermont, West Virginia.

FIFTEEN YEARS.
Delaware, Montana.

SIXTEEN YEARS.
Arkansas, Colorado, District of Columbia, Massachusetts, Mississippi, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Tennessee, Washington.

SEVENTEEN YEARS.
Florida.

life for *two* is the only decent, not to say reasonable life, and unless shared by both fractions of the human integer it is physically impossible to lead that life. Second, *The sanctity of motherhood must be respected to such degree as shall make a wife the unquestioned arbiter of her own destiny.* So far as this supreme relation is concerned she must surrender in marriage no right that is not equally surrendered by the partner of her joys and sorrows. The *femme couverte* is not a character appropriate to our peaceful, homelike communities, although she may have been and doubtless was a necessary figure in the days when women were safe only as they were shut up in castles and when they were the booty chiefly sought in war. At the same time any law that renders less binding the mutual, lifelong loyalty of one man and one woman to each other, which is the central idea of every home, is a curse to that home and to humanity. Around this union, which alone renders possible a pure society and a permanent state, the law should throw its utmost safeguards, and upon this union the gospel should pronounce its most sacred benediction; but the husband of the modern woman will not have the right to will away her unborn child; to control her property; to make the laws under which she is to live; to fix her penalties; to try her before juries of men; to cast the ballot for her, and, in general, to hold her in the estate of a perpetual minor.

It will not do to let the modern man determine the "age of consent," settle the penalties that men shall suffer whose indignities and outrages upon women are worse to them than death, and by his exclusive power to make all laws and choose all officers, legislative, judicial and executive, thus leaving his own case wholly in his own hands. To continue this method is to make it as hard as possible for a man to do right, and as easy as possible for him to do wrong. The magnificent possibilities of manly character under higher and holier conditions are best prophesied from the fact that under such a system as we have endured throughout the centuries, so many men are good and gracious.

IV. The Primary Source of Age-of-Consent Legislation, by A. H. Lewis, D. D.

The age-of-consent legislation is so entirely foreign to Christianity, so inconsistent with Christian civilization, that we are compelled to wonder whence it came. It violates every principle of purity which Christ laid down in His interpretation of the seventh commandment. The follies of society and the fires of lust are not sufficient to create such an outrage on womanhood.

It must be a heritage from some dark past. The struggle against it, in which so few are earnestly engaged, and concerning which so many are indifferent, shows that the public mind is poisoned from some fountain far away. Fundamental causes, far-reaching and persistent, must have combined to create a stream which so pollutes and shames the closing years of this century.

Ancient Sex Worship.

The worship of the heavenly bodies is the oldest and most widely diffused form of paganism. This centres around the worship of the sun and moon as the primary sexual principles in the universe. Sex worship was a prominent part of the sun-worship cult. It meets the investigator, ripe as to influence and strong as to its hold on society, at the boundary of the prehistoric period. Some claim that it arose from such regard for life as led to its veneration. There is, however, much evidence that it grew from the baser element that is gratified through the association of the sexes. Whatever the source, the fact is apparent that the gratification of lust was thus sanctified, and that social vice became a form of worship.

Sex worship came into direct contact with the Hebrew religion and with early Christianity. Its fundamental idea was that as the sun represents the creative power in nature, so man represents the male principle in human life; and as the moon goddess yields to the sun god, and the earth passively receives his fructifying power, so man has the right to demand full gratification of lust, with wrong; and woman is bound to yield her virtue as a duty, and as an act of worship to the goddess of lust and love. This system pervaded Oriental, Egyptian, Mexican and American paganism. Perhaps it was less prominent in Northern Europe, but it was practically universal. It created a religious prostitution; it sanctified lust; it made social vice a virtue.

So far as the writer has been able to trace, the demands made by this system were first formulated in legal requirements in ancient Babylonia. According to Herodotus (Book I., paragraph 199) and Strabo (Geography, Book XVI., chapter 1, paragraph 20) every woman in that country was required to yield her virtue at least once, by consorting with any stranger who might demand her presence within the precincts of the temple of Mylitta, i. e., Venus. Having once gone to the sacred shrine, she was not allowed to return home until this was done. A silver coin was given to her, accompanied with the salutation, "The goddess Mylitta prosper thee." She could not refuse this money and henceforth it was deemed sacred. This cult pervaded the entire Chaldeo-Assyrian religion. It appears in the legend of Istar,

and much that is unearthed from the ruins of that lost civilization reveals the influence of this poison upon those countries. If genuine veneration for life existed in the minds of a few, it was lost with the masses, and the voluptuous tendencies of the Orient were fostered and protected by it. Well does De Pressense say: "It is easy to understand how Syria became the cradle of the worship of the great goddess Astarte, who lays her spell on the senses and suffuses universal existence with a flood of delights; but in Syria the goddess never represents anything higher than the reproductive power of nature, set forth in type destitute of artistic grace, but none the less effectual in fanning the passions of this fiery race" ("The Ancient World and Christianity"). So universal was this conception that this voluptuous Astarte was thought to be the very life of men and gods, and of all things created; sea, earth and sky did homage to her as the object of universal worship.

Sex worship still flourishes throughout the Orient. India is permeated with it. The sacred city of Benares has many phallic shrines, at which non-virtuous women are the chief worshippers. The world-famed car of Juggernath may not be reproduced under the camera because of its obscenity. Sex worship still flourishes in Tasmania, Borneo and Australia. It was openly prevalent in German life until the twelfth century, and in French life as late as the fourteenth. The Huguenots found many relics of phallic worship in the churches of France, which they destroyed under the impulse of reform. Abundant traces of it are yet found among the peasants of Italy. Its grosser forms have passed out of organized Christianity, but its traces remain. Whatever reasons may be given for refraining from marriage during Lent, the idea had its origin in the mourning of Venus for her lost Adonis. Easy virtue, and the enormous rate of illegitimate births which abound on the continent of Europe, attest the presence of this poison in the social life of the Old World. Phallic symbols taken from the doorways of the churches in ancient Ireland, and unfit for public eye, are accessible to the investigator. Whoever looks upon the private museum at Naples does not wonder that Vesuvius buried Pompeii.

The germs of age-of-consent laws are found in the legislation of Solon at Athens as early as 600 B. C. He aimed to meet the demands of passion which sex worship had cultivated, by establishing legalized brothels. He purchased women and fixed prices for indulgence. As a business it soon became profitable to the government. Certain privileges were granted to the women in return. Thus that which pagan religion had sanctified, pagan statecraft converted into a commercial value. The

commercial power of social vice in the United States is the modern form of Solon's scheme.

A similar system grew up in Rome at a later period. "Fornication" is derived from *fornix*, an arch, because the Roman brothels were at first located in vaults or arches in the outskirts of the city. They were also called *lupanares*, a place where she wolves dwell. Registration began in Rome about 180 B. C., when an edile of the city, attempting to quell a disturbance in a brothel, was cruelly beaten by the women. In retaliation the prostitutes were taxed, under a form of license. This system spread widely with the conquests of Rome, and became very popular. Caligula, of infamous memory, established a brothel in the imperial palace, and profited by the receipts therefrom. Regulation, of which our age-of-consent laws are a form, was the direct product of decaying Roman paganism, of effete sex worship.

Regulative legislation began among English-speaking people by the licensing of a group of houses of prostitution in the city of London near Westminster, in 1161 A. D. *The bishop of Winchester received the financial returns from this sale of virtue.* The provisions of Parliament, in the eighth year of Henry II., require that the "stewholders" should allow courtesans to come and go at will, and that all courtesans should be single women. The room rented to a woman should not cost her more than fourteen pence a week; the brothels to be closed on "holy days"; any prostitute might leave her calling if she chose, detention being forbidden; no women professing religion or being married could be admitted; no woman having taken money could turn her visitor out before morning. Soliciting was forbidden. Diseased women must not be kept, and brothel keepers could not sell food, prepared or unprepared, nor coal or wood. All this was under sanction of Parliament, and the bishop received the rents paid for these brothels. It was Babylonian paganism in English dress.

The more immediate fountain head of age-of-consent legislation in the United States, is found in the double standard of morality for the sexes. This is the modern form of sex worship which found expression in the laws of Babylonia. Too much cannot be said against this double standard. The Hebrew religion, and Christianity, which is its spiritual efflorescence, condemn such unjust distinction. It is as strange as it is sad that women are yet found who favor the degradation which ancient sex worship put upon their sisters, under the false plea that some must sin that others may be safe. And worse still, many men openly avow the right and the privilege of seeking lustful gratification, wherever it may be found, for a money consideration.

This is the modern form of the sacred coin, to furnish which was the only obligation placed upon men under the ancient system.

Through all these influences has sprung that legislation which enacts that innocent girlhood may, at the earliest possible age, barter for the most trival reward, or worse still for none at all, her greatest treasure, her one badge of womanhood. And lest men be called to account and made to suffer, the age-of-consent laws stain our statute books with provisions which shield them unless it be proved that girlhood resists with all possible physical ability; less than that is "legal consent." The whole story was told in a sentence by a prominent lawyer of New York City a few years ago, when efforts were made to raise the age of consent in that state; being appealed to, he replied that the age sought "would be altogether too hard on the men." What an echo from Babylonia — and hell!

In view of what has been, and of the existing results as they appear on our statute books, every lover of purity, every friend of manhood and every defender of womanhood must be moved to a deeper sense of the shame and wickedness of these laws. Born in the vilest union between ancient sex worship and animal lust, persisting in their poisonous course along the currents of history, strengthened through Greek culture and Roman power, revived amid the degradation of English life at the close of the Dark Ages, these laws have come to us, a terrible inheritance; vile, vicious, abhorrent. Happy will it be, indeed, if such efforts as that in which THE ARENA is now taking part, shall soon erase them from statute books which ought to embody only Christian laws. It is not enough that the age of consent be "raised." *It must be erased.* It is unchristian; it ought to be un-American. It is a shame and crime against manhood, and a triple crime against girlhood. It outrages motherhood. It leads boys and men into vileness and degradation. It should no longer remain that our statutes, for the sake of protecting male animals, thus make war on the purity of both sexes, and on all that is best in our civilization which bears the name of Christian. Let such facts as these fan the flames of public opinion until all age-of-consent laws mingle with the ashes of a dead past.

V. A PHYSICIAN'S VIEW OF THESE LAWS, BY O. EDWARD JANNEY, M. D.

The question at once arises, Why an age of consent at all? Why should any age limit be fixed, beyond which a girl may consent to her own ruin? The answer to this brings us at once to a consideration of the sharp distinction between immorality and criminality. An act may be immoral and yet not criminal.

An immoral act becomes criminal when done in violation of a law which defines the crime. Thus unchastity is criminal up to the "age of consent"; after that time it is immoral, but not criminal.

It may reasonably be asked, What good may be expected from the agitation which has for its object the raising of the "age of consent" several years above the present low limit? The object of law is twofold — to punish the offender and to prevent others from committing offences. It is the second of these effects of the enforcement of law that accomplishes the most practical good. It is now a recognized maxim that a penalty for crime should not be administered as punishment, but as a means of reformation. The chief aim of the penalty is, however, to deter others from breaking the law.

It is along this line that good will come from the enactment of laws which raise the age of consent. Several more years will thus be provided, during which the unchaste act is not merely immoral but criminal. Being a crime in the eye of the law, with a penalty attached — in this state* death — men will be deterred from thus offending, and the maiden will be allowed to develop into the woman before she can consent to this form of degradation. These three or four added years of comparative safety will be an incalculable blessing, and the effort to obtain them is worthy the best efforts of our best people.

It is true that the ancient belief that woman is the natural prey of man, has, to a great extent, been superseded by the nobler thought that she should look to him for protection from wrong and degradation; but the old belief still obtains among certain classes of men. These, not actuated by noble impulses but ruled by their animal natures, require the restraining influence of the law; and these are the men against whose lust should be interposed the bar of age.

Until 1890, the age of consent in Maryland was ten years; it was then raised to fourteen. It is still as low as this in some other localities.

Now it is evident that no possession is so precious to a woman as her honor. The law does not allow her to possess property in her own right, nor dispose of it to others, until she is eighteen years of age, and yet it allows her to yield up her honor in childhood, at a period when, in her innocence and lack of knowledge of worldly evil, she knows not what she does. Accustomed to look up to her elders and obey their requests, she is easily persuaded to consent to the solicitations of a man, usually older than herself, and thus, unwittingly, yields all. Yes, the law throws safeguards about the child's property, but leaves her

*Maryland.

open to the loss of that which is infinitely more valuable to her than gold, houses, lands or jewels; more valuable to her than even life itself — her honor. Rather should the age of consent be placed above eighteen years than under it. Let chastity be valued above money.

It should be remembered, also, that the judgment is developed by observation, study, experience and the habit of weighing evidence. A child of fourteen years is only beginning to observe and to study; has had no experience of the world, and knows nothing of how to weigh evidence. It follows, then, that such a child's judgment cannot be trusted. Men, therefore, and rightly, do not entrust important affairs of business, of state, of religion, or even of social life to children of fourteen years, nor allow such to marry; and yet they are credited with sufficient judgment to decide as to what pertains to their vital and probably eternal welfare. Girls are allowed to decide so important a question at a time when they are still wearing short dresses and playing with dolls, and would hardly be entrusted with the care of a watch or the driving of a horse!

In fixing the age of consent it should be borne in mind that some girls are older at fifteen than others at eighteen; that owing to lack of mental or physical development, heredity or environment, or all combined, some girls are mere children until eighteen years of age, and at fourteen are hardly equal to other girls at ten. It is manifestly unjust to subject such children to the dangers arising from the lust of men, as would follow from placing the age of consent at fourteen years, since this would, in such cases, be equivalent to placing it at nine or ten. The only plan which would not be grievously unjust to this class of girls, would be to fix the age of consent at eighteen years. If, then, the object of fixing the age of consent is to decide upon a time when a young woman's mind has developed sufficiently to form an intelligent opinion upon an important subject, it seems evident that no such time can be said to exist under the age of eighteen.

Viewed from the medical standpoint, the case is equally clear. The man who would assault the integrity of a young girl is reasonably sure to be physically diseased. Those who have not carefully investigated this subject, or who have not had it thrust upon their attention, as has the physician, would certainly be shocked at the physical condition of the libertine and alarmed as to its results. The diseases which result from the violation of sexual laws are particularly revolting, persistent and destructive to vitality. They belong to the class of affections produced by the action of animal poisons, and the virus, in many cases, seems to invade every tissue and interfere seriously with the proper

action of every organ. Once this poison has been received into the system, years must elapse before it can be expelled, and in the meanwhile irremediable damage has been done. Moreover the diseased condition is capable of transmission to offspring. It has been recently proved to the satisfaction of physicians that even the lighter forms of such disease, in men, are capable of producing in women, after marriage, some forms of those affections of the pelvic organs which are now so common, and which result in lifelong invalidism or require the use of the surgeon's knife.

It is safe to say that a girl of fourteen or sixteen years knows nothing of the existence of such diseases in men. It is something that does not enter into her thoughts. Too often, however, in her childish innocence and inexperience, intimate relation with a man who has dipped into impurity, brings to her a sudden and bitter knowledge, as loathsome disease stares her in the face, and she perceives the seal of impurity impressed upon herself. Had she been older, it is fair to say she would have had sufficient judgment to escape such a fate. Surely the manhood of this nation will not longer permit such a danger to threaten its young womanhood.

Viewed from any standpoint, there would be a decided gain were the age of consent universally raised to eighteen years. If by such an action even one girl out of ten thousand should be saved from a life of impurity, the action would be wise and humane; and the number saved would in reality be far greater than this. May the noble among men unite in this effort to protect woman from wrong and degradation!

VI. The Age of Consent in Tennessee, by Will Allen Dromgoole.

To the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is due the credit and principal glory of having the age of protection changed from ten to sixteen years in Tennessee. These noble women fought heroically for eighteen years but were compelled to compromise at last on sixteen years and one day. The agitation which led to the passage of the bill arose from a resolution in the East Nashville Union appointing Mrs. Mary P. Bang, of Nashville, Tenn., general vice-president, to prepare an open letter to the Tennessee legislature on the subject. This strong and stirring appeal appeared in the *Evening Banner* on Saturday, and the following Monday two bills were introduced in the house of representatives; one by Mr. Milburn of Greene County asking that the age of protection be raised to eighteen years; the other by Mr. Babb of Shelby County asking that it

be made sixteen years. These two gentlemen, however, fought hand in hand and with all their might for the measure. They were supported by the *Banner*, in which many articles had appeared urging the passage of the Milburn Bill. Letters were written to every Women's Christian Temperance Union in the state requesting the members to see or write their representatives in the interest of the measure for the protection of young girls in Tennessee.

Miss Willard was called upon for a copy of the law raising the age of consent in some other states. Miss Willard referred the letter to Aaron M. Powell, who replied that if the age of consent in Tennessee was but ten years it had been recently lowered, as the secretary of state had informed him that the age was thirteen. Some valuable time was lost investigating the matter and it was found that the secretary of state was mistaken. Then came a season of reflection and of doubt as to who could be persuaded to introduce the measure and steer it through the legislature. On Jan. 2, 1894, appeared the heroic appeal from Mrs. Bang, urging the assembly to remove the "foul blot of Tennessee's age of consent from her escutcheon; and to grant the honor of her girls at least as much protection as was acccorded her property." Two days later the bills were introduced.

The Christian Temperance women watched every movement by the enemy to circumvent the cause of higher morality, and worked incessantly to overcome all obstacles placed in the way of the raising of the age of consent. Immediately after Mr. Milburn introduced his bill a number of leading members of the Union wrote to thank him and to offer their services for any assistance they might be able to render toward advancing the measure. He replied at once, giving the substance of the bill, and requesting that those interested in the measure petition the legislature in its interest. This was promptly done. A letter was also written to the editor of the *Banner* thanking him for a line, friendly to the measure, that had appeared in his columns, and begging his continued assistance and coöperation. His response was prompt and noble, and altogether characteristic of the man. Mountains of correspondence were sent out; ministers were urged to go to work for the bill; women who had never written a line for the press in their lives, and women who had written much, all alike took up arms for the great cause.

In the meantime the two bills had passed their second reading and had been referred to the judiciary committee. The real fight over a measure is never made until it comes up for the third and last reading. Before the committee had acted upon the bills Mr. Milburn was called home by illness in his family, and his bill was left practically without a champion. When its

author returned he learned that the judiciary committee had rejected his bill and recommended that of Mr. Babb, amended, however, so as to make the age of protection "*twelve years*." And right here as good luck, or providence, would have it, the legislature took a recess of about four weeks.

While the law makers "recessed" the women worked. Such a tempest was raised that the noise of it reached the absent members in their homes, from the lowlands upon the west to the farthest mountain tops of the east. The papers were full of it. The "infamous law" was denounced in terms scarcely less strong than the action of the committee called forth. Mothers, fathers, brothers, took up the cry. The pulpit in several instances also spoke in no uncertain way. The columns of the press were not allowed to cool. From Carter to Shelby, be it said to their credit, they took up with one voice the cry of denunciation, and demanded the passage of a bill for the protection of young girls in Tennessee. Only one or two articles appeared against it. The *Nashville Christian Advocate* came out in an editorial denouncing the action of the judiciary committee as "worthy a parliament of Hottentots." It furthermore threatened if the bill, as the committee recommended it, should become a law, to publish the names of its supporters in a manner that would be anything but agreeable to those supporters. When the legislature convened they found public opinion too hot for them.

The ministers of the city met in the hall of the Y. M. C. A. March 13 to protest against the action of the judiciary committee, and to appoint a committee of ministers to petition the legislature to "fix the age of consent at eighteen years." This committee consisted of Rev. D. C. Kelley of the Methodist church, Rev. R. Lin. Cave of the Christian church, Rev. R. S. Gardner of the Baptist church, Dr. S. H. Chester and Rabbi Lewinthal.

Petitions came in from all quarters, and were presented day by day by Mr. Milburn. Mrs. Lide Merriwether and other heroic women were making speeches over the state and at the capital.

When the day set for the final reading arrived the galleries and lobbies were filled with prominent people interested in the bill. It was argued for hours; and many and original were the speeches made against it. One member regarded the measure as the most pernicious that had ever come before the house, and thought it would cause no end of blackmail and injustice. Another used as an argument against raising the age to eighteen years that girls knew as much at twelve as they did at eighteen. One said that a child of ten knew right from wrong. One argument was that it made no distinction between black and white; protesting that the shot-gun remedy was the best that had ever been invented for the protection of virtue. One member declared

that an eminent lawyer had told him that if the bill passed it would so crowd the dockets of the courts that business would be materially blocked. Another, thinking the final end had come, turned to the galleries and "hoped this incident would teach the women not to be petitioning the legislature concerning things they knew nothing about."

After various amendments the bill was put to the final vote with the amendment that fixed the age of consent at sixteen years and one day. The vote stood sixty-six to twenty-nine, and was followed by numerous explanations from those who had opposed it. It passed the senate, after some argument, without a dissenting voice. "All due to the women," the world said, and for once the world was right; though to be sure the women were not without, nor could they have moved without, the good men who shouldered their cause and helped to push it through.

The day has gone by when woman may be silenced by the old "You don't know." The man who hopes to silence her must invent some stronger quietus than that. Because she *does* know; she has informed and is still informing herself, upon all the great questions of the day; nor does she rank second in knowledge, at all events. If St. Paul ever did the world a wrong it was when he recommended that the women "be silent." This has been so often used against woman's public speech that the old mountaineer who declared that "Jesus Christ His own se'f said, Don't let the women talk out in meet'n'," was not alone in his ignorance as to the author of the much quoted phrase.

VII. Another Physician Speaks, by Emily Blackwell, M. D.

By fixing the age of legal majority the state declares that under this age young people have not the experience nor the maturity of judgment which would qualify them for independent action in matters of importance affecting their own interests. They are in consequence made incapable of such action. Their consent cannot relieve a guardian from responsibility in the management of their property. Except in a few exceptional cases they cannot make a contract which will be binding when they come of age. A minor cannot legally marry without the consent of the guardian. Surreptitious marriage with a minor is an offence punishable by law, and such a marriage can be annulled upon the application of the guardian. Thus their power of action is, in their own interest, so limited that their consent is not sufficient to make valid even perfectly legitimate transactions, nor does it avail to protect adults who assume it as sufficient authority.

Even in crime youth is allowed as an extenuating circumstance, from the general feeling that the young are less able to resist external influences, and are less responsible for their actions than the adult. The establishment of reformatories for juvenile offenders testifies to the belief that their characters are still unformed for good or for evil.

In the case of girls the state has not only extended exceptional protection to them as minors in reference to their legitimate social relations, it has also established a sort of legal majority in reference to those that are illegitimate. It has fixed an age below which girls are held to be incompetent of assent to such illegitimate relations. "Consent," as it is termed, varied in all the different states, until recently, from the age of seven to twelve years, and in many of them it is still only ten or twelve. This arrangement amounted virtually to the protection of children only of the years during which the physical abuse of children is so brutal an offence as to excite indignation even among the majority of persons of vicious life. The protection accorded in other respects to minors was distinctly and emphatically withdrawn from girls during the first few years of early womanhood, when it is most needed.

Such legislation is directly in the interests of vice. The line is drawn just where those who are interested in vice would have it. It is certainly as illogical as cruel that at an age when a girl's consent is not held sufficient for legal marriage, it should be held sufficient to justify her destruction. A man may not legally marry the minor daughter of another without his consent, but he is legally free to seduce her if he can.

It would seem that our present legislation was influenced more by respect for property, than by consideration for personal protection. Virtually it is effective only in regard to the well-to-do class in which property considerations enter largely into the question of marriage. In this class the daughters live at home, under the protection of parents and family connections, to mature age. The only danger to which they are actually exposed is to that of an imprudent marriage, and against that the law fully protects them.

The case is entirely different with the majority of girls where poverty obliges them to go to work as soon as they are capable of earning. Ignorant, inexperienced, impulsive, they enter the great world of work, usually into wearisome and ill-paid labor, under the control and direction of men. For except in domestic service, girls do not come much in contact with the great body of respectable elder women who should be their natural guides. These are withdrawn from the world of industry, and are occupied in domestic life, and those whom the girls do meet in work

are usually not in positions of influence or authority. It is with men largely that the girls deal, and upon them they depend for direction and occupation. Even in domestic service girls are removed from home life, and thrown among associates of the most varied character, and for whom the mistress usually feels little responsibility. There is no class in society so helpless, so surrounded by temptation, as young working girls just growing up. They are surrounded by a network of snares and pitfalls. For this is the class which is coveted as a prey by the licentious and by those who live by pandering to licentiousness.

Though unacknowledged and working under cover, there is virtually an organized system of temptation, controlled by old experienced agents of vice, aiming to sweep as much of this fresh material as possible into their nets. How constant and insidious this work is, what craft and what indirect means are employed to entice young girls into some of the many devious paths that lead downward, can only be realized by those whose attention and thought have been especially called to the subject. The testimony given before the committee of Parliament in reference to the working of the Contagious Diseases Act, and in reference to the international traffic in girls, are full of terrible testimony to the extent of youthful prostitution in great cities, to the endless ways in which the victims are tempted or entrapped, and the difficulty of escape when once they fall into bad hands. The experience of all societies that deal with the young, the history of the Michigan lumber camps, all tell the same story, with endless variations, of the dangers which encompass these years of early womanhood on its first entrance into work of all kinds outside of the home.

Society unconsciously works into the hands of the tempters. As cruelly severe toward women as it is criminally indulgent toward men in these respects, it is enough for a girl to be compromised, or even suspected, to make it difficult for her to obtain employment and keep in the ranks of the honest. The whole situation grows out of the different standard of virtue for men and women, that while chastity is the one absolute prerequisite to social consideration and even to decent life among women, it is regarded as an absolutely impossible virtue in men. Consequently seduction is a minor offence in a man — though it means destruction to the woman. Virtually a man who seduces a young woman commits a greater crime than if he killed her, as moral death is a greater misfortune than physical death. Would not most parents consider the death of a daughter a less misfortune than that she should take the first step toward a life of vice?

So long as the state acknowledges any special obligation toward minors in protection of property and person, it is cer-

tainly bound by duty and interest to extend it to those who most need it. To assume that a girl of fourteen or fifteen is not to be trusted in making a legal marriage, but that a girl of eleven or twelve is competent to understand and accept the consequences of an illegitimate connection, is a glaring absurdity, only to be accounted for by the different motives on which such action is based. No reason can be given for the low age of consent that would not tell equally upon every restriction on the freedom of minors. It is surely to the interest of the state that its girls should grow up to virtuous women. It cannot be its interest to facilitate the work of those who would compass its destruction, in order to increase the temptations to vice, already too powerful, which surround young men.

Wherever the age of protection has been raised the result has been for good only. It acts as a deterrent upon those who would mislead youth. It strengthens the hands of the individuals and societies who work for the protection and help of friendless youth. It would seem sufficient to state the case fairly to accomplish the end, but the great, long-continued effort that has been needed to partially accomplish this end testifies to the contrary. And constant vigilance is needed to keep even what is gained. Vice is always watching its opportunity. Two years ago a bill to lower the age of consent to its old standard came very near passing the New York legislature, and was only defeated by the timely effort of a single member. It is said to be good policy to do what your enemy opposes, and there is no doubt that all the vicious element of our cities is opposed to our efforts. They recognize that our present legislation is just what is to their advantage.

It is often objected to the advocates of woman suffrage, that women can have all the legal rights they can justly claim without it, that men are always ready to remove any proved injustice to them. Yet the fact remains that the first states to raise the age of consent to that of majority, were those in which women had a direct voice in politics — Wyoming and Kansas. There can be no doubt that had women a share in legislation the present agitation would be unnecessary, for these disgraceful enactments would long ago have been erased from our statute books. Indeed they would never have been placed there in the first instance.

So long as the state assumes any obligation on the matter, the only just and logical ground to take is that the age of consent should be raised to that of legal majority.

THE NEW POLITICS.

BY RICHARD J. HINTON.

About the middle of March, 1893, the omnivorous newspaper published a despatch purporting to be the record of a conversation had by Mr. Frederick Alter of Cincinnati with President Grover Cleveland. Its accuracy not having been denied, the despatch may therefore be regarded as authentic. In it Mr. Cleveland is stated to have said: —

> This country is going to have the hardest times . . . it has experienced in many years . . . but I don't intend to raise my hand to prevent it. What this country needs and must have is an object lesson. We must have hard times and business failures and bankruptcy and a certain amount of distress, before Congress will realize its duty and perform it. I propose to give the country an object lesson.

Snow falls on mountain peaks, down steep slopes, piles high in deep gorges, and rests along edges of precipice and shelving rock. No hand placed it there, for weal or woe. Natural causes operative in themselves were behind the base precipitation. But with what care, if present, the mountaineer avoids physical disturbance. To so small an agency may grim disaster be due! The slip of a mountain goat, the passage of a bewildered beast, a falling stone or even the timid step of a human being, may set in motion the tremulous mass. Silently it gathered! Unfelt at first, yet it moves, swiftly accelerating with momentum. The village below rests in its fated security, and there is no escape. Hut and home are crushed — man and beast alike find swift graves! What would be done by an endangered community to one known to be indifferent to such danger — ready even to welcome its horrors?

By this declaration, the president precipitated disaster. His ominous words set in motion the vibrations of terror. Within a month the horrors of contraction were upon us. The action of Congress was not waited for. Money was withdrawn from active circulation. Hundreds of millions were locked up in idleness. Construction ceased; manufactories closed; railroads were made bankrupt; credit dried up. Shop and basket, store and bucket, were empty. The children "clemmed" with hunger; parents and workers grew gaunt and wolfish. Every cowardly purse in the land tightened its strings. The hideous "Tramp! tramp!"

of the homeless, workless and breadless, resounded through long days and nights. President Cleveland doubtless chuckled as he proposed "to give the country an object lesson" in misery such as this land, at least, has never before witnessed. But the people raged. What they think of the "object lesson" and the boasting thereof, was seen in unmistakable fashion on Tuesday the sixth day of November last.

Perhaps the voting was as unwise as the jelly-fish sibilance of the White House oracle on the eleventh of March, 1893, just twenty months before, but it was certainly aimed in a different spirit. The weapon may not have been directed aright. John Sherman's utterances indicate that. But the People's motive stood behind their ballots. That is most transcendently clear, trenchant and direct. In seeking to avoid elemental issues the Democracy trafficked only in petty effects. "Tariff reform," as juggled with, could result only as Tom Corwin said of the pro-slavery compromises in ante-bellum conflicts, "saddling the country with lawsuits." Nothing could be decided and incompetency stood helpless and utterly nude.

The Republican majority embodied far more the stern utterances of discontent than it gave the shrill shouts of party victory. It was in truth the scornful rejection of another paradox. Blindly, it represents an imperative demand for economic security. It stands for industrial order, and was a loud protest from the depths. For there is nothing so conservative as industry. Security is its imperative need. Order must be its controlling law and equity alone can command these. Civilization travels on its stomach—that is, the food supply. When economic life is so organized that it competes for profit upon the eructations of hunger, the inevitable and inexorable law of resistance arrives. That veneered anarchy, plus constable and cannon, which gambles for gain in labor's living needs, is a menace to order and the destroyer of civilization. The industrial democracy will not submit, but true to its dominating law of order it seeks all peaceful roads, however futile the goals to which they lead.

The "new politics" at least embody an intelligent effort to comprehend the causes of economic insecurity and social misery. They represent a conservative demand for the restoration to public well-being, of functions and powers ignorantly betrayed to privilege, or consciously stolen through crafty manipulation. Not all, perhaps a bare majority only, of the two million voters who have enlisted under the new party banners, fully understand the issues involved. But they all comprehend the justice of its stern and general demand *that public functions shall be restored to public control*; *that private profit thereon shall cease, and that*

the property of the commonwealth shall be administered by its chosen representatives, for the sole advancement of the commonweal. The conscious plunderers were not originally spawned by the tariff. Wage slavery, the monopoly of land, the harlotry of franchises, and the abandonment by the community of its natural property and forces, for the enrichment of corporation and class, in place of their being harnessed for the service of all the people, is the fruitful womb wherein threatening disorder is readily generated.

Confidence in the new politics may at present seem strained. Yet the late overturning should only feed courage. Take Colorado for example. The People's Party vote did not desert Governor Waite. The new suffragans, for whose enfranchisement he and they labored, were made hostile by their functional dread of insecurity. Interests were not slow to place untrained anger upon a personality and not a cause. The governor had to bear the consequences by defeat, which, however, in no way destroys. The change in Kansas is due to Democratic votes — a fact which will not, however, rehabilitate that party anachronism. In 1892, the vote of Kansas was: For Weaver, 163,111; Harrison, 156,134; Bidwell, 4,553; Cleveland, none — a total vote of 323,798. In 1894, the total is about 300,000, of which the People's Party is estimated as having 125,000 ; the Democracy, 24,000; Prohibition, 6,000; Republican, 155,000. These figures give no reason for despair or doubt even. The gains have elsewhere been large: Illinois and Wisconsin have each added thousands to the tally; Minnesota has doubled its figures; Nebraska chooses a fusion governor; Nevada stands for free silver; California is girding her loins, and San Francisco sits by the sunset sea earliest of municipal victors. But the greatest gain is in the dissolution of the "Solid South." Texas gives about 200,000 votes; Alabama was really carried; North Carolina is glowing with assured victory. Elsewhere the bourbon vote is decaying.

The vote of the People's Party does not fall far short of 2,000,000. In 1892 it reached a total of 1,035,572, that being the number cast for Weaver. The Socialist vote was 21,145, and the Prohibitionist, 262,525. There is every reason for encouragement in these figures. How curiously, too, our political history repeats itself. Let us look at a fleeting view of the story of early Republican struggle. Before the repeal of the Missouri Compromise there was widespread antislavery sentiment but no effective political policy. The efforts of Liberty Leagues and Party, of Free Soilers, Conscience Whigs, etc., can be run parallel with the struggles of Greenbackers, Silverites and Alliance nominations. When slavery struck at Kansas, all became one, just as

when it became evident that Harrison and Cleveland alike were for contraction and ruin at the bidding of Lombard and Wall Streets. We have even paralleled the scenes of 1856 by seeing again a revival of sectarian hostilities and of Knownothingism. Ninety-six, like its prototype of sixty, will doubtless see its departure also to congenial shades.

The parallel runs. Do not those who lived in that wonderful decade preceding the Civil War, thrill again with the memory of the heroic thought, the noble literature, the eloquent voices, the brave and courageous citizens who sought the front of fight for freedom, out there in Kansas, thus beginning the making of the new West which now leads the broader fight for a secure, a just, a holier civilization? Shall not the "new politics" recognize its heroes, statesmen, poets, philosophers, novelists, workers? Look at the names already enrolled for the cause if not yet in the practical party. Count the bead roll — Lyman Trumbull, Henry D. Lloyd, Senators Allen, Peffer, Kyle, Jones and Stewart, Eugene Debs, David H. Waite, Gordon Clark, Marion Todd, Professor Parsons, King, Loucks, Garland, Leavitt, and scores of others able and true. Orators like Mrs. Lease, Lafe Pence, Bryan, William Jackson Armstrong and others that are worthy, respond to the call. Jurists, statesmen, executives, writers, speakers, publicists, are gathering at the front. These forces find their foremost types in the statesman of bimetallism, the industrial leader, and the lawyer and editor who has headed the mountain column. In the distinguished statesman who now raises the gonfalon of the new politics we find the foremost advocate of the dominating factor therein.

Those who know John P. Jones, United States senator for Nevada, comprehend how severe the cost was to him, when in pursuance of his sense of duty he wrote: —

> Having become firmly convinced that the Republican party organization is unalterably opposed to the free coinage of silver at the American ratio of sixteen to one, or at all, except with the consent of foreign governments, and at a ratio dictated by them, I have to announce that I can no longer act with that party.

Senator Jones belongs to that class of public men to which public obligations are matters of faith and sincere convictions. The United States Senate Chamber offers a supreme field for character and capacity. The opinion of colleagues therein is a worthy test. On all sides John P. Jones is recognized as a foremost figure in any field on which he may enter. No state has been served with greater fidelity or more untiring zeal than that mountain commonwealth which is represented in the Senate by John P. Jones and William M. Stewart. Senator Jones has from the first lifted the discussion with which his own name and that of his state will be forever interblended, to the greater plane

of national interest and to the lofty height of the security of civilization itself. He has identified the use of the precious metals as money with all the most intimate needs of our struggling humankind. It is apparent, then, that the Nevada senator could no longer act with those who have deliberately, even scornfully, opposed and derided his most sincere convictions. Believing that "The elevation and development of all the people should be the highest aim of the nation," how could he do otherwise?—for "In the presence of false industrial and economic systems political freedom cannot prevail."

Entering the Senate with the somewhat uncertain reputation of a lucky miner suddenly enriched, the cloak room soon recognized the wit, humor, tact and social kindliness which are among his finer gifts. An early occasion gave rise to a remarkable debate on money—one in which he stood exactly opposite to his present position. He advocated a gold standard, defended "intrinsic" value and derided legal tender or "fiat" money. But from that moment he was recognized as the peer of any senator. Time has shown him to be the superior of most of them in profound scholarship, philosophic insight, and a power of both logical and eloquent statement seldom reached in or out of the Senate Chamber. It should be recalled in passing, that when Senator Jones favored the gold standard he was a very large producer of silver. Since he has made himself world famous as the statesman of bimetallism, he and his brother, Samuel Jones, have mined more gold than silver.

A man of the simplest habits and frugal tastes, except as to books and art, his own quiet estimate of himself can be illustrated by a reply recently made to a friend who talked about the preparation of a biography: "Oh, no! There's nothing to say, but dressing and undressing." And this is not merely cynical, but impersonal, which quality enables him to apprehend fully the value of his intellectual work, and the stirring changes it has effected here and elsewhere in current conceptions of the money problems. He is a utilitarian in the highest sense. No issue is treated by him upon any plane but that of racial advancement and human betterment. One other thing may be added, and that is that he can in no way be charged with a desire for political advancement, as in the range of promotion he has reached the highest to which under the constitution he may aspire. John P. Jones was born in England, one year before his parents came to the United States.

"The time contract becomes a weapon of enslavement," he says; artificial changes in the volume "create a rise or fall in the products of labor." "An unchanging volume" may be as disastrous as "one artificially changed. It must increase with demand. . . . Dear money . . . is the evidence of low prices and degraded labor." The policies which

"develop wealth and civilization for a comparatively few, must also be charged with the degradation and starvation of uncounted millions. . . . The greatest of wealth," the senator declares, "resides in applied knowledge," for it "develops man's powers of mind and body, and establishes his dominion over nature. . . . Value is subjective, not objective . . . it resides in the mind. . . . Values are extrinsic . . . qualities are intrinsic." So the money metals possess qualities only, not "values," which are born of "human needs." "Money . . . is a public function. . . . As language is a distributor of ideas — the product of thought, so money is the distributor of property — the product of labor. . . . Under a shrinking volume . . . the conflict between capital and labor is turned into unrelenting war." This done by legislation is a betrayal. The state "is proportionate action for a public purpose," and "the compulsory idleness of willing workers," so produced, "is due to a force that acts upon industrial society like a deadly but odorless gas, which because of its subtle character escapes detection. It is the rapacious and engorging power of an ever-increasing value in the unit of money," constantly requiring "more sacrifice for each dollar represented when the obligation was made. . . . A nation is a great family," and there exists "no moral right to cheapen any member of it. . . . Yet . . . legislation has been in the hands of men who have been consumers without being producers."

The senator retired from the Republican party because convinced that on the money question it was deliberately false. He has always held that the demintage act of 1872 was passed without understanding its character; therefore he still labored with those who did it. The Bland and Sherman Acts he regarded as insufficient efforts to increase the volume of money, but when the Republicans joined hand with the Cleveland Democrats, it was to him a deliberate blow, knowingly delivered. He seeks therefore in the "new politics" the coefficients of harmonious action. The Omaha platform is the only one in which this purpose has been effectually stated.

"Old parties," says the senator, "damn the deserter and often fail to welcome the recruit. . . . But a new party affords opportunity for founding new agitations and conditions;" they rise "from popular aspirations. They do not emanate from the contented and successful. . . . They germinate in unrest. . . . They spring from below. . . . They must keep in touch with the masses. . . . Failing in this all parties petrify." The new politics have indeed gained notably by this accession. It came like the marching of a new corps to a hard pressed battle, like the addition of a new people in the struggle for advancing freedom.

In Eugene V. Debs another type appears, marshalling a force perhaps in numbers more potential even than that which the senator may influence. In this leader of an industrial democracy we discern power as well as ability. An American by birth, with the moulding of the common school and the inheritance of labor; trained by its conflicts and taught to direct by its sufferings, this western man is destined to be one of the potential

factors in our "new politics." One needed but to hear him on the Cooper Union platform to be sure of that. A study of his writings and of other speeches but deepens the conviction that in Eugene V. Debs a man appears! No one would take this tall, lean, somewhat angular, professional-looking man, with his acute, scholarly face, keen eyes hidden by gold-bowed glasses, his clean-shaven cheeks and chin, quiet but precise dress and simple, easy manners, to be (if the name were unknown) the locomotive fireman who, serving and leading over a hundred thousand men, has startled the land and affrighted "the classes," while winning recognition as organizer, leader, agitator. He is a writer and thinker as well as an orator and a leader — and all these in no average sense. This was shown by the Cooper Union speech. Mr. Debs looks like the typical Hoosier schoolmaster who has made his way as a country lawyer.

The Cooper Union platform has welcomed many speakers, but of orators, only a few. One thinks of Abraham Lincoln and the speech of Feb. 22, 1860, which made him the nominee of the Republican party. With all the hallowed tenderness that lingers around the memory of the martyr president, comparisons favorable to the railroad leader cannot be avoided. One is reminded of Ingersoll in listening to Debs, but it is not imitation; it only shows study of a master of oratory. The labor leader has intellect of acute, fine, vigorous character. He handles his themes with practised skill. He marshals his points logically and with acumen, and then illuminates them with flashing wit, keen humor and stern, often savage, sarcasm. There is no display, little effort even at modulation, while his voice, though good and sustained, is a little harsh in timbre — a reminder probably of bitter nights on the flying engine when "firing" was the order of the hour. Yet he holds a great audience in sympathetic bonds and fills it with controlling fervor — touch for touch! It is when you grasp his large, long, well-shaped, sinewy hand, that you feel the grip of toil as well as of sincerity. It is a workingman's hand in the best sense. Taking past and present into due consideration, the Indiana railroader is no less a man of power than was the Illinois lawyer of 1860.

Eugene V. Debs in his own career illustrates both the power of personal study and the educational value of organization; naturally he dwells upon its value: —

"Organizations of working-men are," he said to the World's Fair Labor Congress in 1893, "in active alliance with the school." As editor of the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine* (1893) he wrote that "Ignorance is the cause of slavery. . . . In evolution as it relates to animals and plants, the strongest survives, the weak go to the wall. . . . This is sometimes styled 'the survival of the fittest,' but always of the strongest." Applying this to "the labor mind," it has "as a whole unfolded to an extent

productive of amazement. . . . Its active forces bear the stamp of practical wisdom." And in the struggle to be "the fittest or the strongest, labor is developing staying qualities," which are creating "anxiety in the ranks of those who believe themselves to be the favorites of evolution. . . . When the men of labor . . . step forth to be counted, the army, the standing army, of labor, appalls those who surmise . . . that it is simply a machine to be operated for their benefit. . . . Labor organizations, separate as waves but one as the sea, will mass their tremendous powers for self preservation. It is the law — the trend; we shall hope to see its sublime exhibition of power. We should like to see it come as comes the dawn, with pencillings of light and rising orb, advancing in a cloudless sky to a noon of glory. . . . But come it must, either gently or with exhibitions of wrath and terror." He declared to the American Railway Union (June 12, 1894) that he did not "doubt that the time is at hand when wage workers will combine and consolidate for the purpose of righting the wrongs that legislators have brought upon the country by vicious legislation, and that this they will do under some banner, on some platform and by the declaration of some policy, which will, like a tide taken at the flood, lead on to victory. The time is not far distant," he said in his Cooper Union speech, "when there will be another and greater strike — that of labor at the ballot box. . . . I believe in agitation; I don't believe in stagnation. . . . It is absolutely necessary to abolish the wage system. . . . The time is fast approaching when it will melt and flow into the coöperative system. Why should the laborer work to keep another man in idleness?"

For himself and the industrial democracy Mr. Debs has declared for free land, free public functions, unwarped for private profit, for free silver and an increasing volume of money, and for the coöperative commonwealth.

Equally as representative an American, of Pilgrim stock, touching English commonwealth days and those of Colonial and Revolutionary fervor, with the best of our middle-grade training, a lawyer by profession, identified with the higher judiciary by relationship, and, better still, a proved and incorruptible citizen, David Hanson Waite of Colorado, the best-abused and most skilfully lied about of public men, retires from the executive office he has made his fulcum in manly effort to overthrow corruption, prevent disorder and compel obedience to law, with a conviction that "Time maketh all things even," and that ere long no one will more regret their first misuse of the ballot, than the women of the Rocky Mountain cities by whose votes the People's Party of Colorado was partially defeated last November.

Governor Waite, like John P. Jones, is of sturdy Welsh stock. His ancestors — three brothers — came to New England about 1660, settling respectively in Vermont, Connecticut and New York. Joseph Waite was the latter settler, and the Colorado ex-governor is directly descended from him. Chief Justice Waite was descended from John, the brother who remained in Connecticut. David H. Waite was born at Jamestown, N. Y., in 1825, and is therefore now in his seventieth year. He studied

law in his father's office, and practised at Jamestown, removing in 1851 to Princeton, Wis. He soon became a stalwart Republican, and was elected to the Wisconsin legislature. After his return to and marriage in New York (1872), he edited a Republican paper and also served as superintendent of schools and postmaster, stumping for Grant and Wilson in 1872.

His recent experience is not the first he has had in running counter to "established" iniquity. In 1859 he was driven from Missouri, while he was teaching school, at Houston, Texas County, because he was "calamity howler" enough to believe in a free state. In 1861 he was principal of the high school at Warren, Penn. After the second Grant campaign he moved to Larned, Kan., and in 1879 settled at Leadville, later removing to Aspen, Col., where he still resides. He acceptably edited the Aspen *Times* and the Ashcroft *Journal*, practised law, served as police justice and county superintendent of schools; quite a remarkable preparation for a "riotous" governor, though appropriate enough for the training of an honorable man, sensitive to the demands of public duty and civic obligations.

He became disgruntled with the financial policy of the old parties, and in 1891 started a free silver paper — the *Union Era*. Some one has spoken of Judge Waite as the "Abraham Lincoln of the Rockies." There is something apt in the comparison. He is a man of experience, shrewdness, wit and humor at least, if he does not possess all of the self-contained sagacity which marked the martyr president. The essential trouble with David H. Waite is that he is a profound believer in his cause. Not all of those who have affiliated with it do that without an "if" or a "but." The ex-governor does.

Perhaps the speech made by Governor Waite (July 11, 1893) to the State Silver League, has been most grossly misrepresented. There was no secession advocated, as charged, and no revolution proposed. If the other side used force, as they threatened, why then, trouble would come. The keynote of that speech was the declaration of Mr. Lincoln, that "If a debt is created with a certain amount of money in circulation, and then the government contracts the money volume before the debt is paid, it is the most heinous crime which a government can commit against the people." Governor Waite arraigned Congress and the executives from 1873 down to date as criminals, and indicted the "classes" and their allies of the press as receivers of stolen goods. Why not? He declared that those who favored compromise, such as the ratio then proposed, of 22½ to 1, were simply and knowingly aiding "to crystallize all the wrongs and injuries which the money power has inflicted upon the people during the past twenty years." The speech as taken down in

shorthand, not as printed for misrepresentation in the daily press, is now referred to and quoted from.

In referring to the proposition for an "international conference," the governor derided it as a surrender of constitutional duty; as a proposition of subserviency to foreign intervention unworthy of the government. If those in power were unable to manage American affairs or were willing to turn their direction over to foreign interests, there might be needed "another revolution" which would send to Halifax more "British Tories" than our fathers did when the War of Independence closed. This was Mr. Waite's only reference to "revolution." He went on to say of the effects of the heinous crime Abraham Lincoln denounced long before, that cries of agony arose from the "mountains and valleys of Colorado against a policy, the most atrocious since Louis XIV. revoked the Edict of Nantes in 1685, and banished from France 500,000 of his people." This sturdy, straightforward hitter asked what should be said of the presidents who dared to "assume to drive into poverty and exile a half million freemen?" After alluding to the fact that our Civil War admitted of "no compromise," he declared that the liberties of sixty-four million people were in peril, and "no banker, no broker, no usurer, and least of all no 'peddling politician,' has it in his power to compromise this tremendous issue."

The governor's closing words have been the most widely and perversely misstated. Here they are: —

> The war has begun. It is the same war which must always be waged against oppression and tyranny to preserve the liberties of man — that eternal warfare of monarchy and monopoly against the right of the people to self government, and which, during the last century, has so conquered the masses as to reduce to pauperism the common people of almost every nation under heaven, except the United States. *Our weapons are argument and the ballot — a free ballot and a fair count. And if the money power shall attempt to sustain its usurpation by "the strong hand," we will meet that issue when it is forced upon us, for it is better, infinitely better, that blood should flow to the horses' bridles rather than our national liberties should be destroyed.*

David H. Waite is a vigorous man for his years. Indeed, he can outride, campaign and overwork many a younger man. Tall, straight as an arrow, spare and sinewy, with bushy gray hair and beard (his hair has been gray since he was twenty-five), his eyes still full of light behind the strong glasses he wears; dressed generally in a neat gray suit; quick of speech, facile and responsive; benevolent by nature, if at times a little brusque in manner, the radical ex-governor, like Senator J. P. Jones and Eugene V. Debs, is a positive force — a personality to be accounted for in the yeoman struggles that march abreast of the new politics. It is impossible to detail the story of the Cripple

Creek miners' strike, or of the governor's perfectly legal attack on the "Soapy Smith" ring of gamblers and police in Denver. The evidence in both cases lies before the writer, proving in the one case that the governor's aim, sustained, too, by the shrewd employers, was to effect settlement by arbitration, and in the other that he but exercised his lawful powers to remove proved corruptionists and conspirators. In the one effort the paid lawyers intervened; in the other bullies and ruffians were sustained by bankers, brokers, trust managers and rich politicians. The courts vindicated the governor. The press derided and falsified.

So it goes. The slaveholder's whip still cracks. But the courageous pistol and bowie knife are replaced by slander and suppression. The virile abuse of ancient editors and compromisers and pro-slavery bullies gives place to a cowardly and organized repression or misrepresentation of such current news of the land as may not suit the interests of the Wall Street gambling column or the exploiting relations of the publisher's counting-rooms. But the work goes forward. American methods are still in vogue, and while the ballot remains, even the possessors of millions may not conquer the land. If it was designed as part of our competitive "civilization" to write despair upon the poor man's lintel, the school house should have been barred half a century ago and the suffrage wrested from its more unfortunate possessors.

"Why hesitate? Ye are full-bearded men,
With God-implanted will and courage if
Ye dare but show it. Never yet was will
But found some way or means to work it out,
Nor e'er did fortune frown on him who dared.
Shall we, in presence of this grievous wrong,
In this supremest moment of all time,
Stand trembling, cowering, when with one bold stroke
These groaning millions might be ever free?
And that one stroke so just, so greatly good,
So level with the happiness of man,
That all the angels will applaud the deed."

EXPERIMENTAL TELEPATHY.

BY T. E. ALLEN.

As children we are open-minded. Our eyes fall upon natural phenomena and the strange forms of utility and art in which the genius of man has fixed itself, and after a few examinations, curiosity is satisfied and the wonder-light dies out. The plastic mind has assimilated them to a certain extent. The telephone obtrudes itself upon an adult, grown sceptical through an experience which has taught him that "things are not what they seem"; but it works, he hears his friend's voice, and the appointment is kept. His incredulity is thus shattered at the first blow, another idea is added to the commonplace, and he is more or less alert to grapple with the next invention that solicits his attention. With the scientist in his laboratory the story is the same. In his mind are more pigeon-holes. Whatever finds a place in them can come in unchallenged; all else must wait outside until it can be scrutinized and cross-examined. The severity of the examination increases with the remoteness of the alleged facts from past experience and thought, for new pigeon-holes are not to be added until they must be.

How shall one compel the construction of a compartment for a new fact? In the last resort, the wise man must witness a strange phenomenon over and over again. Then, the mind gradually becomes wonted to the novel idea, the elements of thought readjust themselves, and a new unity is established, of which the disturbing conception is as much a part as any other. Unfortunately, the phenomena which we are to consider can not themselves be repeated upon these printed pages for the reader's benefit. The next best thing is to present the results obtained by those who have investigated telepathy, in such a manner, if possible, as to carry conviction or, at the very least, as to lead the reader to study the literature of the subject, and, I hope, to make experiments himself.

Telepathy is that kind of action of one mind upon another which takes place without the intermediation of the ordinary channels of sense. The mind acting as the cause is the "agent," and the one influenced or that it is sought to influence is the "percipient." Telepathic phenomena are divided into two classes, experimental and spontaneous. As the former furnish the better

evidence, we shall confine our attention to them. The demonstration of the reality of telepathic phenomena provides us with the most fundamental truth in the realm of psychical science that it is possible to have. It is comparable to gravitation in astronomy. It is conceivable that thought-transference might be of every day occurrence without the slightest valid evidence for the genuineness of spiritualistic phenomena; but the existence of the latter would, in my judgment, necessitate the reality of the former. It will be seen, then, that even for those whose interest in psychical science turns chiefly upon their desire for proofs of a life beyond the grave, the facts of telepathy throw light upon a problem simpler in its nature than, and logically prior in time to, any question whatever related to spiritualistic phenomena. Again, the assumption of a revelation in the domain of religion, if a process under law and not "miraculous," carries with it the same implications just pointed out. The proof of telepathy, too, entitles psychical science to the recognition of all other branches of science either as an entirely new department, or else as a division of psychology with rights and privileges of its own which ought to be and soon will be respected. In other words, telepathy, taken by itself, supplies a *raison d' être* for psychical science which is entirely adequate.

The ancient history of telepathy in the light of recent investigations is as yet unwritten. When this work is undertaken, many cases will probably be found. Mesmeric operators noted a "community of sensation" between themselves and their subjects without, however, bestowing much thought upon it. How far telepathy plays a part in hypnotism is an open question. In many cases it does. The pioneers of the spiritualistic movement in this country were by no means blind to the facts of thought-transference as distinct from spirit communion. In his work, "Man and His Relations" (fourth edition, 1868), Dr. S. B. Brittan gives an account of some of his own experiments in a chapter entitled "Mental Telegraphing." Without attempting, however, to estimate the value of spiritualistic and psychical literature previous to 1882, it is to that year that we must assign a most favorable crisis in the life of psychical science, if not its actual birth into the scientific world. In that year, the Society for Psychical Research was formed in England, and the evidence collected by this body now covers the results of thousands of experimental and hundreds of spontaneous cases of telepathy which, transferred from its "Proceedings," from "Phantasms of the Living" (a work in two volumes, now out of print, sanctioned by the council of the society and devoted primarily to telepathy) and from its archives, would fill several volumes of THE ARENA.

In a review article,* Mr. F. W. H. Myers, one of the authors of "Phantasms of the Living," says that a distinguished American, after reading this work "from beginning to end," wrote "that he did not believe a word of it." In reply, it may be said that he was confronted by this dilemma: — Either the evidence proves telepathy, a phenomenon which, *like all phenomena*, can only rest upon first-hand experience and testimony, and is incapable of being proved or disproved by a rational process applied to alien or neutral phenomena, or else all human testimony is subjected to a strain that, to say the least, would demolish all history, sacred and profane alike. This may appear to some an unwarranted conclusion, but I am satisfied that the sober second thought of a large majority of thinkers would sanction it, were they to weigh the evidence cited. I apprehend that the critic failed to consider the evidence *en masse* as he should have done. A single spontaneous case might seem to be due, for example, to imagination, disease or lack of veracity — though even here *à priori* reasoning is readily carried too far — but when such a *mass* of sifted testimony and experiments is under consideration, the case is far different. Let us turn now to some of these experiments.

In 1883 Mr. Malcolm Guthrie, J. P., a gentleman of high standing in Liverpool, became interested in thought-transference and, with the aid of Mr. James Birchall, honorary secretary of the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society, carried on an extensive series of experiments with two percipients. In the cases from this series which I shall quote, all present acted as agents by concentrating their minds upon the object selected. In the experiments with contact, one of the agents either clasped one hand of the percipient or laid a hand lightly on the back of her hand.

> Almost all the experiments *with objects* were performed under strict conditions — the "subjects" [percipients] being blindfolded, and the objects placed out of the range of their vision, even had they not been thus incapacitated for observation; and silence being preserved during the progress of the experiments. In other cases the precautions were not so strict; but as the rule has been to record *every* incident, without any exception whatever, the full record is presented.
>
> MALCOLM GUTHRIE.

> My attention, throughout the whole series of experiments, has been mainly directed to the strict observance of the necessary conditions. As far as I am able to judge, the experiments here recorded are unquestionably genuine. . . .
>
> JAS. BIRCHALL.†

The following are *all* of the results obtained upon April 20,

* ARENA, Vol. IV., p. 392.

† Proceedings Society for Psychical Research, Vol. I., pp. 263-64.

1883, so that the reader may estimate the degree of success. I shall indicate also whether with or without contact.

With Contact. Object — A square of pink silk on black satin. Result (spoken by percipient) — "Pink . . . square." Answered almost instantly. O. — A ring of white silk on black satin. R. — "Can't see it." O. — Word, R-E-S, letter by letter. R. — Each letter was named correctly as it was set up on the first trial. O. — Letter Q. R. — "Q," first answer. O. — Letter F. R. — "F," first answer.

Without Contact. O. — A gilt cross held by Mr. G. behind the percipient. R. — "Is it a cross?" Asked which way it was held, the percipient replied, "The right way," which was correct. O. — A yellow paper knife. R. — "Yellow . . . is it a feather? . . . It looks more like a knife with a thin handle." O. — Mr. Steel's Exchange pass ticket (similar to a first class [English] railway contract ticket), maroon colored leather cover. R. — "Is it square? . . . longer one way than the other. . . . a dark reddish color." O. — A pair of scissors, standing open and upright. R. — "Is it silver? . . . No — it is steel . . . It is a pair of scissors standing upright."

Upon April 25 objects were selected in the following order: Word "Puella," letter by letter; a diamond of blue silk on black satin; a dark green circle of silk on black satin; a terra-cotta meerschaum pipe, glazed at the mouthpiece, the stem joined to the bowl by a carved bird's claw; a small toy dog; a dark crimson apple; an orange; an electro-plate teaspoon; a bright steel door key; a red ivory ball; a cross of yellow silk on black satin; the name "Tom," all the letters fixed up to be read at once; a gold watch; a jug cut out in white cardboard; a five-barred gate, cut out in cardboard; an electro-plate egg cup; a toy cat; six of diamonds; same; a white toy bird. Result of this series: correct, 7; partially correct, 6; failures, 8. Ten of these were without contact and gave as a result: correct, 4; partially correct, 3; failures, 3.* This paragraph gives only a digest of the results obtained upon April 25.

The reader will observe that a large variety of objects was used. Summing up a series of 457 experiments in which, in addition to objects of the kinds mentioned, pains, tastes and smells were transmitted with contact, Mr. Guthrie found the following results: Nothing perceived, 70; completely successful, 237; partially successful, 82; misdescriptions, 68; total, 457. Other experiments finally brought the total up to 713. Mr. Frank Podmore, from whose work † these figures are taken says: "The experiments were conducted and the results recorded with great care and thoroughness; and the whole series, in its length, its variety and its completeness, forms perhaps the most important single contribution to the records of experimental thought-transference in the normal state." ‡ Dr. Oliver J. Lodge, Professor of Physics in University College, Liverpool, "carried out a long and independent series of experiments with the same two

* Proceedings Society for Psychical Research, Vol. I., pp. 267-69.

† "Apparitions and Thought-Transference," p. 34.

‡ I would earnestly recommend all who take a serious interest in psychical research or who desire further information upon telepathy to read this book. It is the best compendium of investigations extant — perhaps the only one in English worthy the name. As one of a group of workers which has placed the world under obligations — and especially with relation to this very subject — he is entitled to speak *ex cathedra*.

percipients, and completely convinced himself of the genuineness of the phenomena." He says in his report: "As regards collusion and trickery, no one who has witnessed the absolutely genuine and artless manner in which the impressions are described, but has been perfectly convinced of the transparent honesty of purpose of all concerned." *

The following is a set of 400 trials made in batches of 40 or 50 at a time, in June, 1886, by the Misses Wingfield. . . . The ninety numbers [from 10 to 99 inclusive] . . . were inscribed on ninety slips of paper, and placed in a bowl. Miss M. Wingfield, sitting six feet behind the percipient, drew a slip at random, and fixed her attention on the number which it bore; Miss K. Wingfield made a guess at the number, and the real number and the guess made were at once recorded in the table. The slip of paper was then replaced, the contents of the bowl shuffled, and another draw made haphazard. The most probable number of right guesses for accident to bring about in the 400 trials was 4. The actual number of completely right guesses was 27; in 21 other cases the two right digits were given in reverse order; and in 162 others, one of the digits was given rightly in its right place. The probability which this result affords for a cause other than chance is represented by 47 nines and a 5 following a decimal point; *i. e.*, the odds are nearly two hundred thousand million trillions of trillions to 1. It would be a very inadequate statement of the case to say that, if the waking hours of the whole population of the world were for the future continuously devoted to making similar trials, life on this planet would come to an end without such an amount of success, or anything like it, having been accidentally obtained.†

Far more remarkable results have been obtained when the percipient was hypnotized. In a series of experiments made by Professor and Mrs. Sidgwick with a percipient in this state, using 81 numbers (from 10 to 90); out of 15 trials, 9 were entirely correct, 1 was right on the second trial, and one of the two digits was right in each of the other 5 cases! ‡ Space will not permit me even to catalogue the other kinds of effects produced both in the normal and hypnotic states. The theoretical limit to telepathy can not, with our present elementary knowledge, be placed anywhere short of the production of *every kind of mental state that the agent is capable of experiencing*, and the English Psychical School claims that the subliminal consciousness may also come into play and produce states in the percipient which are *not* active in the agent.

Speaking of the evidence for experimental telepathy, Mr. Podmore says: —

If the reader has been able to accept my estimate of the evidence brought forward in the preceding chapters [I. to V.], the possibility of the transmission of ideas and sensations, otherwise than through the known channels of the senses, must be held to be proved by the experi-

* Proceedings Society for Psychical Research, Vol. II., p. 189, *et seq.*

† "Phantasms of the Living," Vol. II., pp. 653-4.

‡ "Apparitions and Thought-Transference," pp. 66, 67.

ments there recorded. That proof can be impugned only on the ground that the precautions taken against communication between agent and percipient by normal means were insufficient. For if the precautions are admitted to have been sufficient, there can be no question that the results were not due to chance.*

A careful reading of the chapters mentioned has satisfied me that the evidence cited justifies the conclusion drawn from it by Mr. Podmore. I trust, also, that the reader's interest may have been so awakened by this very brief exposition of telepathy that he will consult this author's valuable monograph.

* *Ibid*, p. 143.

POLITICS AS A CAREER.

Two Letters.

BY W. D. McCRACKAN, M. A.

I.

To Mr. A. B. C——, Professor of Political Science.

Dear Sir: — I hope you will not think me a bore for troubling you with certain questions which are very near my heart. I assure you it is only after much anxious hesitation that I venture to address you. But the truth is that I am approaching the end of my college course without having decided upon what is to follow, what my life work is to be.

In looking back I find that I have devoted most of my hours of study to subjects which cannot be of any practical or immediate use to me after I graduate. It does not console me to be told that all this has been a good training for the mind, since it is clear that I might have been training my mind equally well in the study of live topics and pressing questions. I feel a certain vagueness pervading my manner of thought; a dissatisfying, disheartening diffuseness; a want of actuality. They say that this is culture, that it distinguishes the college-bred man from his less fortunate brothers in business. Our professors refer continually to this certain something, this invaluable air of good breeding which college life is supposed to create. I am not so sure that I know exactly what all this talk means, but I do not propose to quarrel with it, if only I can discover some life work to which I can devote myself heart and soul.

In this predicament I turn to you for advice.

The truth is, I have discovered in myself a decided fondness for public speaking. In the classroom and in our debating societies I love dearly to be on my feet — when I have anything to say. But here is the difficulty: I lack decided opinions, fresh, vigorous, pulsating thoughts. The past obtrudes itself continually, with its academic coldness. The present is an unknown quantity. Everything seems to be derived at second hand, from text books or hearsay.

My great ambition is to enter politics, when my college career is closed. This is what I wanted to ask you about. Whenever

I mention the subject to my friends, they are horrified. They speak of the low average of character among politicians. They point to the prevailing corruption in our municipal, State and federal governments. They warn me that I shall find myself in the company of criminals, blackmailers, bribers and professional tricksters, men without scruples of any sort. They draw imaginary pictures of me in my new *rôle*, leaning against a bar with my hat tilted over my eyes, treating profusely a crowd of low-browed ruffians. In fact, everything has been done to discourage me.

Can you hold out any hope to me? I feel myself fitted for an honorable political career, if only I can find vital public questions to advocate without reserve, to work for and live for and, if necessary, to die for.

Yours respectfully,

STUDENT D——.

II.

To Student D——.,

DEAR SIR: Your case, my young friend, resembles that of many another college-bred man in America. I have been through the same experience myself, so that my hearty sympathy goes out to you in your struggle to assert your own individuality. You are suffering from the usual consequences of what is known as a classical education. Your sight has been so long focused on the past that you fail to see the problems of the present in their proper perspective.

By all means choose politics as a profession, but count the cost and be prepared for the worst. No honest man can enter political life to-day without doing so as a reformer — and there is no money in reform work. You will find yourself continually left out in the cold. While the professionals are dividing the spoils, you will have to stand aside. No office will be offered to such as you. The party conventions will dread your appearance as an omen of disloyalty. You will be scorned as a theorist and a dude. In debate they will shake the finger at you as a traitor and a hypocrite. At every turn your honesty will prove a stumbling block to your advancement. For you must first realize to what depths our party system has sunk.

The truth is, competing parties are first of all playing with each other for certain stakes, which are offices, fat places, salaries, etc. If there is any time and money left over, then vital questions are treated a little, as an afterthought. Every political campaign resolves itself into a wordy manœuvre for points of strategic importance. The idea is not to enlighten the voters in regard to the real issues at stake, but rather to distract their at-

tention and fix it upon catching non-essentials. The great aim of every well constituted party is, of course, to counteract the good moves of its opponent, no matter at what cost to the public welfare; if possible to fasten upon it the blame for any national calamity which may overtake the country; above all things to drive it into a hole, as the saying is. To do this cleverly is almost as great an honor as to make a touchdown in one of your Harvard-Yale football games, and on the whole constitutes as great a service to the public.

As a game, I do not see how politics could be improved in this country. There is more uncertainty, gamble and scramble with us in one short election contest than all the effete monarchies of Europe, put together, can show in a whole year.

As a means of making and executing laws I think our politics have reached the lowest stage to which they may safely go. I have no doubt that we can go on like this for a number of years more, but the moment we sink still lower in the political scale, there will be trouble, dangerous and perhaps irreparable trouble. I do not so much accuse our public men, as I deplore our whole political machinery. It is hopelessly out of gear.

I am particularly pleased that you should see the importance of carrying with you into politics certain definite convictions upon public questions. The man without ideas in politics naturally becomes a spoilsman because there is nothing honorable left for him to do. Having no interest in the public good, he straightway attends to his private interests.

I am, therefore, going to suggest two much-needed reforms in political machinery for your consideration. You cannot do better than make them the subject of diligent research. You will find that a great deal has already been written about them, although the politicians for the most part, of course, have never even heard of them. The first is *Direct Legislation* by means of the Initiative and Referendum. The second is *Proportional Representation.* In this letter I can only point out the salient features of these two reforms, leaving you to judge for yourself whether or not they are of sufficient importance to fill your political career.

The *Referendum* means that bills framed by the representatives must be *referred* to the people before they can become law.

The *Initiative* means that a certain percentage of the voters shall have the right to *initiate* or propose legislation.

You can see for yourself why these two institutions together should be called *direct* legislation. There is something as hopeless in indirect legislation of the usual type as there is in indirect taxation. The people must be brought into actual contact with the making of the laws which are to govern them. This is true

self government, and this only. Having our laws made for us offhand by proxy has resulted in shifting the attention of the voters upon persons and away from principles. To restore the proper balance in political machinery the voters must learn to pass judgment upon measures instead of merely upon men.

Although the names Referendum and Initiative sound very Latin and very long, you have probably never even heard them mentioned in your college course. But do not suppose for that reason that these institutions are foreign to our American body politic.

In any New England town a small percentage of the voters can have an article inserted in what is known as the warrant, to have it discussed and voted upon in town meeting. Any ten voters of a town have the right to propose measures relating to the government of the town, such as appropriating money for current expenses, building schoolhouses, highways and all other acts which a town may lawfully do. That is the Initiative. The right to adopt or reject such proposals resides in a majority of the voters at a duly warned town meeting; that is the Referendum. If ten voters in a town petition the selectmen to call a special meeting and the selectmen refuse, any justice of the peace may call a special town meeting, and the acts of that meeting are the laws of that town.

When a town adopts a city charter all this is changed, for the representative form of government has been introduced, and the only vote the voters then have on municipal matters is that of selecting their representatives once each year.

So you see that the Referendum and Initiative are real American institutions; when you get into politics do not let the ignorant cry you down as the introducer of foreign customs. Furthermore, the Referendum is even now frequently used outside of the town meeting system. In every State of the Union, except Delaware, constitutional amendments are referred to the people for ratification. In many states such questions as the location of the capital, of state universities, prisons and asylums are referred. Local option is a form of the Referendum. All that is needed is to extend this principle and we shall soon find ourselves once more a self-governing, self-respecting nation.

But in framing and administering laws we must enlist the very best talent and allow all interests to be fairly represented. It, therefore, becomes necessary to have some sort of an electoral system. This brings me to the second reform which I want you to consider, that of Proportional Representation.

You can have no idea, until you examine the statistics of our elections (whether they be municipal, State or federal), how large a number of voters are practically disfranchised. No provision

is made for minorities. And yet taxes continue to be paid even by those who are unrepresented. On the other hand, in certain states the districts are so constructed that a small handful of voters hold the balance of power. Sometimes the *gerrymander* is to blame for this, but in any case our present system of electoral districts is absolutely faulty. Our legislatures do not represent the people, and the principle of majority rule, upon which we pride ourselves so much, does not have full play.

Proportional Representation is based upon the principle that if a certain political unit, whether it be a State, city or county, has a given number of representatives, each proportionate part of the voters in that political unit should have one representative. That is to say, if a state with four congressmen has 100,000 votes, each 25,000 voters should have one congressman. Proportional Representation accomplishes this by wiping out the district lines, and allowing the citizens to vote as they please in the state. The total number of votes cast at the election is divided by the number of representatives to be chosen, which gives the electoral quotient, or quota, which is the number of votes necessary to elect one representative. Each party or group of voters is then given as many representatives as the electoral quota is contained times in their vote. Nominations may be made as at present by parties or by petition, and the voting done as at present, the only difference being that the successful candidates are taken from the various parties in proportion to their respective votes instead of taking them all from the majority party.

Take the statistics of any recent election; apply this rule to them, and then observe the startling discrepancy between the results obtained by the present system and by Proportional Representation.

In conclusion, my dear young friend, let me once more impress upon your mind that a political career is full of temptations and disappointments. I fear that for many years to come an honest man must be at a great disadvantage in our legislatures. He must resist the lobby which corrupts, and the party organization which deceives. He must place his professional honor securely upon principle, not upon expediency. He must be prepared to be called all manner of names, and in the end, perhaps, to be rated a worldly failure.

Your well-wisher,

A. B. C——.

THE COMING INDUSTRIAL ORDER.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

No one who is not blinded by the smooth assurances of the prophets of conservatism, who for gold, place and influence anæsthetize the brain and soul of their masters, can fail to appreciate the fact that Europe and America are facing one of those mighty crises, which are attended by the shattering of old-time ideals and the downfall of conditions which humanity has outgrown — one of those crises in the history of the race which distinctly mark the ascent of man. Continental Europe, Great Britain and America are affected by this profound unrest, this omnipresent apprehension, this atmosphere of expectancy. In our own land a deep-rooted discontent has spread from city to country, until it has penetrated the most remote hamlets and isolated farms.

The awakened thought due to the pressure of poverty felt by the most industrious and sober on the one hand, and the general intelligence resulting from popular education on the other, has called forth a condition which it is idle for conventionalists to imagine can be overcome by the *threat of violence or the crust of charity*. The world has come to a point where another step will be taken by civilization. The question is whether it will be accomplished by the shock of arms, a storm of violence, and a night of savagery, or through a grand evolutionary movement which shall mark man's rise above the old-time method of progress by brute force; an advance in which the discord of hate, the roar of cannon, will not be heard, but in their stead the laughter of millions of hope-warmed hearts floating from homes now filled with gloom; an advance in which joy, the luminous child of love, shall lead our people into the new time, while amazed history, gazing long before she writes, at last shall pen the story of the first civilization of earth great and wise enough to be just. — B. O. FLOWER, in "The New Time."

OUR industrial order has reached its last form of life and expression. Among the masses it has degenerated out of old-time neighborly competitive rivalry into the questions as to where the next job and meal are to come from, or who are to be the next victims of commercial cannibalism. Among capitalists it has evoluted into the combine, where all individual conscience and moral responsibility are stifled, if not altogether ignored, while greed and selfishness are abnormally developed and stimulated in the pursuit of unlawful spoils, and dividends on watered stocks.

At the same time the sentiment of human brotherhood, the world over, is just rising into its first general expression and assertion, warm with all the vitality and vigor of aggressive youth. More and more the masses are becoming conscious that there is no real "self preservation" save through an extension of the "first law of nature" until the law reaches out from and beyond and above the mere individual, and serves and vitalizes the interest of all. It is too late to ignore or oppose socialism as an *idea*. The principle, as already accepted and applied, has proved so indispensable that a proposition to narrow its orbit would provoke far more discussion and opposition than are now arrayed against its further extension; for latter-day socialism, as understood by its authorized advocates, simply means coöpera-

tive interest and effort — in short, public partnership — in the public advantages and wealth-producing agencies of a community, especially those staple necessities now owned, controlled and manipulated by private parties and limited corporations "for the benefit of the stockholders and for all the traffic will bear." It contemplates *organic structure and order that tend to social and political equilibrium* — a structure and order which are no less essential to a healthy body politic than is a *bone and sinew structure to the flesh, blood, nerves and vital organs of the human body.* Sooner or later we shall realize that less than this means industrial deformity and chaos — such as we now have — including intermittent "fever and chills," growing discontent, enforced idleness as well as enforced labor and sullen submission, capitalistic oppression, and finally, military despotism in the name and mask of necessity, law and order.

In fact the latter and final phase of this condition is almost upon us — fast crystallizing through the military spirit in church, state and school, and through the aggressive attitude of labor on the one hand, and the stupid arrogance of combined monopoly and government on the other. It is evident that socialism is our only escape from ultimate anarchy or despotism. The question is, Shall we make the moral exodus, or shall we remain in bondage to the task masters of Egypt?

More than any other people on the globe we have a natural birthright to a land literally "flowing with milk and honey," and rich in all the elements of the highest civilization — a land that belongs to us by moral title deed earned by patriot blood poured out on a thousand battle fields. Shall we arise like men and recover our stolen inheritance, or shall we continue to cower and cringe before a small organized band of financial schemers, more exacting than Pharoah's task masters, and more aggressive, crafty and merciless than the feudal lords of old? — and all because these same exploiters have gained temporary control of a government resting upon the ballot, and have, for obvious reasons, labelled with malicious lies and misrepresentation the only thing that really represents and embodies systematized and practicalized democracy. In short, shall we continue to fool ourselves with the empty shell of constitutional liberty, while a few privileged characters are subsisting and fattening on the stolen meats? It is a misnomer to call our present "crazy patchwork" industrial medley a "system," when it is characterized by the utter absence of systematic order and by contending elements out of which nothing except socialism or military dictatorship can possibly evolve order.

Which shall we choose? It is folly even to dream of prosperity returning to us through the channels of a dying competi-

tive trade whose industrial torrents have reached the plains of commercial absorption, where they are fast disappearing in the hungry river beds of corporate greed, whose desert sands drink the product of labor and then refuse to render back sufficient moisture to save the original creators from death by thirst or starvation.

Hamlin Garland in an article in a late number of THE ARENA on "The Land Question and its Relation to Literature and Art" says, "Art cannot rise out of the weltering smother of our daily tumult." He then adds: "Our socialist brethren would say, Blot out your competitive system. But it is a lack of competition as a strict matter of fact." It is possible that Mr. Garland and his school of thinkers are in the habit of granting too broad a definition to the term "competition," and that right here begins the seeming conflict between two classes of equally intelligent and sincere reformers who are seeking the same ends and who should work harmoniously together and leave the shaping of results to the "mills of the gods" and to the fingers of evolution.

It seems to me that we sometimes confound competition with *aspiration* — that higher, nobler and more elastic and subtle quality which is the soul of true art, but which the "weltering smother of our daily tumult" and wage-slave competition and corroding uncertainty and dread tend to paralyze. While it is true that competition has been laid aside by intelligent capitalists, there has never been a period when it has been so marked, so fierce and yet so unsatisfactory and hopeless among the many as it now is.

The competitive instinct is in the travail throes of a new birth through which it is to be delivered from the lower levels of animalism and the struggle for physical existence to a plane where it shall take the form of *emulation*. It is certain that economic competition must soon give place to *reciprocity* among the masses as it already has among the classes. The constant tendency intelligently to conserve and utilize human vitality must necessarily force this result. Physical energy and effort, when understandingly organized and harnessed to man's use, can never again be diffused and differentiated into needless, wasteful and warring strife simply for amusement or even for the purpose of giving employment to man. Industrial force along every line of man's material necessities — such as production, exchange and distribution — has, through mutual understanding growing out of more intelligent use of methods and improved machinery, been lifted above the realm of uncertainty and conjecture into processes almost scientific in accuracy of calculation, and cannot possibly reassume its pioneer phase of condition and expression.

Competitive commerce virtually expired in giving birth to its

last but legitimate offspring, the modern trust, which in turn must merge its life in a still broader and final principle of partnership. The central idea involved — the conservation of force — has come to stay and expand, because it is a righteous one that cannot always be confined to its present narrow class limits, but must, in exact ratio with the increase of intelligence and sense of equity, continue in its growing sweep and volume till it swallows up private greed and grinding poverty. While in the past thirty years a comparatively few men have discovered and practised the art of accumulating vast fortunes through the *destruction* of competition and the employment of means not familiar to the masses, the latter have through their reform literature and various organizations been informing themselves and learning that under proper economic conditions the common material wants, and even luxuries of life, are within easy reach of every honest, industrious man and woman. They have learned that the game of "finance" has been played with "marked cards," and they propose now to expose the "tricks" and reform, if not expel the gamblers from the temple of liberty.

The hour is near when humanity shall arise and shake off the superstition that the good things of this life are designed only for kings, nobles and usurers. Of course our conservatives, including certain college professors — who, in their zealous efforts to prepare the upper department of the youthful anatomy for Greek roots and the lower for football, sometimes neglect the intervening space containing the vitals — will deem this ideal utopian. But is it any more so, or any less easy of realization than what the Vanderbilts, Goulds, Rockefellers and Carnegies have actualized in a single lifetime? Surely, if the latter can build $5,000,000 mansions in New York and castles in Scotland, and acquire vast estates and principalities through the cunning management and manipulation of other men's earnings, why may not, why shall not the men and women who create all the wealth be made prosperous and independent out of their own industry? Why should we continue to shut our eyes to the logic of facts and to the resistless push of economic evolution? The time is not far distant when the municipality and the state and nation are to be the only "great capitalists" tolerated in a free republic, and simply because we are fast learning that the former cannot "fail" and become insolvent — unless the people themselves fail *en masse*, which is practically impossible — while the latter, as a rule, fail us at the supreme moment, and invariably consider their own selfish interests paramount to the general welfare. Hence public economy and safety imperatively *demand* state socialism.

The term "socialism" has so long been subject to vague and conflicting definitions — so long misrepresented by selfishly in-

terested parties and misunderstood by others — that the following statements by standard authorities may serve to enlighten the public mind: —

The ethics of socialism are identical with the ethics of Christianity.— *Encyclopedia Britannica.*

The whole aim and purpose of socialism is a closer union of social factors. The present need is growth in that direction. — *Prof. Richard T. Ely.*

Socialism — A theory of society which advocates a more precise, orderly and harmonious arrangement of the social relations of mankind than that which has hitherto prevailed. — *Webster.*

No thinking man will controvert that associated industry is the most powerful agent of production, and that the principle of association is susceptible of further and beneficial development. — *John Stuart Mill.*

The answer of socialism to the capitalist is that society can do without him just as society now does without the slave owner or feudal lord, both of which were formerly regarded as necessary to the well-being and even the very existence of society. — *Prof. William Clarke.*

The citizens of a large nation, industriously organized, have reached their possible ideal of happiness when the producing, distributing and other activities are such that each citizen finds in them a place for all his energies and aptitudes, while he obtains the means of satisfying all his desires. — *Herbert Spencer.*

Socialism is often summarily dismissed with the remark that "The time is not ripe for it." Socialists have no idea of harvesting a crop before it is ripe. They do contend, however, that the unripeness of a crop is no reason for not cultivating it. Socialism being the product of the social evolution, the only danger lies in obstructing it. — *Rev. F. M. Sprague.*

Note the last sentence of Rev. F. M. Sprague's definition and, in connection with it, consider the desperate efforts of the money power as represented by our great dailies, and the municipal, state and national authorities, to poison and kill the fraternal instinct among the people, thus breeding and nourishing violence and "anarchy," which they pretend to deprecate and condemn. The very existence of socialism, as defined by Webster, depends upon mutual agreement, and this cannot possibly result in oppression to any individual member of society except to him who desires, through undue wealth and artificial social or official position, to distinguish himself from his fellows. Our unjust and abnormal economic conditions have begotten and placed in position a large element of this class — men who are determined to subjugate or destroy all that threatens their designs and ambitions. They hold the seat of power to-day, and having gained it by robbery and bribery propose to retain it through force and blood if necessary. Until they are rendered powerless for evil the "ideal of happiness" proclaimed by Herbert Spencer is absolutely impossible of realization. They must be *deposed*, and state socialism offers the only effective and peaceful means to that end.

I am aware that certain excellent reformers oppose socialism on the plausible ground that *personal character evolution*, through which the lion is to become a vegetarian — "eat straw, and lie down with the lamb" — is the only complete remedy. But we must not forget that state socialism alone can *destroy* the *teeth* and *claws* of the *man-eating monster in our midst.*

It is true that Mr. Spencer became somewhat pessimistic in old age and referred to socialism as the "coming tyranny." This unfortunate degeneracy on his part was doubtless induced — unconsciously, perhaps, to Mr. Spencer himself — by the pressure of a growing aristocratic and wealthy constituency such as gathers and asserts itself around the closing years of nearly every great and successful human career, and which is almost as inevitable and irresistible as the sea fogs that sometimes crowd in and obscure the evening twilight of a cloudless day. It has not only been a powerful anti-socialistic weapon in the hands of financial and civil tyrants, but it has helped to scatter and weaken the reform forces, by confusing the minds of thousands of honest people concerning the peaceful and beneficial aims and ends embodied in fraternal and industrial coöperation. But it proves and settles nothing. It only shows that a man may be a great and profound thinker and philosopher and yet be lacking in the intuitive or prophetic instinct that lifts its possessor above atmospheric earth currents, and which characterized men like Hugo, Garrison, Phillips, Lowell and Whittier — whose moral vision grew clearer to the end of their earthly pilgrimage.

It would be as unnatural for a community based on the idea of industrial reciprocity to evolve tyranny towards individual members as it would be for a sane and healthy man to allow the different members of his body to war with and oppress one another. The more closely the separate community units are knit together by interdependent interests, the more harmonious they become socially and the more safe are the individuals from the danger of oppression both from within and without. Mr. Spencer's latter-day objection to socialism as "the coming tyranny" is as ancient and as platitudinous as tyranny itself. In one sense it is well taken, but only in the relative sense which applies with equal force to the "tyranny" through which the rich man was sent to hades and Lazarus to Abraham's bosom, and to every law or system of laws that have in any manner annulled or abridged the liberty of the individual or the few to pursue criminal or selfish ends at the expense of their fellows and in defiance of justice.

The abolition of the feudal system — which our corporation barons are trying to restore — and of chattel slavery seemed tyranny to the ruling classes, but it was the divine dispensation

of equity which is no respecter of persons, and unless the law of compensation, which decrees that the first shall be last and the last first, is a myth, it is certain that a like form of retribution awaits and must swallow up our present money lords who claim the right to concentrate and hold centralized the great bulk of a community inheritance in land and product while millions of their fellows are — no matter for what direct cause — disinherited and being driven to pauperism and starvation. The parable in which Abraham is represented as saying, "Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things and likewise Lazarus his evil things: but now he is comforted and thou art tormented," was but the outline and shadow of an eternal law as old and new as the Infinite, whose ultimate penalties cannot be shirked. In every great revolution — either peaceful or violent — we see those penalties literally applied to nations as well as individuals. We need not wait for a spiritual hades to reveal the truthfulness of the words, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the *nations* that forget God." Who under the sun *can* be more wicked than men who wallow in untold, ill-got riches while their near neighbors are starving? And what nation more forgetful of God than a nation like this, which, instead of comforting and succoring its famished and pleading children who have been driven out of doors to make room for robbers and usurers, turns loose upon them the bloodhounds of municipal and state authority and drags them to prison to eat, sleep and associate with the vilest of criminals and murderers? Is there any good reason why the drama of Dives and Lazarus should not be reproduced now and here and with all Christendom for an audience, even though the performance may involve seeming "tyranny" on the part of Father Abraham?

Men who have either assumed or inherited undue and abnormal power or position through an unjust apportionment of the product of toil will very naturally regard as "tyranny" any agency, either socialism or even "single tax" — which would destroy landed aristocracy — that removes the foundations of this power or position, and we cannot wonder at their resistance any more than we should at the frantic struggles of a man who, when falling from a tight rope or balloon, protests and kicks in mid air against the decrees of the law of gravitation. Nevertheless, in each case, the law remains and the man falls and takes the consequences. Abstract justice itself is, relatively, the worst of tyranny to those who are persistently and wilfully, or even ignorantly, unjust. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation seemed tyranny to those who claimed ownership in the bodies of their fellowmen and lived in ease and luxury and dispensed the most generous hospitality from the proceeds of chattel slave

labor, precisely as our Wanamakers, Carnegies, Pullmans and other wage-slave masters are doing now. Nevertheless, the abolition of chattel slavery came — as that of wage slavery is surely destined to come — and all the world, including the South, says Amen.

The application of the single-tax idea, which the more conservative reformers regard as just and necessary, will prove the worst possible tyranny to Herbert Spencer's friends, the English aristocracy, whose very corner stone is concentrated injustice and tyranny in the form of law compelling parents to disinherit the younger members of the family in favor of the eldest. Socialism will be, and ought to be, tyranny to those who claim the "liberty" to secure wealth — or even their living — through the misfortunes, mistakes and ignorance of their fellows. Socialism simply proposes to banish all occasion for human buzzards. It is singular that those who defend competition on the ground of "natural law" are, in the same breath, the most zealous champions of the very corporations that wax fat by *killing* all competitors.

Henry Wood, in his late work, "The Political Economy of Natural Law," in which he comes to the rescue of competitive trade — perhaps because it has yielded him a fortune — says: —

> The fault is not with the social system but with abuses which are the fruitage of moral delinquency in personal character.

Mr. Wood's excuse can, with equal force, be urged in favor of every offensive and oppressive institution in the past or present, and is no less a vindication of violent anarchy, or the circulation through the mail of lottery tickets or of obscene literature, than of modern commercial piracy. It simply transfers the responsibility to that old familiar pack mule, "human depravity," and permits every evil to have its own way. Mr. Wood considers the government ownership or control of railroads "unworthy of serious attention," and yet he must know that under private control they embody the very essence of fraud and the most burdensome despotism, and that for the public to wait for relief to come through the elimination of "moral delinquency of character" on the part of railroad kings or their subjects would be much like asking a family of unfledged birds to look for redemption through the development of wings, and the personal reformation of the serpent that is already winding up the tree toward the nest. Socialism proposes to arrest and destroy the corporation snake. Possibly Mr. Wood may yet realize that what he styles "the social system" consists chiefly of certain phases of social evolution — successive "rings" in civilization's horn — and that what he gravely defines as "immutable laws" may, on

post mortem examination, prove to be only the most flagrant violations of, or deviations from, those laws. The fact is, human society has but one immutable law — i. e., equity, or the golden rule, by which all conflicting laws and compromises must ultimately be gauged, but which is constantly being outraged by our great railroad and other corporations, the proposition for whose ownership by the people themselves Mr. Wood regards unworthy of serious consideration.

Mr. Wood's treatment of immutable law is not unlike that practised by the medical "experts" in the case of President Garfield, when they deflected from the original track of the bullet and with their instruments created an independent wound which they diligently worked for all it could produce in "healthy pus," and, in their daily bulletins, proclaimed as the original "cavity." Nevertheless, an autopsy revealed the truth, precisely as it will in the case of certain wounds in the "social system" now being probed by "regular" experts in political economy.

One of the latest productions of our gifted prose-poet, Robert G. Ingersoll, is a premature epitaph for the People's Party, which he claims has "no foundation" for existence and whose platform is chiefly composed of the "remnants and rags of socialism," as expressed in the demand for legal-tender currency and the ownership and management of great corporations by the government — which he styles a "pauper," to be "supported" but never appealed to for aid in a crisis. It is a pity that one so successful in the search for obsolete pagan "gods" and dead Christian dogmas should be so utterly blind to living issues. Mr. Ingersoll is a powerful engine for the generation of mental and emotional force, and, like certain other engines, he has periods of pausing between "trips" to rest and be lubricated and to expel surplus force — a process involving considerable noisy vaporing that really means nothing beyond the temporary relief it affords him, while it appeases the corporations that pay for his services. His large brain is a mine of rich ore out of which many striking poetic phrases have been coined, some of which, unfortunately, pass current in lumps among thoughtless people, before being "reduced" or even "smelted" — much less "puddled" — but he has never given to the world a single new or philosophical proposition, and he is utterly lacking in the prophetic instinct essential in the true reformer. It was not his fault but his infirmity that he was a northern pro-slavery man until the breaking out of the civil war. And while this fact proves nothing either for or against him as an honorable, genial, high-minded citizen and strong social factor of his time, it does prove that he is not the man to judge correctly of new party "foundations" and principles.

There is but one true ideal of government for an enlightened people; i. e., government of, for and by the people. This ideal is now struggling for the fresh air and the light and environment of its new and predestined birth. A nation properly governed is organized citizenship — a complex family in which certain members are chosen by the whole to conduct the community business. To say that these official members constitute a "pauper" which the rest must "support" is not talking to the point, and Mr. Ingersoll knows it. He knows equally well that, practically, our present government is far from being organized citizenship and partnership, and that it is by no means a "pauper," but a small body of rich men who, through corporations and trusts, constitute an organized conspiracy to enrich themselves "by controlling labor through the control of the currency" and by thwarting the will and trampling on the interests of the people who are compelled by taxation to support and perpetuate the infamy. To prove this charge I need only to refer briefly to Pullmanism, Carnegieism and to the history of the sugar trust as exposed by such plutocratic authorities as the New York *World*, *Times* and *Sun* and the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

Mr. Ingersoll is aware that this condition — inflicted upon us by the very corporation rule he upholds and defends — is growing constantly and rapidly worse, and that nothing short of a new order can kill the tendency, cure the disease and prevent a relapse. Yet he goes on prescribing the same old-school regular corporation "calomel" dosing and interest "bleeding" system of practice that has brought us to the verge of death, and all because the new party — whose "foundation" is equity — has not yet sufficiently materialized for recognition by his senses, which are always slower than his big heart. In doing this he has made a worse blunder than all the "mistakes of Moses," both real and imaginary, combined.

There is, in the moral no less than in the physical realm, a central and controlling force that makes for equilibrium, that cannot long be defied, and from whose ultimate decrees and penalties there can be no appeal. In the physical world the attitude or manifestation of this force is positive, unmistakable and uncompromising, and, hence, we adjust ourselves to it accordingly, without questioning its righteousness. But in the moral realm, where man's free moral agency, so-called, constitutes a wheel within a wheel, our relation involves experience and more or less of compromise, governed or moulded in degree and expression by circumstances, and thus the penalty, like the offence, is not necessarily sudden in operation but may be prolonged through generations until the Infinite Judge forecloses the mortgage.

Socialism should be regarded and treated, not as a "system"

but as an *idea* — and a final one — in racial progress, subject to natural, rational development. But we must ever bear in mind the fact that the *expression* of social equilibrium, or equality, follows in its evolution the lines and channels of mental and moral enlightenment as naturally as water runs down hill, or as light follows the risen sun when artificial walls and temporary mists and obstructions are removed.

In short socialism, in its comprehensive and *spherical* sense, is the legitimate offspring of justice and intelligence, and grows in stature as fast as ignorance decreases. It can be temporarily arrested and dwarfed in its development by those who attempt to impose fixed, arbitrary conditions upon civil and industrial institutions, on the ground that it is "tyranny" to interfere with the "individual liberty" of a small class to live upon the toil of the many, but this opposition cannot quench the source of light nor prevent the invisible workings of the human mind. It can only, by obstructing natural and gradual processes, invite the flood, the thunder bolt, the lightning stroke, the earthquake and tidal wave — those reserve forces that lie latent behind all the appeals, signs and omens vouchsafed by an overseeing and guiding Presence to save man from his own blind egotism and injustice without overwhelming nations, systems and races with violence and calamity. There comes a time not only of harvest but of planting and sowing, when the seeds of a purer and more divine civilization are seeking higher planes and warmer soil. That time is now and here. The question is, Shall those seeds be irrigated with the dews and showers of peace, or with the blood and tears of another civil war?

I believe that general coöperative industry alone can bring a peaceful answer and solution, and that its rejection by government force means, in a republic, the ultimate extinction of the old order of wage slavery through violence. The word of the Infinite has gone forth and it will not return void. It rings and reëchoes like a trumpet in the very mottoes and devices of labor unions everywhere.

ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR ALL.*

All for one and one for all,
  With an endless song and sweep,
So the billows rise and fall
  On the bosom of the deep;
Louder in their single speech,
  More resistless as they roll,
Broader, higher in their reach
  For their union with the whole.

Wheeling systems sink and rise,
  In one shoreless universe,

* Motto of the A. R. U.

And forever down the skies
  Myriad stars one hymn rehearse;
Countless worlds salute the sun,
  Planets to each other call,
Ages into cycles run,
  All for one and one for all.

Kissed by sunshine, dew and shower,
  Leaping rill and living sod,
Sea and mountain, tree and flower,
  Turn their faces up to God;
And one human Brotherhood,
  Pulsing through a thousand lands,
Reaches for one common good
  With its million million hands.

Through all warring seas of life
  One vast current sunward rolls,
And within all outward strife
  One eternal Right controls, —
Right, at whose divine command
  Slaves go free and tyrants fall,
In the might of those who stand
  All for one and one for all.

SHE PLAYED, AN INNOCENT DARLING.

BY JAMES H. WEST.

SHE played, an innocent darling, 'mid the flowers;
Hid ivy foully poisoned her. She sang,
A child, on forest edge — till suddenly rang
Her agony from bee-stings 'mid the bowers.
Grown to fair maidhood, golden were her hours!
Love beatific, holy, filled her breast.
A tempter met her. Why reveal the rest?
Above her wave-lapt corse no marble towers.

Happy and prosperous one, by Fortune crowned!
Thee doth thy "virtue" keep? And was it "sin"
That wrecked her of her all? Nay, world, begin
More wisely Nature's secret depths to sound.
Man needs a knowledge not yet taught in schools.
Seek out yet more her laws. Causation rules.

A DRAMA IN TATTERS: A STORY.

BY WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

The Honorable Lemuel Quigg was returning from one of the greatest dinners of the season, and he alternately strummed an air half mentally and half aloud, as he recalled critically or good-naturedly, according to his attraction or repulsion, some of the things which had been said. The dinner had been given in honor of Lord Bufferin, one of the most distinguished diplomats in the British service, and all the most brilliant men in politics, diplomacy, literature and the arts, not forgetting the ears of journalism, had been assembled to make the occasion a worthy and notable one.

The Honorable Lemuel Quigg was one of the younger men in politics, that is, young as senators go, but he was generally regarded as one of the coming men in his party; and by the indefinable concurrence through which such verdicts get immediately into the air, without any point of departure or expression, it was felt by all in the great banqueting hall that he had made the speech of the evening. He felt it, too, and he was filled with the joyousness of life. He was in the prime of life, and he believed he had a grip on the forces which would carry him to the zenith of his ambition; and so those signs of power, those glances and murmured, pursed-lipped judgments he covertly saw and heard all around him, meant more to him than to some other man for whom the coming years could bring only decline or satiety.

He had excused himself to some friends so as to be alone and keep the pictured night in his memory, unbroken by the irrelevancies of a genial warmth that, amid the realities of the streets, inevitably falls to the lower key of banter and gossip. For the same reason he had walked all the way down town to the ferry, because, in a cab, he would have seemed too much removed from this life of the pavements, and he wanted to keep close to his mood this bustling, crowded world, and yet retain his sense of isolated dignity and power in it. Thus, with set lips and a lurking smile in his eyes, which burned now with a little touch of self scorn and now with undisguised self satisfaction, he had

walked down Broadway; proud, erect and sternly self-complacent under the gas lamps — and just a little more philosophic and humble in the interspaces of the gloomy shadows.

The delay at the ferry station calmed his nerves a little, and the long stretch of black water, starred and streaked with light, added a disquieting touch or two to the philosophy that hinted the mockery of such triumphs; but the glare of lights in the waiting room, and the crowd, with its peculiar infection of midnight gayety, swept him back into the mood that was most in accord with the tangle of his hopes, feeding upon the fuel of vanity, which he could now openly acknowledge to himself in the form of early resolves fulfilled in a dominion admitted alike by friends and foes. This was but the latest triumph; it was only a new presage of others in a greater arena.

He had been, as was his custom, very abstemious, and was not in the least heated with wine; but he was drunk with the beating of his pulses, the quick flow and color of his thoughts, the very shadow of himself. He was in that potential mood which blazes in men outwardly calm and marble, and which makes their doings on the stage of life the merest rag of their restless, tortuous imaginations. But this is such men's compensation for the reality of life; and Lemuel Quigg did not starve or pinch his dream with poor realities. He kept mentally repeating his strongest phrases, momentarily tantalizing himself with new turns of thought and then returning with renewed ardor to the spontaneous *coup*. Again he heard the hush — there was electricity in the criss-cross flash of eyes — the sibilant murmurs in the galleries, the pause, an accentuation of the silence before the peals of laughter, the recurring bursts of applause and comment; and later the musical rattle of the women's rich gowns as they crowded to catch a glimpse of him descending the broad staircase. As he walked nervously up and down the waiting room the whole chaotic series of pictures assailed him; his nostrils seemed again filled with the grateful, exciting heat and dust and smoke of the disordered dining hall. He was actually drugged with those illuminated faces, the lights, the sounds, the colors, the beating of his own pulses. Once or twice he caught himself wondering how much attention would be paid to his speech in the morning newspapers, and then, half ashamed of this glimpse of his satisfaction in such vanity, he put the thought away from himself. But as a climax of triumph, it would recur.

On the ferry-boat he leaned over the side, and the splashing of the lacy froth of water seemed to give back to him his own tongue, his own words. In mid-stream, when the water began to fade into the mysterious, pregnant blackness of the East River, and its sombre melancholy fell with its chill hints upon his ela-

tion, he quickly retreated into the more genial light of the cabin; and as he stepped on to the landing on the Brooklyn side, it was with a more erect carriage and a step firmer and lighter than usual. He had a sense at the moment that the world was not so difficult to rule, if one were but of the heroic cast to will, to command it.

The Honorable Lemuel Quigg was certainly a handsome and commanding man, as the world's eye goes for these qualities. His was a face to attract attention from both men and women, and many people turned their heads to look at him as he paced up and down. When the boat glided into the dock there was the usual bustle to get through the gates. It seemed to him, in his preoccupation, very trivial; and he stood aside and let the crowd sway past him. Then he slowly sauntered up the incline in its wake. It was already very late, and that was all the more reason for being leisurely, for nights of such import cannot last long. One or two women, hurrying past him on the arms of their escorts, turned to give him a quick glance, half challenging and half admiring — the glance women often give to such men under such circumstances, in the freedom of unacquaintance and the *chiaroscuro* of the night and the dispersing crowd, and the glance many handsome men, as vain as women, seek and recognize with pleasure and an assumption of indifference or preoccupation almost feminine.

The crowd quickly scattered in all directions, and as he slowly followed the few lagging couples up the fitfully-lighted incline, leading from the ferry to the main street, the chill of that gloomy interregnum between night and morning suddenly seized upon him, and for a moment the gaunt and ugly world about him, with its uncompromising realities, broke in upon his musings and turned their current. He dismissed them with a shiver as merely the impertinences of the damp gray mist stealing up from the river, and regained his self-complacency in buttoning up his opera cloak. But he quickened his pace.

Just as he was about to cross the street to gain the begrudging cheerfulness of a line of wan street lamps, a voice, issuing from a shadowy angle in the wall, arrested his progress with trembling diffidence: —

"Will you buy some violets, sir?"

He was almost startled, and then the note of diffidence and something in the quality of the voice tingled again in his ear, and he stopped. The voice was young and it was very low and sweet. He was in no hurry, and it chimed in with his mood to play the gracious benefactor. He halted deliberately, and said with the ripple of good humor in his tone, which he could command at will: "Well, missy, it is late for favors, but step into

the light and we will see what can be done. We cannot go marketing in the dark."

A woman moved forward hastily, bringing her basket of wares under the flickering gas lamps. He stooped over it, fingered daintily a bunch of the flowers, and then looking up said smilingly, "They are a little faded, aren't they?"

"Are they?" asked the voice, with a suspicion of tears in its hopelessness and lowness.

"Why, you've not been having good luck, eh, little girl?" in a cheery tone. "How is it you did not sell your flowers earlier in the evening? They look rather wan and ghostly now."

"Perhaps — perhaps. I was not able to sell them in time. But they were fresh this morning."

He took out his watch and held it within the arc of the lamplight. The hands pointed to two o'clock. "You mean yesterday morning," he said a little quizzically, with the light cruelty of that deficient sympathy which cannot penetrate the tension of another's hope. She raised her eyes momentarily, with a despairing look in them, and then he added in a kindlier voice: "But one cannot expect violets to be any fresher than poor human nature in this great city. You look very wan and tired, poor girl. Have you been out in the streets since yesterday morning and not sold your flowers — or are you making your fortune?"

"I did not know it was so late. I am a stranger in the streets, and the other flower-girls would not let me sell my flowers round about here. So I had to go elsewhere, and I had no luck and then came back when all the rest had sold out and gone home. The hours have been long, long — but I have waited for every ferry, hoping to sell my flowers and get home, but I get no luck. All the world is against us — even the folks as poor as we are."

"Ah, that is the pity of it. Desperation makes the poor prey upon one another. But if you have been carrying that basket since yesterday morning you must be quite worn out. Poor little woman! and it is getting chilly. What made you stay so late? Ah, I forgot, you wanted to sell out. Well, there'll be no more people who care for flowers along here to-night. I guess I'm a little belated — but then I have whims. Poor little girl! I suppose you do not know the luxury of whims? What would you say, now, if some good fairy came along and bought your whole stock in trade at the eleventh hour — at two o'clock in the morning, when only ghosts should be out of bed? Eh, now; what would you say to such luck as that?"

He thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets, and leaning against the lamp post laughed heartily. He had thrown back

his cloak, forgetful of the night air, in his complacency of benefaction.

She raised her face with a little more courage, noting his leisurely tone and attitude: but what could she say to such a flow of banter as this? Only light hearts can banter, and life was all tragedy to her. But as her eyes flashed into his, half appealingly, half fearfully, he saw that they were very beautiful. Indeed, although the face was sadly drawn and haggard and anxious, the features and expression held his eyes more steadfastly upon them than he was aware of. A warmer pulse of blood throbbed through his veins and a new light came into his eyes, a new ring in his voice. She was very pretty — yes, beautiful. With a rapid glance he noted her scanty, ill-fitting, poverty-stained garments, and pictured her in warmth and luxury. "Ah, yes, comfort is half the source of beauty," he mentally commented; and added, to keep himself in countenance with the conscience running through his thought, "of morality, too."

The events of the earlier part of the evening seemed suddenly to have become very far away, somewhat vague and almost insignificant. He was wondering whether she was anything like as innocent as she looked or whether there were unfathomable depths beneath this transparence. He glanced up and around at the grim streets, and shrugged his shoulders in a worldly conclusion. It could not be otherwise in such a nightmare world as she must know in this street life. Her reddened eyelids betrayed recent tears, but they were tearless now and seemed to burn. His mental comment upon the haggard, cowed woe in her face was that "She looked sufficiently miserable." If it were acting, and he had all the scepticism of a man of the world, it was certainly good art, and therefore none the less attractive to him; for a part of his scepticism was an endeavor to delude himself in his pleasures, and he only hated pretence when its transparency made delusion impossible. He was interested. The exaltation of the evening, the half-remembered furtive glances of one or two richly dressed women at the ferry, and the feeling of security and power, made the iron in his blood tingle; he was in the mood to look into a pretty face, even if its possessor was not in silks and laces, but in tatters, as was this poor flower-girl.

She knew nothing of what flashed through the mind of the self-indulgent, successful politician. She only feared him, as she feared all the people who passed her in the street wrapped up in their comfort and prosperity — mere voiceless or brutal shadows from another and unreal world. The only real world for her was misery; and there was as vast a gulf, in thought and feeling, set between her and this man as if they came from different planets. The rich and comfortable do not always realize this.

The poor and wretched are vaguely conscious of it all the time. She was no conscious sceptic or cynic; it was merely the habitual despair of misery that animated her, not the low worldly wisdom of disillusion. She lacked the divination that comes to minds suddenly quickened with vice; and so she merely shrank from the pitiless good humor of one of the strange rich. She had belonged to that world forever on the verge of destitution, the world of mechanics and small wage workers, and she was not long enough accustomed to the more precarious penury of the streets to know all its phases. But she was desperate, and undeniably famished, cold and heartsick and ill. She was afraid of this man's careless banter, but she thought of her husband dying for lack of food and fresh air and medicine; of their dark, narrow room; of the landlord's threat of eviction if the rent was not paid; of her ill-success with the flowers in which she had invested all the money she had managed to borrow; she saw that home so dear and precious to her; she thought of the long, dreary hours the sick man, racked with pain and tortured with thought and solitude, passed day after day; of the hunger and suffering they had endured together; of the desolate, horrible streets — and she nerved herself to be brave.

"You are kind, sir. Won't you buy a bunch? They are not quite fresh, but a little water will revive them, I think, and — oh, we are so poor, and I cannot sell them. They'll all be dead, too, in the morning, and God will bless you if you will help me now."

She looked very beautiful with the tears welling from her big, pleading eyes. The Honorable Lemuel Quigg mentally congratulated himself upon the chance of an adventure. He put his hands deep into his pockets and regarded her intently.

"I am amazed that with such a pretty face, you cannot sell your violets, faded or fresh. Why, you are the loveliest flower in the whole lot, don't you know that?"

She colored and hung her head.

"We are starving, that's all I care about. We need money, and I can't sell the flowers. I've tried, God knows. It is money I want, sir, and not compliments."

"Of course. But compliments are often bred of the desire to give, or the desire to possess and pay for possession. I do not know who 'we' may be; but I am astounded that with such a pretty face you cannot sell your flowers. With such a face you should find a ready market for anything — your own sweet self included. Did it never really occur to your sweet innocence that the possession of such a pair of dark, intoxicating eyes was in itself as good as a bank account? Come, you are joking. A woman with such ripe red lips cannot be starving. It is foolish

for a lily to stand in the streets selling lowly violets. If you starve you will lose your good looks, and so rob yourself and your friends. Come, my dear, I'll be your banker, if" — and he leaned forward and whispered in her ear, at the same moment drawing some bills from his pocket.

She started back as if stung.

"I thought you were human," she cried huskily, a great sob rising in her throat. "I appealed to your mercy, because something in your voice and eyes misled me, and because we are literally starving. My husband is dying for nourishment and medicine. But no, there is no mercy, no pity in these horrible streets — only devils, devils!"

She reeled back into the shadow of the wall, exhausted with her sudden blaze of passion.

He was stricken dumb before this despair. Then he approached, and with a gasp, for his tongue clove silent to the roof of his mouth, he extended the bills towards her.

"No, no!" she cried, "life is not so dear to me that I must live at any cost. God knows life is not sweet to us. There is nothing for us to live for, but misery. We can starve, and rot, and die."

He stood silently regarding her, as if stunned with her desperation. He was used to tragedy on the stage, but his philosophy of life did not admit it into the everyday drama of the hunted and the hunter, the weak and the strong. Finally, by an effort of will, he regained control of his voice.

"Take the money," he said, in tones that sounded almost unfamiliar in his own ears, "and may God forgive me."

He threw the roll of bills into her basket, and literally ran up the street as fast as he could go. He feared she would fling his money back into his face.

As he was turning the key in his own door, he said, half aloud: "Why can we men only be generous when we are proved ignoble? Why is our humanity stifled until we are frightened with the spectres of ourselves? Ugh, I have lived too long with the worldly-wise, shrewd Mr. Quigg; I have seen the real Lemuel Quigg to-night. My God! what a coward! What a dull, brutal coward! What a mean, successful failure!"

But at breakfast in the morning, when he took up the morning paper and opened it, with a reassuring crackle at the familiar realities of politics, he added, to the reflections that had troubled his dreams and his waking thoughts, "And yet, poor devil, *she may yet* come to it; misery murders much and many."

Still, it was not a triumph Mr. Quigg saw in his newspaper, even the party paper, that morning, but the blanched face of a beautiful woman.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR: A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY ADELINE KNAPP.

He was breaking stones on the highway. There was nothing about his appearance to distinguish him from the other men of the gang in which he was working. He wore a pair of trousers of no particular color, very much worn, and ragged about the heels, where the tatters hung over his broken, cheap shoes. His shirt was of red flannel, open at the neck, where a button was missing, showing a triangular patch of sunburnt, hairy chest. There was a week's growth of stubble on his chin. His mouth was vague and irresolute. His nose was not classic. His eyes were set close together, and there was no speculation in them as he raised his head, now and then, to answer a comrade, or to rest a moment from his stone breaking. It was very hot. The mellow sunshine of California's November beat full upon his back, and the sweat dripped from his matted hair, and from the ends of his rough mustache, as he toiled, stooping over, breaking stones on the road.

He did not consider his work particularly hard. He was used to it. When he stood upright the inelastic muscles of neck and shoulders still kept their stoop. He could not possibly make a straight back, but it was not hard to stoop. He did not often try to straighten up. The change from the stooping posture made him a little dizzy. The air about him grew dark, and his head swam, curiously. It passed off after a bit, but it was on the whole easier just to keep bent over his work. It was not necessary to stand up straight.

Now and then his hammer struck fire on a stone, and the peculiar, half grewsome odor of flint against steel assailed his nostrils, but the spark did not fire his imagination. He was used to it.

He was not thinking of anything in particular. His brain, like his back, was a little muscle-bound. He did not talk much, either. He said "thank'ee," when a mate proffered him a chew of tobacco, and once, when a fragment of stone rebounded and struck his hand, he swore, but for the most part he kept quietly and steadily at his work, breaking stones on the road.

His breakfast that morning had been bread and coffee. In his dinner-pail, stowed yonder behind some lumber, was his noonday meal — more coffee, more bread and two potatoes, with a little paper of salt wherewith to season them. His wife was charwoman for a business block. They had five children. He made a dollar and a half a day, breaking stones on the road.

A millionnaire was driven by in his carriage, behind a team of high-stepping bays. His correct coachman handled the reins like a very Jehu; only he did not drive furiously, for the millionnaire was taking his friend, the poet, out for an airing, and they were admiring the scenery.

They stopped where the man was breaking stones, and gazed at the varying landscape, the green hills, the beautiful bay, the wonderful coloring. The man stepped aside to make way for them, and stood regarding them, unspeculatively. He did not flinch nor cast down his eyes before the millionnaire's gaze. He was not thinking particularly about the rich man. He was only looking at him. So, a short time before, he had watched a steer being led by on the way to the shambles.

The millionnaire noticed him. "I am impressed," he said, "whenever I observe it, by the spectacle of toil! How it dignifies a man! Notice that laborer, now. He stands there in the simple dignity of his honest labor, watching us, neither grovelling nor cringing, merely observing us, as one man may observe another. I like to see that independent spirit. It augurs well for the permanency of our institutions. After all, say what we will, it is not money but labor that counts in this world. I sometimes think it would be worth the loss of the millions gained by anxious thought and the wear and tear of brain and nerve tissue, to know the pure luxury of breaking stones on the road; to stand in my birthright of simple manhood and the dignity of labor and know the sweets of honest toil.

"How many hours do you work, my man?" he asked the laborer.

"Ten," the man replied.

"Think of it!" the millionnaire exclaimed as they drove on. "What would I do with fourteen hours' respite from the day's cares and responsibilities? In very truth, I would rather be the man who helps make the road, than he who is merely driven over it!"

"I wonder," said the poet, very slowly, "I wonder how the man who helps make the road would feel, to be driven over it?"

The millionnaire and the poet passed from view.

The man went on breaking stones on the road. He did not straighten up again, even when another elegant equipage passed him. It made his head swim so queerly, and the air got so black

when he did so. He dropped his hammer, and bent his back still lower to pick it up. He was growing clumsy at his work. He made some slight mismove. He meant to strike in the centre of the big stone, but instead his hammer grazed the edge. A great splinter of stone flew up and struck him on the temple. The air grew black about him, and he fell forward upon the stones he had been breaking.

They rang up the patrol wagon. He was lifted into it and stretched along the floor. A police officer sat on the seat beside him and another stood on the steps at the end of the wagon.

They met the millionnaire and the poet returning from their drive. The poet looked away. The millionnaire shuddered. "Some drunken fellow, I presume," was his comment. And then he said, anxiously, "How are we to do any good in the world? One longs to help one's fellows, but idleness and drunkenness are the bane of the poor."

They never knew that the man who helped make the road was being driven over it.

THE SWEATING SYSTEM IN PHILADELPHIA.

BY REV. FRANK M. GOODCHILD.

The prime difficulty in this discussion is to keep within the limits of prudent speech. I have been an almost daily witness of the horrors of the sweating system for the last five years. The iron has entered into my own soul. Within five minutes' walk of where I stand several times a week to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, there is iniquity enough along this line to call down the wrath of God on our fair city. There is sorrow enough among the victims of the system to melt the heart of a demon. If the reader could see and hear what I have seen and heard the difficulty of using mild words would be appreciated. Sometimes I have been almost frenzied by the perpetual cry of distress that has come to me. If all the sufferers' voices could be lifted at once, it would make a groan that would shake the foundations of the city and summon all heaven and earth to the rescue.

To get the subject clearly before us, let us have a definition. What is the sweating system? The sweating system is the practice, particularly in the tailoring trade, of employing men, women and children to make up clothes in their own houses for scant pay. There does not seem to be much in that definition to arouse wrath. But if you could see the filthy dens in which the work is done; if you could see the luckless wretches working like mad day and night; working sometimes from four o'clock in the morning till ten o'clock at night; working during the busy season thirty or thirty-five hours at a stretch; working without time for meals, eating while they work, working till the blood almost spurts from their nostrils — and all this simply to keep soul and body together; if you could count over with them the paltry prices paid for their toil by prosperous and professedly Christian firms, I think you would feel the sickening sensation about your heart that I often have felt.

In the days of Queen Anne the name sweater was given to a class of ruffians who went about the streets and formed a circle about any hapless wayfarer whom they met, and by pricking him with their swords compelled him to dance until he sweated from the exertion. The sweater is not now looked upon as a ruffian, but he gathers his victims by the score in city shambles and goads them to work until their life blood fairly oozes out of their

pores. In the Middle Ages the name sweater was given to the man who put gold coins into a bag and shook them so that particles of the metal were worn off. The coin passed for just as much and the man had for his profit the gold dust in the bag. In these days the sweater does not grind his coin. He grinds humanity, and out of wornout human bodies and ruined souls he coins his profits.

There are about seven hundred sweaters' dens in Philadelphia. Not long ago only five hundred were reported for New York. Of the nearly seven hundred that Philadelphia has, nearly six hundred are in the square mile of area in which my church stands. A few squares below the church they are most numerous, in a neighborhood celebrated for foul odors and stagnant gutters. Inside the houses the sanitary conditions are still worse. The rooms are small and crowded. In a room ten feet by twelve, will be found huddled together seven or eight people and several machines. Air space is contracted. I have often stood squarely on the floor and laid my hands flat on the ceiling. The walls are as grimy as though they had never known the use of a brush. The floors are at times inches deep with dirt and scraps of clothing. The whole place wallows with putrefaction. In some of the rooms it would seem that there had not been a breath of fresh air for five years. One whiff of the foulness is enough to give you the typhoid fever; yet what you cannot endure for five minutes these people live in from year to year.

In those human stys the creatures who make the clothing we wear work, eat, sleep and perform all the operations of nature. Sometimes they have not the time, at others they have not the spirit, to clean them up, and some of the abominable kennels no amount of cleaning could much improve. The men and women who bend over the machines and ironing tables are ill fed, unwashed, half clad. Proprieties do not count for much in a sweat shop. Conveniences and common decencies are unknown. Nothing counts there that can not be turned into hard cash. The dearest things on earth are given for that. Health goes with the rest. The toilers' hands are damp with slow consumption. Their breath is like that of a charnel house.

Even their children's lives are sacrificed to get the work done. The child is set to work just as soon as it can draw a thread. The factory age in Pennsylvania is thirteen years. They know it, and so if you ask them their age, even if they cannot yet speak plainly, their prompt answer is "Thirteen." And sometimes before you ask, they will say mechanically, "I'm thirteen." It is pretty sure to pull strongly on your heart when you see the little children toiling with the look of age on their faces before they are out of babyhood.

The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west.
But the young, young children, oh, my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly.
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In this country of the free.

What do the toilers get for this work? For overcoats, 45 to 98 cents. Frock coats, 40 cents to $1. Sack coats, 30 to 75 cents. Vests, 14 to 28 cents. Trousers, 25 to 50 cents a pair. Boys' knee pants of the best quality, $1 a dozen. Down on Lombard Street a man makes wrappers and is able to earn 60 cents a day. Another earns a dollar a day, but has ten mouths to feed, and pays $6 a month for his hovel of a home. Another, a young woman with whom I talked, received $2 a week before and said, "I know not vot I get dis veek."

The goods made in this fashion are not simply "cheap clothes and nasty." I am assured there is not a clothing house in the city that is not a patron of the sweat shops. I have seen with my own eyes, attached to the goods, the labels of some of the best houses of the city, firms whose names are household words among us, whose members stand high in Christian churches — Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopal and Friends'. All sorts of goods are sweated. Letter carriers' and police uniforms are, so is clerical clothing. Ready-made clothing is sweated, of course, but so is custom-made clothing. To pay a high price is no protection to you. I have seen custom suits in those dens of filth, sometimes with the buyer's name on them. The price you pay seems not to be an element in the system.

It is utterly idle to tell me that rigid competition in trade has brought all this evil about. I know the cost of the goods. I know what is paid for the making. I know the prices paid by the customers. No one can tell me that the rigors of competition require any man to make 75, 100 or 150 per cent profit, while men and women starve working for him at fifty cents or a dollar a day. The fact is, as Chauncey Depew once said in speaking of this matter, "It is one of the most painful elements of our human nature that when avarice gets possession of a man, that moment humanity and compassion and a recognition of the rights of others are as completely worked out of him as if they were never put into him."

We are told that in the reign of the Cæsars, Rome's conquests were so frequent and the accumulation of slaves was so great, that in the island of Sicily cultivated young men and young women were sold for twenty-five cents apiece. They were branded with a hot iron on the forehead and cheek and sent to work on

the plantations. Their average length of life after they got there was one month. Nobody cared. It was cheaper to work them to death and buy more than to feed and care for them. That was in heathen Rome, but much the same thing goes on in Christian America.

One man was asked to repair the roof over his workmen. It was giving them rheumatism, asthma and consumption. He said, "Men are cheaper than shingles; no sooner does one drop out than a dozen are ready to take his place."

When another, a woman, remonstrated with a Market Street house about a low price offered, the door was opened and she was ordered out with the remark, "It makes no difference to us whether you live or die."

"Alas that gold should be so dear
And flesh and blood so cheap."

All this goes on, too, within easy hearing of the bell of the State House where it was declared that all men are born free and equal, and that every human creature has a right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It would seem time for a new declaration to be issued.

If we feel no interest in working against this system because of its iniquity, another consideration may weigh. It is the easiest thing in the world for contagion to be carried from these dens into our own homes, and it is constantly done. Sir Robert Peel made his daughter a present of a handsome cloak. She soon sickened and died. Typhus fever was the trouble. They could not understand how she had contracted it. But by and by they discovered that in the poverty-stricken home where the cloak was sent for making, a child was sick with the fever. Bed clothes were scant and the air was chill, so the cloak was used for awhile as a covering for the child. In New York in one apartment five persons were making cigars. Two children were sick with diphtheria. Both father and mother attended the patients. They would syringe the nose of each child, and then, without washing their hands, return to their cigars. In another, a garment maker's shop, three children were sick with scarlet fever. Work went on just the same.

Of course as soon as the disease is discovered, the Board of Health inspector forbids all work during its continuance. But the harm may already have been done in the spread of contagion. And if not, it is impossible to keep all under constant surveillance, and as soon as the inspector's back is turned the people are again at their work. The small-pox epidemic that lately startled Chicago is said to have had its origin in this fashion in the clothing sweat shops of that city.

Down on Christian Street, Philadelphia, is a man who does

only custom work. He is being eaten up with a cancer. He eats, sleeps and works in one room, and the stench and disorder of the place are frightful. One physician says that he has found in the dust and dirt of these places, germs of diphtheria, scarlatina, erysipelas, measles and small-pox, and has examined clothing that was infected with the germs. How could it be otherwise? I have seen workingmen wearing the coats given them to make. I have seen coats and filthy bed clothes tumbled together. I have seen a baby half covered with sores lying on a bed of coats, while another stack stood by its side to keep it from rolling off. In this fashion the filth of the slums comes into our own homes, and outraged humanity has its revenge.

Of course there is a remedy, and I have a clear conviction that Christian people are the ones to apply the remedy. They stand, as a class, apart from the parties in the conflict, and so may be expected to be fair-minded arbiters. And then, if down-trodden humanity may not look to Christian people for sympathy and succor, in the name of Christ to whom may they look? But the Christianity that will prove helpful must do something more than preach and pray. There is little use going among these people simply and solely with the gospel. Had Christ so done His work among the needy there would be no Christendom to-day. Their hearts are dulled. Their brains are numb. Their condition has thrust them into an infidelity like that of the poor German girl, who, when told in the midst of her wretchedness that God is good, said: "No, no, no good God. Just look at me. No good God."

The limits of this article do not allow a statement of the details of the remedy. But it is clear that nothing will do short of a complete abolition of the system, and a legal requirement that manufacturers shall provide large, airy, well-lighted rooms in which the work shall be done. The thing for you and me to do is to make public opinion. Agitate, agitate, agitate! Show people the prevalence of this iniquity, and I have confidence that if it is exhibited once, twice, thrice, to a humane public, the sovereign decree will come forth, "Abolish it." And it would be done. God speed the day!

THE CENTURY OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

SECOND PAPER, THE REFORMATION AND SOME OF ITS LEADING SPIRITS.

I.

WHILE the new learning was influencing such men as Sir Thomas More and Erasmus, a moral and an intellectual revolution destined to make this period one of the most memorable in the annals of civilization, burst upon the world. It was a profound protest of the sincerely religious against the corruption which was practised under the cloak of religion — a great moral upheaval which in its initial stage was merely a remonstrance within the church, with no thought on the part of its leaders of a separation from Rome. The church, however, was in no mood to be dictated to, even though the cry was for a purer religion, and she vainly endeavored to suppress what was at first a revolt, but which ended in becoming a revolution of civilization-wide proportion — a movement which changed the thought of nations and altered the convictions of millions of sincere, truth-loving men and women.

Many and complex were the influences which made the Reformation inevitable; the primary cause was the corruption of the church, but the printing press had given wings to thought and the influence of the new learning had broadened the horizon of the best thinkers. The New Testament in the original Greek had been devoured by scholars who had hitherto been accustomed to study and discuss the works of commentators chiefly concerned with the writings and opinions of the church fathers. The New Testament in its original tongue proved a new inspiration to the college youths of this age, while its translation into German by Luther and into English by Tyndale gave a new impetus to religious thought and speculation among the less scholarly.

Political contentions also in various ways favored this great protest, and what Erasmus had unconsciously accomplished among the German people, Rabelais had in a different manner and with more daring wrought in France. In England the apprehension felt by patriotic Britons lest Henry VIII. should

die without male issue, and a hated Scot ascend the throne, led many prelates and statesmen to favor a divorce, while the death of the king's sons confirmed the superstitious in the belief that the curse of God rested on Henry's union with Catherine of Aragon. The hesitation of the Papal See to decide as to the right of Henry to put away Catherine and marry again convinced many devout and thoughtful men that policy rather than ethical or religious scruples prevented Rome from taking a positive stand on this important question. These were some of the positive influences which operated upon public opinion north of the Alps. They were tributaries to a deep flowing current of unrest which ran through the brain of the age. Luther and Melancthon in Germany, Calvin in France, Zwingli in Switzerland, Cranmer in England and Knox in Scotland merely touched the tinder of the universal discontent in their various lands.

The Reformation demonstrated the essential heroism which dwells in the soul of man, whether he be peasant, priest or noble. It held before the mind's eye of those who hungered for a higher life and a purer exemplification of religion than was to be found in the conventionalism of the day, an exalted though austere ideal which awakened a responsive echo, causing men, women and children to sink all thoughts of present happiness, comfort or even life, rather than yield what they believed to be the eternal truth. It illustrated anew the wonderful power which an idea or conviction may exert in transforming human lives. As though a trumpet blast had called them to come up higher from a plane of sordid selfishness and license, or a condition of sodden hopelessness, a multitude of high-born souls in various European lands became living examples of a purer conception of religion. To the student of human nature nothing is more instructive than the constantly recurring illustration of the transforming power of ideas or ideals which appeal strongly to the imagination, and the Reformation furnishes a striking illustration of this truth, which when appreciated by civilization will render a redeemed humanity an assured fact instead of a persistent but elusive dream.

II.

The spirit of the Reformation was unconsciously heralded by the Italian priest, prophet and statesman, Savonarola. His was essentially the spirit of Luther, Zwingli and Melancthon. He was a man entirely possessed by what he conceived to be the divine truth, and from his advent in Florence until he entered the torture chamber he ever manifested an utter contempt for self and an absolute allegiance to a high but sombre conception of religious duty, which made him one of the most striking figures

of his age. Savonarola was a poor, obscure monk when he entered Florence, and Lorenzo de Medici was at the height of his power.

At that time, to the superficial observer, Florence was one of the brightest jewels in the crown of civilization. She was the patron of art and letters, the throne of culture and beauty, and her noble sons and daughters seemed to move in a ceaseless round of gay and joyous life, though the outward forms of religion were scrupulously observed. But under this engaging mask seethed uncontrolled passions. Cruelty and injustice were practised on every hand by the rich and powerful. The spirit of soulless selfishness seemed to have anæsthetized the people, from the prince to the peasant; even the church was honeycombed with immorality. In one of his sermons preached in Lent, 1497, Savonarola boldly declared "that the priests were slaying the souls of their flocks by their wicked example." "Their worship is," he adds, "to spend the nights with strumpets and their days in singing in the choir. The altar is their shop." Savonarola beheld with horror the profligacy on every hand. He felt that he was inspired of God. He heard voices and beheld visions. In his sermons he seemed to lose himself in the thoughts which filled his brain.

His terrible prophetic predictions were fulfilled in a manner which startled the Florentines. Even Lorenzo, whose evil conduct had not escaped the scathing denunciations of Savonarola, when on his death bed sent for the austere monk. In the dark days which followed it was Savonarola to whom Florence turned as to a wise father. He proved his patriotism and statesmanship to be as lofty as his spirituality. His one great desire was to make men better, to bring them to God. But after the glory came the gloom. He had sought to throttle the hydra of evil, and it at length struck him down at a time when virtue was still weak in the city of Florence. His fate was one common to high-born souls who choose to be the pioneers of truth. At the moment when the flames wrapped the body which had endured the most frightful torture, faint hearts doubtless felt that all was lost for which he lived. As a matter of fact, however, his life, deeds and teachings were to prove an inspiration to the Reformation. The influence of a noble life lives in memory and in story, ennobling all who come under its spell. So also the lofty utterances of a truth-inspired brain carry the contagion of moral heroism which mould and shape other lives. The ashes of Savonarola were thrown into the waters of the Arno, but the mighty spirit of truth which he had awakened lived in the hearts of others, and long ere he died men were born destined to carry forward on a broader scale the work he had essayed in Florence.

III.

At the time when the divine fires were burning brightest in the soul of Savonarola, and the glory of the beyond was mantling his brow, north of the Alps in the German town of Eisenach, Martin Luther, a poor student with a charming tenor voice, was singing for alms before the homes of the well-to-do. In early life this young man caught the spirit of his age, which is essentially the spirit of our time; he sensed the universal unrest and the ill-defined desire for something better, purer and truer. He turned to religion as naturally as did Titian to art, Copernicus to the stars or Columbus to the ocean. In 1505 he entered the Augustinian Convent at Erfurt. Here he found a Bible and greedily devoured its contents. But it did not give him peace. A great fear canopied his mental horizon. An angry God and a lost world filled the range of his vision. "I tormented myself to death," he declared, "to make my peace with God, but I was in darkness and found it not." Fortunately for him Staupitz, the vicar general of his order, had passed through a similar ordeal. "He had learned *heart religion* from the mystics," and he greatly aided Luther.

In 1511 Luther went to Rome. Here he was disillusioned. Instead of a holy city, he found a gay, pleasure-loving, voluptuous metropolis with a sacred college composed of men who were the antipodes of his ideal of holy fathers. The scandals current, the easy morals, the prodigality and profligacy he witnessed on every hand, where he had expected to find profound spirituality and an all-compassionate charity, filled his mind with horror. He returned and took up his life work. In 1517 he boldly denounced the sale of indulgences, and shortly after was summoned to appear before the cardinal legate, James de Vio of Gasta. The cardinal expected to crush him with a few words. Luther convinced him that he had a man to deal with.

"I can dispute no longer with this beast," the cardinal exclaimed, "he has two wicked eyes and marvellous thoughts in his head."

Another ineffectual attempt was made by Rome to bring Luther to submission. The breach widened. The reformer's voice and pen were busy. He electrified the German people. The vigor of his thought, his sincerity, earnestness and undoubted religious fervor touched the hearts of his countrymen, and his appeals to their patriotism fired them with admiration for the bold, brave man who was battling unaided for a purer church and a truer life.

In 1520 Pope Leo X. issued a bull condemning Luther as a heretic. This bull Luther publicly burned. He was next ordered

by the Emperor Charles V. to appear before the Diet of Worms. His friends urged him to remain away. His superb courage was displayed in his memorable reply, "Were there as many devils in Worms as tiles on the roofs of the houses, still would I enter." He faced his accusers, and departed under the safe conduct of the emperor.

From this time he worked indefatigably. He translated the Bible into German; he wrote much and preached frequently. He became the great incarnation of aroused religious thought of his day, and as such was recognized alike by the nobility and the people. This fact explains the extraordinary results which attended his labors and made it possible for an obscure monk to change the faith of nations and kindle the fires of reformation in many lands. In the history of Protestantism Luther will always remain a colossus among giants. Yet he was not without his faults. His language was often intemperate, coarse and bitter. Moreover, he was intolerant. The great man who braved Rome was not great enough to accord the same tolerance to the pure-souled Zwingli which he had demanded for himself.

IV.

Second only to Luther in the *coterie* of great theological reformers of the sixteenth century stands John Calvin. The influence exerted by this stern but sincere man has colored the thought of millions of human lives, and largely shaped the current of history in many lands. He was educated for a Roman priest, but afterwards studied law, and thus became at once a master in ecclesiastical learning and an astute reasoner. Indeed, an aptitude for scholastic philosophy seemed natural to him. In life he was simple, severe and inexorable. Even when a youth at school, he condemned all frivolity and absented himself from all popular pastimes and pleasures. He was a tireless student, and pondered deeply upon religious problems.

His rigid views of life led him most naturally to dwell upon those texts in that library of many minds and complex thought, the Bible, which coincided with his gloomy musings. It was as natural for John Calvin to focus his intellect upon the passages from which he drew his inferences and upon which he builded his theory of unconditional election, as it was for Whittier's thought to rest on those luminous passages which feed instead of poison a civilized soul. We are largely what our ideals and thoughts make us. Calvin's conception of God colored his every thought and deed. The frightful philosophy which foredoomed babes to eternal damnation was a part of his conclusions based upon passages which appealed most strongly to him.

To question the accuracy of that philosophy which to him was clearly the eternal truth, was to be guilty of a heresy worthy of death.

Calvin failed to comprehend the important truth that the great ethical and spiritual verities can differ only in degree as we ascend from the savage to the most loving and tender nature who follows the Golden Rule as the supreme law of conduct, and from this truly civilized child of the Infinite, to the source of all life, love, justice and intelligence in an All-wise God, who while greater as the mountain is greater than the hill, nevertheless is of the same nature as the most luminous expressions of these attributes in the noblest of His children. *These great moral verities which in the savage are a rivulet, in the barbarian a stream, in the civilized man a river, are in God the ocean of life.* But this supreme truth Calvin failed to discern, else he would never have drawn inspiration from a chain of passages which logically made the Creator of the universe a monster, who in His creation of man committed a crime of measureless proportions.

In justice to Calvin, however, we must remember that in his day religion was on a much lower plane than to-day. Crude literal conceptions of texts had created an atmosphere of savage intolerance. The most sincere believers who followed the masterly reasonings of the founder of Presbyterianism, interpreted all the seemingly savage passages literally, but when they came to such passages as "The letter killeth and the spirit maketh alive," they passed them over as something meaningless or incomprehensible. Therefore they believed in the resurrection of the physical body, in a lake of literal fire, and an endless sentence to undying torment for those foreordained before the foundation of the world to be damned, even though they died in infancy. The popular conception among those of other faiths at this time held none the less jealously to the theory of a never-ending torment in a lake of fire and brimstone in which the bodies of the condemned would forever writhe. Thus the church came naturally to seek to destroy heresy by a weak imitation of what she conceived to be the divine method of punishment. This is a fact we must bear in mind when viewing the atrocities of this age, the intolerance of Luther or the crimes of Calvin. Their actions were the reflection of their ideals. They were imitating the God they worshipped.

Calvin was a very young man when the powerful spirit of the Reformation spreading over France took possession of his susceptible nature. He studied the Bible in French, and later the New Testament in Greek, and soon became an influential teacher among those who dissented from the prevailing faith. Indeed, when only twenty-four years old he was recognized as the

leading spirit of the Reformation in France. It soon became necessary for him to fly from city to city and land to land to escape the fires of Rome. In 1536 he published his great book, "Institutes of the Christian Religion," a work which though it came from the brain of a man not yet thirty years old, has shaped the faith of millions of thoughtful people. The "Institutes" gave Calvin prestige as a logician, and he soon became regarded as the foremost reasoner of the Reformation.

In his twenty-eighth year he settled in Geneva, where he sought to establish an absolute theocracy. He insisted on his religious views being taught in the schools, and sought to compel the people to conform to his ideas in regard to their mode of living and the cut of their clothes. This, as might naturally be expected, excited the indignation of the citizens, and Calvin was for a time banished. He was, however, recalled in the winter of 1541, after which he succeeded in carrying into effect his views of reform. He was an indefatigable worker, a man of deep convictions and absolutely sincere. He lacked the enthusiasm and fire of Luther and most of the other leaders of the Reformation, but he was far superior to them as a logician. After his return to Geneva, he labored night and day. There is something pathetic in these lines taken from a letter to a friend: —

> I have not time to look out of my house at the blessed sun. When I have settled my usual business I have so many letters to write, so many questions to answer, that many a night is spent without any offering of sleep being brought to nature.

During Calvin's supremacy in Geneva many persons were banished on account of loyalty to religious convictions which did not accord with his views. But the deepest stain on his reputation is the part he played in the terrible death of his old-time adversary, Servetus, whom he caused to be arrested, and who was vigorously prosecuted by Calvin. A sentence of death by burning was passed. It is claimed that Calvin exerted his influence to have Servetus slain by the sword instead of being burned. In this, however, he failed, and Servetus met death at the stake. As before observed, intolerance permeated the spirit of the age. Calvin, who when driven from France had written, "Every step towards its boundary cost me tears," afterwards abetted the banishment of Dr. Bolsec from his home and practice because he opposed Calvin's view of predestination. Indeed it seems that tolerance is the hardest of all lessons for mankind to learn, unless it be *faith in freedom;* and yet not until humanity stands squarely upon the Golden Rule, which is the epitome of both, will man be truly civilized.

John Calvin was simple in life. He ate little, dressed plainly, and avoided all extravagance and ostentation. There is some-

thing very attractive in the simplicity and purity which characterized this life; but one cannot fail to regret that a soul so gifted and so sincere could not find a resting place on the lovelit peaks which reflect lofty spirituality in the Bible, and which contain the prophecy of that dawn when all shall abide in the light.

V.

Luther and Calvin were the two great luminaries of the Reformation. But there were many other bright lights. Zwingli in Switzerland drew his inspiration from the New Testament in the original Greek. He was a great friend of Erasmus and essayed to purify church and state, but he perished on the battle field. Knox, the Calvin of Scotland, by his superb intrepidity, his intense earnestness, his profound belief in the truth of what he preached, moulded the religious thought of his people. Melancthon was another colossal figure. He was the friend and counsellor of Luther, a scholar who almost always counselled moderation, who strove to live up to the maxim, "In essentials, unity; in matters of doubt, liberty; in all things charity"; yet even he failed to entirely escape the intolerance of the age, for he justified Calvin in compassing the death of Servetus.

All these men possessed that dauntless courage, that intensity of conviction, that love of truth, that stern morality, which are eminently the characteristics of reformers. And while they were frequently fanatical and intolerant, in justice to them we must bear in mind that their ideal of God tended to make them intolerant toward all who preached contrary to what they believed to be the saving truth, and the spirit of their age favored persecution. It was a period of brutality which was soon to pass into a night of such merciless savagery as has seldom been equalled in the history of man's ascent. The exhibition of the spirit of intolerance to-day cannot be excused or condoned; but it would be manifestly unjust to judge the great souls of the century of Sir Thomas More by the standards of the present. And aside from their fanaticism, and the intolerance which was so largely due to their low ideal of God, they were noble figures towering above the popular exemplars of the religious thought of their age. They were men who believed they were right, who had the courage of their convictions, and who sought to make the world purer and better.

CHARITY, OLD AND NEW.

BY REV. HARRY C. VROOMAN.

At the beginning of the Christian era the foundations of the social structure were militarism and slavery. Atheism among the upper classes and a brutalized superstition among the masses, were the common expression of the religious life. A certain kind of liberality, however, with some phases of pity and survivals of such civic virtues as patriotism, physical bravery and public munificence, were not wanting; but compassion, the recognition of the sacredness of human life, was unknown. The whole world was bent beneath the crushing weight of hopelessness and decay. Slavery, tyranny and licentiousness had destroyed the ethical stamina, the very vitality of the Græco-Roman world.

Into this waste of life came the gospel of Jesus with its realization of the Divine Fatherhood through human brotherhood. Christ's brotherhood was the great democracy born of the ideal that every man is a divine being whose true nature is expressed by a self-sacrificing activity for his fellows. Christ never attempted to teach an elaborate system of philosophy or theology. He lived an applied philosophy and taught men how to live and love. Breaking with the formal static religions of His time He inaugurated the dynamic religion of service. He sent out His disciples on errands of human helpfulness, arousing hope, deepening faith in the kindlier virtues, and bidding them proclaim that the kingdom of heaven was at hand. Christ's philanthropy was based on the recognized value of common human life, and did not partake in the least of that weak sentimentalism, the source of so much modern charity, which gives because it lacks the courage to face the misery upheld by its own selfish luxury. Jesus never instituted a charity ball where amid the voluptuous swell of the dance, the rustle of silks, the sparkle of diamonds, the stimulus of wine and of women dressed *decolleté*, He could dissipate His love for the lowly. It was not so in that early time. Christ bore the cross in life as well as in death, to bring life and hope to the despised classes. He demonstrated the magnitude of the Christian paradox by building His kingdom f those elements which were considered the refuse of the old

civilization — the poor, the untaught, the uninfluential, women, children and slaves.

His gospel of human service, expressed by His brave words and compassionate life, and crowned by His martyr death, stamped on His followers a character of kindliness, which embodied the democratic ideal that "God is no respecter of persons." Pentecost was the larger birth of this social ideal.

The new Christian brotherhood instituted a community of goods which though never compulsory was the spontaneous expression of their spirit of helpfulness. This established on the plane of property, the ideals of their faith, and sealed their entire devotion to their cause. Christianity became an enthusiasm for humanity, and taught its votaries to minister to all needs, making no distinction between the physical and spiritual, aiming only to help every man to realize his truest self. The church developed into a monster fraternal order, which offered a refuge from the increasing poverty which followed the disintegration of the empire. In common with their age they lacked the scientific spirit, for which they have often been blamed, but their clear intuition, inspired by their noble purpose, led them aright in meeting the conditions of their time.

The laws of government and the methods of industry being absolutely under the control of Roman despotism, all hope of political or social reformation was necessarily shut out. The strength of their activity was thus confined within the brotherhood which now became the social and labor movement of the early centuries. It spread from city to city, to the uttermost bounds of the then known world, carrying everywhere the spirit of tenderness, fraternity and democracy. They accepted the slave into their communion on the basis of perfect equality, so that they were called by their enemies, "brothers of the slave." Masters were taught that before God, the slave ranked equal with them; thus the spirit of respect was developed and emancipation encouraged until at last it became a religious act. It grew in sentiment until slavery was abolished in Europe. Thus we see that the charity of the early church was based on a deep-seated recognition of the worth of human life, the uselessness of money and of rank, of all material things except as they minister to life.

The early method of expressing a Christian humanitarianism was the only one possible in a world order in whose management they had no voice whatever. Its limitations cannot possibly be taken as a criterion for the expression of the same spirit by men of different powers and in different circumstances, but the freshness and vigor of the fraternal spirit in the primitive church must be the inspiration of all true beneficence. In short, Christian

helpfulness uses all the forces and institutions of life over which it has any control, which may include political and industrial ones, to its one redemptive purpose, the uplifting of human life. This was the old ideal in its purity, this is again the new ideal awakening the world to-day.

In the fourth century the church entered a great period of ethical decline marked by its assuming the power and authority of the empire. Luxury and worldly honor corrupted the leaders and changed the spiritual tone of the activities of the church; while on the other hand, to offset this worldliness, the spiritual devotees fled into the wilderness and developed the great movement of asceticism. From this time on the charity of the church was for the most part utterly devoid of that heroic hope and redemptive purpose which impelled the early fathers. It ministered only to the conditions that were, and made the then existing order endurable. This charity needed to be constantly applied, and was, according to their debased ideal, not a means to a virtuous end, but a virtue in itself.

In the Middle Ages, true to the spirit of the institutionalism of the time, the monasteries were the great resources of the poor. With all their abuses they still kept alive the spirit of tenderness and obligation to the weak. There was a partial excuse for the action of the monks in the Middle Ages, in confining themselves to personal almsgiving. With them also there was little hope of changing the political or industrial methods that caused the poverty of the people. They could be little else than good Samaritans to bind up the wounds of the suffering. The immense landed endowments of the monasteries were the only sufficient bulwarks against the greed and heartlessness of the ruling classes. Notwithstanding the heroism and compassion manifested by large numbers of priests, monks and saints, it can scarcely be claimed that the church universal has at any time since the fourth century shown the heroic fraternity of the first three centuries. Possibly one reason why the later church failed to see the beauty of the true democratic spirit, was that the tyranny of their time was labelled Christian, and shielded by all that was to them most sacred in organization and historic association; while the tyranny and greed which confronted the early Christian was heathen in name and tradition, and their very partisan zeal aided them in seeing its baseness.

Another marked feature of Middle-Age beneficence was seen in the guilds of that period, the great secular fraternities of the people. The guild included all the members of any given craft, and held a monopoly of its entire business as a social function, administering it with due regard to all interested. Every member was a brother, whose rights were protected, whose wrongs

were avenged, who was cared for in sickness and buried in death. As the guilds increased in power and wealth they, too, became aristocratic and finally succumbed to the spirit of their time. Notwithstanding their imperfections they were a protecting power to the industrial classes during the beginnings of commercialism.

With the great growth of the commercial spirit under Henry the Eighth, with the destruction of the guilds and monasteries, and with the wholesale enclosure of the common lands by the barons, for sheep pastures, thus depriving the people of their inheritance and an opportunity to till the soil, England was confronted by a monster unemployed problem. Her sturdy yeomen were compelled by thousands to tramp her highways, begging for work and bread, and were met with the severest repression, being hanged by hundreds for being vagrants. The widespread destitution caused a serious social unrest, and led in the year 1541 to the first legislation for the relief of the poor in England.

The first acts of Parliament only systematized the voluntary contributions, but in 1601, the famous statutes of Elizabeth were enacted, which with a few modifications remained in vogue until 1834. They were not acts of mercy and beneficence, but of self protection by the upper classes, a guarantee against social revolution. They protected the working classes against starvation by giving them a certain right in a pauper's income. While they seemed to be very considerate of the laborer, they utterly failed to recognize his manhood, and treated him only as a beast of burden whose ferocity was to be assuaged. Their methods were demoralizing in the extreme. The unthrifty could lean on them, while the honest toiler's wages were gauged to be supplemented by the poor rate until both barely sustained an ordinary family. So utterly was the laboring class pauperized that it came to be the custom to pay "a minimum wage," which was a close estimate on the bare necessities of a family of three, an added allowance from the poor rate being given whenever this number increased.

In 1834 these abuses were largely rectified, as a more humane spirit was abroad in England. The first breathings of the new time were manifesting themselves in many directions. The outdoor relief was in a large measure reformed, and the distribution of funds for the poor was placed in charge of a central board of commissioners, who were to see that the expenditure was not abused. From that time until the present there has been a gradual increase in the ethical quality of this social function, which is most markedly seen in very recent years in what is called the Associated Charities. Side by side with public

care for the poor there have developed a large number of religious and private charity organizations.

In our large cities the distribution of the charity work through so many societies, became wasteful to the funds and hurtful to the morals of the recipients. The recent movement aims to put more ethical quality into their work, and to unify their activities through some central body of investigation. Its strongest points are its ideal of unity, its demand for knowledge before action, and its aim of helping to self support. The central organization seldom dispenses any funds, but acts only as agent for the various charity organizations. The applicants for aid are thoroughly investigated by visitors and past records taken into account. If an applicant is considered worthy he is commended to some one of the affiliated bodies for help, and is also apportioned to a friendly visitor whose duty it is to look after him, aid him in securing employment, and to give him all the assistance that friendly counsel can lend. In details these methods differ in every city. When this method, at its best, is contrasted with any past methods, except those of the mediæval guilds and early church, where those helped were personally known and their conditions understood, it must be recognized as a great step forward.

Other means of helping the weak are seen in various colonization enterprises. In Germany private beneficence has endowed country homes, where vagabonds may find work, free from the temptations of drink, where under kindly influence and good industrial training they may receive an impetus toward a new life. In Holland, the state established penal institutions for tramps on something the same line. In America, the reformatories with the indeterminate sentence, which always gives the hope of freedom, as soon as the prisoner can be trusted with it, also embody this idea, which is becoming more and more popular every year. Special charities, such as asylums for the blind, the feeble minded, and others, have been highly developed in recent years. These are noble efforts to bring out the latent possibilities in the unfortunate, and are perhaps the most worthy feature of general charity.

It is seen that the expressions of helpfulness have taken great varieties of forms, and been inspired by a diversity of motives from the highest to the lowest. Thus the charity of the early church was impelled by a dynamic ideal of altruism; that of the Middle Ages expressed a medley of perverted religious sentiment difficult to classify. The guilds show a manly, democratic spirit, which was confined, however, to their own members and was very limited in outlook. The poor law *regime* was the most degrading and heartless of all. It has been only since the new

ideals of our time that charity has been systematized into something suggesting scientific order.

Our age is both one of rising sentiment and of scientific method, and the combination of these two principles promises much for the future. But there is a new expression of the philanthropic ideal arising to-day, which while it embodies the spirit of Christian beneficence transcends all its former expressions. Occupying a higher point of view, it is at variance with the whole spirit of the present charity movement, which is criticised for merely sustaining men in an unhealthy social order, when it should be a regenerating force to create a higher order; for being paternal instead of fraternal.

The new ideal asks for the realization of brotherhood and equality instead of the doling out of life's necessities, in a manner to emphasize and make permanent the inhuman inequalities. It has studied the cause of the social unrest, of poverty and of crime, and with the true insight born of the altruistic ideal and the scientific method it sees that these causes lie in h man selfishness, as expressed in the institutions of the political and industrial life of to-day, with their accompanying special privileges, class distinctions, pride and brutality. It would arouse the community to abolish class privileges, to remove from wealth the power of controlling the destinies of the millions; to equalize opportunities in life by the establishment of the coöperative commonwealth. In short it is the rejuvenation of the Christ ideal again going forth to conquer the world, in the name of universal brotherhood, peace and love. Many believe this to be the second advent, the coming of the immanent Christ, when the Divine shall abide with man.

It is not surprising that the method and hopes of the mere charity worker are severely condemned by social idealists of this larger purpose. They see that the great problem of extreme want represents a social disease, which can only be cured by awakening society to discover its cause and inducing it to observe the hygienic laws of life, which will lead to health. Recipients of charity are themselves members of the body politic, thinking, feeling, acting units, joint guardians, with their fellows, of the social inheritance, and with them responsible for their present conditions. Each paroxysm of pain, as expressed in seasons of special want, should be used to arouse them, and all who sympathize with them, to the need of something more than a social opiate. Society should search for health as its ultimate ideal, and for such methods of social life as will lead to it, and not be content with those eleemosynary activities, which but bribe the weak and smother revolt, resting on the idea that society is hopeless, man prostrate and God impotent. The enthusiasm of hope

and of promising ideals, must be infused into the drugged and deadened senses of the pauperized class. Temporary help must be made to coöperate with the advance of permanent progress.

The government being the only representative of the whole people, this progress must be secured through its instrumentalities. The municipality, the state and the nation each in its own sphere should increase its functions of public service as far as is practicable, assuming the ownership and management of street cars, docks, railroads, mines, insurance and other activities as fast as they become monopolies, or inimical to the public welfare.

Among other reasons why these should be operated by the state, is that a standard of wages and ideal conditions of labor might be established, which private enterprise would have to approach, and that in times of special dulness in the labor market, the public would have an industrial plant that could easily be expanded to employ large numbers of men for special work, thus tending to establish an industrial equilibrium. Even before these enterprises are assumed by the public, the unemployed should be organized under the management of a state commission, whose duty it would be to find public work for them. The help thus given the unfortunate would not rob him of self-respecting manhood, but would be the simple right to labor.

All these steps are but preliminary until the state guarantees to every citizen the right of being honorably employed, and of receiving the full product of his labor. Once having provided the opportunity for employment, then all vagrants should be colonized in reformatory institutions with an indeterminate sentence, taught to labor and made to earn their living. In short, man must not only be helped, he must be respected. There must not only be the tenderness which cannot look upon emaciation and disease, but there must be the democracy of fraternity which cherishes no privilege which all do not share.

The antagonism to charity in its present form, by the working classes and social reformers in general, does not arise so much from opposition to positive methods as to the spirit of reactionary conservatism which the charity movement in general represents, and which so often zealously opposes the programme of social progress. The fact is, charity organizations are sustained largely by people of wealth, whose financial interests represent the wrongs of to-day's civilization. These well-to-do people are willing to express certain tenderness toward the poor man if he will remember his place of inferiority; but to treat him as a man, to grant him an equal right in the social inheritance, to guarantee him, by law and economic methods, his proportionate interest in the soil which God gives free to all His children, to so organize the work of the world that he will not

need to bow at the feet of privilege for a chance to toil, and to so provide universal education, with economic opportunity to utilize that education, that the child of the poor may rank with the child of the rich — these demands of the spirit of human brotherhood, the well-to-do donors of charity absolutely refuse to consider; but these are the reforms which the fraternal ideals of our time demand, in order that the present degrading charity may be abolished forever.

In the meanwhile, until these reforms are accomplished, there will be need of relief measures, but they should be made to coöperate with the great movement of social progress. If organized charity can be induced to stop posing as the solution of the social question, and recognize its place as a subordinate and a temporary one, it may become a more useful social function.

On the whole, the survey is luminous with hope. During the last century and a half there has been a constant development in ethical quality. To describe this progress by the familiar ethical terms, it was egoism, it is prudentialism, it promises altruism. The English poor laws were selfish and egoistic to the last degree, but they have been gradually improved by the introduction of a more humane feeling, until the present charity activities represent the spirit of prudentialism that is everywhere so expressive of commercial ethics. But the rising tide of idealism is clearly discernible; the altruist is everywhere proclaiming his message, and the masses are gladly responding to his call. The future is most certainly his.

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Note. — This bibliography might be considerably extended by including the contributions to periodical literature on related topics, as Almsgiving, Beneficence, Benevolence, Provident Societies, Poor Law, etc.

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PENOLOGY IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.*

BY SAMUEL J. BARROWS.

One of the most important and evident results of the work of John Howard and the agitation which he began was a general improvement in the physical condition of prisons. A new standard of structure, cleanliness, comfort and discipline was recognized and gradually accepted. We can judge now the civilization of a country as easily by its prisons as by its art galleries, factories, laboratories or its homes. Ninety-nine out of every hundred people who go to Venice visit the old dungeons under the ducal palace; not one in ten thousand visits a modern Italian prison. But the dark, damp dungeons below the level of the Grand Canal, whose walls could tell terrible tales of cruelty and death, are just as much of a curiosity to the Italian of to-day as they are to the American. He has only to take a gondola across the Grand Canal to find prisons which belong to the nineteenth century, with abundance of light, air, opportunities for work, and a humane system of administration. If the new Rome cannot vie in magnificence with the old, yet over against the Mamertine prison, which tradition says once held the Apostle Paul, we may find a better incarnation of his gospel in Regina Cœli, which structurally, administratively and in other ways is not only the best prison in Italy, but one of the finest in Europe.

Italy labors under the disadvantage of putting new wine into

* In a twelve months' trip to Europe, completed in the fall of 1893, I visited representative prisons in England, France, Germany, Italy, Hungary and Greece. The object of this inspection was not to satisfy a tourist's curiosity, but to see what light the penal methods and problems of Europe might throw on our own. With this object in view, which was materially aided by letters from the United States government to our ministers and consuls abroad, it was rather my plan to seek out the best prisons and the best systems, those which show the most progressive tendencies and the most encouraging results, than to examine those which are but survivals of an inferior method or a lower stage of civilization. Such prisons were not shunned when they came in my way, but they furnished that instruction which may come from a warning instead of from a good model. It is no purpose of this article to give a detailed description of European prisons, but rather to furnish a study in comparative penology by showing some of the results and tendencies of European experience as compared with our own.

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old bottles. The old prisons are ill-fitted for the application of the new reforms she is introducing, and none are better aware of this than the prison authorities and prison reformers of that country. Yet as an example of Italian tendencies and ideals, and as an illustration of what may be done under the congregate system, the new prison at Rome is unsurpassed. Let one after visiting this prison buy a copy of the Italian criminal code, and he will understand what great progress Italy has made in penal legislation, and how much she has to offer the student of penology.

A type of prison structure found frequently on the continent has but one conspicuous example in this country, for the reason that the system which requires it has not been adopted here to any extent. I refer to what is called the separate system. Of this system there are notable illustrations in Belgium and France, and the type of building, with various modifications, may be found in Italy, England and elsewhere. When this system is strictly enforced, there is but one person in each cell, and no association or communication is allowed between prisoners. This is the great argument in its favor with those who believe that crime is increased through the prison intercourse of criminals, and who maintain that the separate system prevents contamination, and permits each prisoner to be treated individually. The objections to the system are the cost of the plant, which covers a great deal of ground, the limited facilities for machine labor, the unnatural conditions imposed by solitary confinement, and the belief that reformation is more easily secured under more natural social conditions.

The familiar example of this system in this country is the Eastern Penitentiary of Philadelphia. That the separate system is disastrous to health is disproved by the generally good health rate of the prisoners of that institution. That it is possible to make such a system an economical success is shown by the unique fact that some of the counties in Pennsylvania have through the labor of the prisoners sent by them to this penitentiary actually made a slight profit above the cost of their maintenance. It yet remains to be demonstrated, however, that the separate system is superior to the congregate system when properly graded and conducted in the same reformatory spirit. There are no facts or statistics available to show that there are relatively fewer recommitments of prisoners under the separate system than under the congregate plan. Where the reformatory spirit is entirely absent from the administration of a prison, it matters little on what system it is conducted; the results are sufficiently bad. Reformation cannot be produced by architecture or mechanical devices alone.

It is noteworthy that in England there has been an important departure from this system. It was found that communication between convicts could not absolutely be prevented and that prolonged solitary confinement debilitated the mind, if not the body, so that the limit for solitary confinement is now placed at nine months. The method is combined advantageously with the congregate system. Every prisoner who is sentenced for a term of years to penal servitude must serve nine months in solitary confinement at what is called a local prison, of which Wormwood Scrubs is one of the best examples. He is then transferred to a prison on the congregate plan.

Whatever difference of opinion there may be among penologists concerning the merits of different systems, there is substantial agreement among them, that in jails where prisoners are held for trial or committed for short sentences, and where in the nature of the case no extensive reformatory system can be applied, the separate system is absolutely essential. No more effective brewery for crime has been devised than that of the county jail, in which young persons, hardened offenders, misdemeanants and felons have been promiscuously thrown together in the same vat.

One of the finest examples of what a jail ought to be is furnished in Budapest. Structurally it is an excellent example of prison architecture. In cleanliness, order and administration it suggests the Suffolk County jail in Boston, or the one in Baltimore, which are among the best, though not the only examples of good jails in this country. One good feature of this jail is that it furnishes some productive work for each prisoner in his cell. Those under sentence are expected to perform a certain amount of work daily. Those who await trial may work if they wish, thus gaining a little for themselves and their families. The mental as well as the economical value of this feature is evident. I have known a man to be shut up in a cell in an American jail — and that, too, one of the better class — for six months without work or exercise. At the close of the confinement insanity resulted, and he has been in an insane asylum ever since.

The extensive use of the separate system in Europe has resulted in the development and application of many forms of industry, such as the making of boxes, shoes, steel traps, mats, chairs, stockings, and other industries which can be carried on by hand in cells with the aid of few tools. It is easy to conceive of the extension of this method through electric motors, but the indications are that, except as to jails, the separate system is not likely to be adopted extensively in this country.

Another form of prison structure results from a combination of the congregate and the separate system in the same building.

Prison de la Santé in Paris is perhaps the best illustration of this method. In its details of construction it has features of convenience and adaptability which those who are contemplating the erection of a prison may well consult. About half of the prison is arranged on the separate plan. First offenders mainly are assigned to this part, old offenders to the congregate part. No such prison exists in America, but Massachusetts is about to build an addition to the state prison at Charlestown on the separate plan, and an elaborate report on the new system, with copious illustrations, has been prepared by Mr. Frederic G. Pettigrove, secretary of the Massachusetts Prison Commission. When completed the new state prison will thus combine the advantages of the separate and congregate systems.

Escapes from English prisons are very rare, and I believe that no escape has occurred from Santé in Paris since it was constructed, some thirty years ago. Good architecture is certainly an important element in security, but nothing has been better demonstrated than that the best prison architecture will not prevent prisoners from getting out, if there is not some strong disciplinary force to hold them in. This is well illustrated in Mr. Pettigrove's report. The original buildings at Charlestown were constructed of stone weighing a ton each, but the great strength of the building did not prevent frequent escapes. "In tearing down the west wing in 1867 to provide for the enlargement, not a stone could be moved by the most experienced workmen until it was drilled and split into pieces. Nevertheless in the preceding year, a desperate convict made an escape by displacing one of these large stones with tools made of iron taken from the scrap heap." In visiting certain Greek prisons in the Peloponnesus and also at Zante immediately after the earthquake, I marvelled that prisoners were so willing to stay in when it was evidently so easy for them to get out. At Zante I saw over twenty men in one large room on the ground floor with nothing but a feeble iron-grating door between them and the outside world. Neither walls nor discipline constituted any barrier to their exit. I could only conclude that they stayed in because they had little disposition to get out.

On the large subject of prison administration the tone of the best prisons in Europe is much the same as that of the best prisons in this country. Prison discipline here has been weakened by political interference and demagoguery. Discipline in Germany and in England is more even and more strict. Yet it is a common error to suppose that European prisons are much more severe in methods than our own and that whatever advantage they have comes mainly from this feature. Nothing is clearer to penologists there and here than that extreme severity

or brutality of any sort does not produce the best results. A prison discipline may be strict, exacting, uniform, and at the same time stimulating and humane. Nowhere in Europe have I found a discipline so thorough, and one which at the same time furnishes so many incentives to the prisoner, as in the Elmira Reformatory of New York. It was interesting to note that the managers of every reformatory I visited regarded this as a model.

In making comparisons between European prisons and our own, one cannot overlook the fact that there is a wide difference in theory and management in the different states of our own country. While the State of Alabama, for instance, has in the admirable institution at Tuscaloosa one of the finest insane asylums of this country, the prison system of that state is about one hundred years behind that of most of the Northern States. The Southern States generally are under the same condemnation. The lease system has wrought dreadful ravages. Its evils have been powerfully exposed by Dr. P. D. Sims of Chattanooga, who has given several years of his life to the study of this question. As a member of the Tennessee State Board of Health, his attention was attracted to the great mortality under the lease system, which ran up to seventy-seven per thousand per annum, and in some branch prisons to a hundred per thousand. Comparison showed that the average mortality in all the lease prisons was sixty and four-tenths per thousand, while the mortality in non-lease prisons throughout the country was fifteen and one-tenth, exactly one-fourth of that of leased prisons. This system has proved to be very expensive financially to the State of Tennessee, but the worst of it is that the reformatory element is entirely absent.

Just before going to Europe I visited the convict mines in Birmingham, Ala. The fate of prisoners compelled to work in them may not be much worse, so far as conditions of labor go, than those of free coal miners; but with the exception of separating negroes from whites after they come out of the mines, "because a white prisoner, you know, wouldn't like to associate with a nigger," there was no attempt at classification and no pressure of intellectual and moral influences for the reformation of the prisoner. It was through appeals of a Northern woman, Dorothea Dix, that the admirable state insane asylum in Alabama was established before the war; an earnest and able Southern woman, Miss Julia A. Tutweiler, is now appealing to the people and legislature of her state to reform the prison system. From the inspections and reports which have followed agitation it is to be hoped that permanent improvement may come.

Three days before the mob in New Orleans broke into the jail

of that city and shot the Italians, whom a New Orleans jury had acquitted of the murder of Hennessy, I went through this prison. In Italy I found myself powerless to defend the action of that mob against the mild but just animadversion of the governor of an Italian prison; but I wondered what that director would have said, if he could have visited the prison in which the outrage was committed. He would have thought this as great a blot on American civilization as the murderous vindictiveness of the mob. Nowhere in Europe, not even in Grecian prisons still submerged in Orientalism, have I found such a filthy and abominable relic of barbarism as that of New Orleans.

In Austria prison discipline is uniformly strict, but classification might be improved, and I was surprised to find in Vienna as many as fourteen women in one cell, and cells in which from three to eight men were together. The cells were proportionately large, but the error was in massing them in this way.

France and Italy are trying the experiment of giving the prisoner a portion of his earnings, a method already successfully applied in other prisons. In France the amount thus obtained is small but the accumulation may be useful to the prisoner when he is discharged. In Italy this feature is combined with a new and interesting experiment. The rations issued have been reduced in quantity and variety. They are sufficient to sustain life and health, but the prisoner is allowed to supplement his dietary by spending a portion of the money which he earns. The method of allowing prisoners a share of their earnings has been successfully applied in the Eastern Penitentiary, Philadelphia, for a number of years, and is a feature of the excellent prison bill of the State of New York. At the time of the Johnstown flood the prisoners in the Eastern Penitentiary subscribed about five hundred dollars from their earnings for the benefit of the relief fund. A portion of these earnings, over a certain amount required by the state, is held until the prisoner is released, and a part may be assigned to his family. One man has supported a wife and family outside of prison by overwork. Undoubtedly this feature could be more widely extended, especially if restrictions on prison labor were removed.

In England and on the continent the method of commutation of sentences has been generally adopted; that is, a sentence for a definite number of years is reduced according to a certain scale by the good behavior of the prisoner. This system is in vogue in a number of our own states. As to a system of probation I have seen nothing equal to that in use in Massachusetts, where a large number of first offenders are released on probation and officers are appointed in every county to examine and take charge of such cases.

The indeterminate sentence has not become embodied in European law, although it is accepted by some European and by the great majority of American penologists as the goal of agitation. In Europe the flagrant injustice of the present system is not so immediately apparent as in our own country. While the criminal code of Italy is different from that of France, and the code of France from that of Germany, they are yet consistent within the limits of each country. But except in the case of offences against the federal laws, crime in the United States is a matter for local treatment. Each state has its own criminal code. How utterly inconsistent and contradictory these codes are, was made strikingly evident at the meeting of the National Prison Congress at St. Paul, in June last, by a remarkable paper prepared by Mr. F. H. Wines, giving the results of comparisons and statistics gathered and analyzed in his preparation of the census report on crime.

The different penalties affixed for the same crime in different states show the different moral estimates in the community. Thus the maximum penalty for counterfeiting in Delaware is three years, but in Maine, Massachusetts, New York and Michigan it is imprisonment for life. The minimum penalty in Missouri is five years, which is the maximum in Connecticut. The maximum penalty for perjury in New Hampshire, Connecticut and Kentucky is five years; in Maine, Mississippi and Iowa it is imprisonment for life. In Delaware, on the other hand, it is punishable by fine, without imprisonment, of not less than $500 nor more than $2,000. A man who commits grand larceny in Louisiana may be sent to prison for two years; in Connecticut he may be committed for twenty. A barn-burner in Kansas may get four years; in Maryland, South Carolina and Georgia he may be sentenced to death. A burglar, breaking and entering a dwelling by night in Arkansas, may have seven years, but in North Carolina the penalty is absolute, and is death. In Kansas the guilt of forgery, judging from penalties, is four times that of larceny, but in Connecticut the guilt of larceny is four times that of forgery. In some states the guilt of arson is held to be twice that of larceny; in other states the guilt of larceny is twice that of arson.

The death penalty is in force for murder in all the states except Rhode Island, Michigan and Wisconsin; in Louisiana for rape, assault with intent to kill, administering poison, arson and burglary; in Delaware and North Carolina for rape, arson and burglary; in Alabama for rape, arson and robbery; in Georgia for rape, mayhem and arson; in Missouri for perjury and rape; in Virginia, West Virginia, South Carolina and Mississippi for rape and arson; in Florida, Kentucky, Tennessee, Texas and

Arkansas for rape; in Montana for arson of dwelling by night; in Maryland for any variety of arson.

The actual sentences imposed by court show the same inequality. Thus the possible sentences for burglary range from six years to life, but the actual average sentences range from one year and nine months in Delaware to twenty-two years in Alabama. The possible sentences for arson derived from the code range from ten years to death, but the actual average sentences, from two years in Arkansas to seventeen years and six months in Rhode Island. The vast array of facts and figures presented by Mr. Wines, and which should be put into the hands of our lawyers and legislators, furnish curious and melancholy illustrations of the inequality of sentences for crime in this country.

How is this state of things to be remedied? Something might be done by the American Bar Association, in coöperation with penologists, by preparing what might be deemed a model code, and striving for its adoption in different states. In 1888 and 1889 Italy undertook the revision of its penal code as the demand arose for a more equitable and uniform system. Seldom has a new code been more thoroughly discussed or more deliberately framed than it was in that country. In its classifications and distinctions, its freedom from traditional standards, its apportionment of penalties, the care taken to weigh mitigating circumstances, the provisions for conditional liberation, it is regarded by some jurists as the best criminal code in existence. In this code the death penalty has been abolished, and the greatest pains has been taken to adjust penalties to crime, not only in the duration but in the form of imprisonment.

It is evident that the adoption of any model code such as that of Italy would not be easily secured in the forty-four states of this country, nor if adopted would it secure consistency in the treatment of crime. It is one thing to have a uniform code and another to have a just and uniform administration of it. The most striking inequalities occur in sentences imposed in the same state and by the same courts. Thus I have known a lenient judge to sentence a batch of prisoners to the penitentiary for a year each; but another judge, who occupied the same bench a month later, sentenced prisoners arraigned for the same offences to from two to five years. In fact the same judge, influenced by physical or mental conditions, affected by an east wind or bad digestion, may give a man a year to-day or five years to-morrow.

The practical relief from this inconsistency is to be found in the indeterminate sentence. Under this system the court and the jury simply decide as to whether the accused has committed the crime charged. Instead of being sentenced for a definite number of years, he is committed to a system of grading and

marking which compels him to remain there until by his work, his schooling and conduct he has earned a sufficient number of marks to secure release on parole, and eventually, if his conduct warrants, a full discharge. The destiny of the prisoner depends not on the caprice of a code or the fluctuations of a judge, but is largely in his own hands.

The prevailing spirit of prison discipline in Europe is reformatory in its tendencies. The idea of punishment has not been surrendered, but reformatory measures are becoming more and more prominent. The young are sifted out for special treatment. This method has long found illustration in reformatories in England and America. It is extending on the Continent. One of the finest reformatories, well organized, classified and administered, I found in Tivoli, not far from Hadrian's villa. In Hungary, while I did not have time to visit their largest and best reformatory, I saw at Koloszvár an institution which shows that that country is wheeling into line. The Greek government is too poor to spend money on prisons at present, but a generous Greek has given money for the establishment of a reformatory near Athens, and I had the pleasure of submitting plans of some of our best American reformatories at the request of the committee. We have little to learn abroad on the subject of reformatories.

In the administration of prisons, there is no more important element than the personality of governors, wardens and prison officials. The best system will suffer without the best men and women to administer it. In Venice, Rome, Florence, Tivoli, Budapest, Vienna, Paris and London, I was impressed with the superior class of men and women who have been called to the administration of prisons. One who attends a meeting of the Wardens' Association in our own country may find similar reasons for respect and satisfaction. The bane of our prison management is political patronage and interference, and none are more conscious of this than the wardens themselves. At a meeting of the National Prison Congress at St. Paul in June last, a resolution was unanimously passed, earnestly recommending that "ability, fitness, merit in character, and not politics, be made sole test in the appointment or retention of all officers of such institutions." Permanence of tenure is one of the most valuable features in the English system. Severe competitive examinations are passed for subordinate positions; promotions do not depend in any way upon political power; pensions are given in proportion to length of service. This system is abandoned, however, in the appointment of governors and directors, who have been drawn largely from the army. Their experience in handling men does not always compensate for their lack of experience

in prison service. This is a cause of complaint among English prison reformers.

As in this country, prison labor has been the subject of much discussion abroad. The labor system is the weak side in the otherwise strong system in England. This is seen in the use of the fly wheel. Prisoners sentenced to hard labor may fulfil the sentence by turning the crank of a fly wheel so many thousand revolutions registered on an indicator. None of the prison officials with whom I spoke favored this plan. It cannot be called thrifty for the prisoner or for the prison. Nearly every application of labor for productive purposes in England is in making articles for the government. Everything used in the army and navy, in the postoffice and other departments, that can be made in prison is made there. Hand labor is chiefly used, but this work is of but little use in educating the prisoner for outside labor. It is strange that English labor agitators, so generally intelligent in regard to industrial and economic qnestions, are so easily deluded into the belief that prisoners who labor for the government are removed from the arena of competition. The indifference to productive labor in England makes the system an expensive one.

On the other hand there is no greater fallacy than that which assumes that the prison which pays all expenses is the best one or the cheapest. In some of our states the determination of legislators that prisons shall be self-supporting has been a barrier to reform. That prison is cheapest financially, as well as best ethically, which succeeds in reforming the largest number of prisoners.

In no country have I seen the specialization of labor carried to such an extent as in France, where in making toys one man works all day in painting the buttons on a soldier's coat, while another simply puts a dab of red on each cheek. A good deal of this work is done by repeaters. The best office of labor in prison is as a therapeutic. Statistics of the trades and occupations of prisoners collected by the Wardens' Association of the United States, and analyzed by Dr. Roland P. Faulkner, Ph. D., of the University of Pennsylvania, show plainly "that the higher the character of the daily pursuits the greater the unlikelihood of falling into crime. They show that prisoners as a rule are accustomed to only the rudest forms of labor. In the main they are unskilled, and probably also irregularly employed." The rate of illiteracy was found to be very high. 19.56 per cent of the prisoners could neither read nor write.

Penologists in both Europe and America turn towards England with the greatest interest because that is the one country in which there is evidence of a gradual, almost steady, decrease in

crime during the last fifteen or twenty years. Statistics bearing on this fact are interesting and significant. The following figures show the remarkable decrease in the prison population since 1877.

Year ended March 31,	1878	20,833
" "	1879	19,818
" "	1880	19,835
" "	1881	18,027
" "	1882	17,798
" "	1883	17,876
" "	1884	17,194
" "	1885	16,619
" "	1886	15,375
" "	1887	14,822
" "	1888	14,536
" "	1889	14,758
" "	1890	13,877
" "	1891	13,076
" "	1892	12,663

Diagrams and tables in the report of the Commissioners of Prisons show that "For thirty years, until 1877, the prison population rose and fell alternately about every three years, but with a general tendency, on the whole, to rise during that period. Since the year 1877, in which the prisons were transferred to government, the prison population has almost continuously fallen, notwithstanding the increase of the general population, so that the number for 1891–92 (12,663) is 37.8 per cent below the number for 1876–77 (20,361)." During the period of thirty years under review in the same comparison the general population has risen from twenty to thirty millions, which, if there had been no improvement, would have involved a corresponding increase of crime of fifty per cent. It will not do to say that England has deported her criminals and thus shifted the problem. On the contrary, the transportation of convicts to Van Diemen's Land and Australia, which was carried on for nearly a century without lessening crime in England, was stopped in 1867. Alarmists predicted a great increase in crime. The result has been just the opposite, and largely because England, instead of shifting and avoiding the problem, has grappled with it on her own soil.

The report of the Prison Commissioners is confirmed by those of police authorities. The Commissioner of Police of London shows in a recent report that there were fewer felonies committed in 1890 than in any year since 1875. The security for person and property in London is greater to-day with a population of six millions than it was in 1875 with a population of four millions. The report of the Chief Constable of Liverpool shows that never have the statistics disclosed so small an amount of crime. In the last two years there has been a falling off of nearly a thousand a

year in indictable offences. A study of the reports of the Prison Commissioners, kindly furnished me at the Home Office, shows that the diminution is most marked in "offences against property without violence, which comprise the great bulk of crimes committed, and in forgery and offences against the currency, and, in a smaller degree, of offences against property with violence." Crimes in these classes are mainly those committed by habitual criminals. These conclusions correspond in a remarkable degree with fluctuations in the estimated number of the criminal classes at large in prisons and reformatories from 1867 to 1890. The number of habitual criminals in 1867 was 87,688, and in 1890 it was 52,153.

When we ask for the causes which have contributed to this reduction, they are ascribed by the Commissioners to the increased efficiency of the police, to the establishment of industrial schools, the effective punishment and reformation of criminals in prison, the development of societies to aid prisoners on discharge, and the operation of statutes enacted for the suppression of the habitual criminal class.

Of these reasons one of the most important is the extension of industrial training. A large number of persons go to prison because they have never learned how to earn an honest living outside and have failed to acquire that mental and moral discipline which honest industry assists in developing. It has been found necessary to establish trade schools and industries in reformatory prisons; but why should we wait to do in prison a work which ought to be done outside?

Another reason for the decrease in crime is the great improvement of the prison system by its transfer to the government, which took place in 1878. Before that time prisons were conducted by local authorities. The government soon reduced the number from one hundred thirteen to fifty-nine, at a saving of $420,000 a year. The continued diminution in the prison population has had the effect of reducing the numbers in some of the prisons to very small proportions. Two prisons had each at one time in the year 1892 no more than seven prisoners, fewer than the number of officers. Other English prisons have therefore been closed, one of the last being that of Kirkdale, Liverpool.

The work done by societies for aiding discharged convicts is important. There are ninety-four such societies in England, and in 1892, according to the last report in hand, they assisted 19,366 prisoners. There are a large number of private charities and bequests available for this purpose. The British government gives liberally for this purpose, the assumption being, that as much more will be raised by private subscription.

I am sorry to say that English statistics and experience, so far as I could learn, do not show any marked decrease in drunken-

ness, and the problem what to do with the repeaters is a grave question there as here. Indeed neither in England nor on the Continent did I get any light on the question. The only really practical suggestion was that of a cumulative sentence.

In regard to capital punishment it is interesting to note that while the death penalty, as shown above, is in force in all but three of our states, and in some of them not only for murder, but for arson, mayhem, rape and burglary, it has been stricken from the codes of several European countries. Capital punishment for ordinary homicides has been abolished in Russia for more than a century, although it is still the punishment of treason. In 1874 it was abolished in Switzerland; permission to restore it was given to the cantons in 1879, but up to 1890 no canton had availed itself of the permission. Holland abolished the death penalty in 1870, Italy in 1889, Portugal in 1867. Facts collected by Mr. William Tallack of the Howard Association of London show that in most of those countries capital punishment had long ceased to exist *de facto* before it was abolished *de jure*. The general testimony is that there has been no increase of murders in any of these countries since such abolition.

Again it appears that in countries where the death penalty exists the number of executions for murder is very small. In Austria the average is four per cent on convictions, in Prussia less than eight per cent; in Sweden, Norway and Denmark there is one execution in every twenty sentences for murder. In England, out of 672 committed for wilful murder, 299 were convicted and sentenced to death, while 373 were either acquitted or found insane; of the 299 condemned to death, 145, nearly one half, had their sentences commuted. "Persons charged with murder have many more chances of escaping conviction than any other class of offenders." In our own country it is a matter of common knowledge, that the number sentenced to death is small compared with the number arraigned for murder.

As a result of this comparative study, the penological reforms and improvements, which seem to be needed in this country, are the improvement of jails; the abolition of the lease system; the extension of the reformatory plan; the adoption of the indeterminate sentence with the parole system; the extension of the probation system both for youths and adults, as in Massachusetts; work for prisoners committed to jail on short sentences; a higher grade of prison officers; the abolition of the spoils system in relation to prison management; an allowance to prisoners of a portion of their earnings, and its application to the needs of their families; the extension of manual education and industrial schools among preventive measures; and the organization of societies for aiding discharged convicts, mainly in the direction of procuring them employment.

THE DYNAMICS OF MIND.

BY HENRY WOOD.

In the light of recent psychical demonstrations, it has been said that thoughts are things, but perhaps a more exact statement would be that they are forces.

In physical science, the present trend of teaching is distinctly from the former accepted atomic basis, which included the solidity and potency of matter, towards a hypothesis in which energy is regarded as the underlying principle of all phenomena. Thus the atom, which has never been discovered, and is not likely to be, is no longer recognized as the real unit in the physical economy, energy being now accepted as the primal starting point.

Manifestations to our senses, which we call light, heat and sound, are only differentiated modes of vibratory force. Primal energy, unitary in its essence, and always conserved in the aggregate, takes on, to us, one of several qualitative appearances, according to the form of its waves, or rather, perhaps, the rapidity of its vibrations. Under certain circumstances and through the action of laws yet imperfectly understood, these various modes of manifestation are interchangeably transformed in constant repetition.

Modern science has accepted the conclusion that vibration is a universal law, and the recognition of this fact is the key which is unlocking mysteries and solving phenomena hitherto unexplainable. It has furnished an all-comprehensive working hypothesis. Beginning with an inter-molecular rhythm of inconceivable rapidity in all bodies, even those that appear to be solid and at rest, its domain of wave movements extends through all space, and its impulses are coursing in every conceivable direction. They are ceaseless and endless. The cosmos may truly be said to be "all of a quiver."

The basic medium of these innumerable wavy motions is undoubtedly the universal ether, the nature of which can only be dimly conjectured through its multiform manifestations. Who can say that this is not the boundless common meeting ground between the spiritual and the material? Unaccountably enough, the myriads of vibrations of different kinds and velocities that

are sweeping through space do not appear to disturb or neutralize each other in the least. There is a clear path for all.

These late developments in physical science, which have only been hinted at in the most general terms, carry with them necessary inferences and correlations, the scope of which can yet hardly be imagined. The dematerialization, or perhaps what may even be called the spiritualization of physics, as a science, is one of the marked logical tendencies. There is also a growing demonstration and conviction of the deceptive and utterly unreliable nature of sensuous appearances. Science, before finally accepting any proposition as proven, has always insisted upon material and mathematical demonstration. This is well in its place but it is not all, in fact it is only the lower and cruder side.

Matter as formerly regarded seems to be consciously melting into mind or spirit. It is no longer inert or dead, but instinct with life. Its transformations are ceaseless and mysterious. Can any one explain just how and why a visible solid can take the form of an invisible gas and *vice versa?*

The theoretical boundary line between the immaterial and the material is getting very faint if not actually disappearing. Let us drop our crude, childish materialism and rise easily and reasonably to the grand conception that differentiated forces are being traced back, even through the methods of the physicist to the *One Primal Energy* — INFINITE MIND. The veils which in our infantile development we have hung around external nature are growing so attenuated that we can almost discern with unaided vision the active operation of Supreme Intelligence, Goodness and Beneficence.

All profound discernment and analogy lead back to the grand fundamental premise, that behind all manifestations, energy is One, that it is an Intelligent Energy, and is therefore Omnipresent Mind. Monism, or the inherent unity of all things, is the growing inspiration of science. It is thereby confirming the impressions already received through the delicate vision of the unfolded interior faculties. Paul's immortal aphorism, that "in Him we live and move and have our being" has waited long for scientific endorsement, but it is apparently soon to be realized. We behold the universe as soulful and not mechanical. This is no ancient superstitious pantheism resurrected. Rather the Deity is infinitely honored as compared with any and all past human concepts.

If all energy, in its last analysis, be Intelligent Mind, and vibration the universal method, we may reasonably infer that human mind or volition, being in, and a part of the whole, should form no exception in the working plan of its orderly activities. If essential, potential and ideal man be the "offspring," "image"

and manifestor of God, nothing unlike it could be normal. As the former ideals of a Deity, localized, personified, changeable and in every way unconsciously limited, are slowly replaced by the trancendent ideal of the unconditioned "All in All," the interrelation of all things, to and in God, is being grasped. When man refines, enlarges and elevates his consciousness of Divinity, he does the same for his own deeper and generic spiritual nature, which though temporarily obscured, is in reality, himself. If God be spirit, man, His reflection and likeness, must also be spirit and not dust. By a traditional and distorted self consciousness he has thought himself to be a poor, sinful, *material* being, and the formative power of his mental specification has externally actualized his model. He *is* mind or spirit, but his physical expression, which should be of ideal quality, outpictures his perverted estimate of himself. Not recognizing his true being, he has drawn a mistaken outline and then naturally filled it out. He has thus unwittingly hidden his own potential and divine forces, though they are still within. The mirror of false consciousness has reflected a doleful image which he has seriously taken for himself.

The purer and higher trend of science is characterized by a gradual refinement and immateriality. The laboratory should become a sanctuary, for in it are gained glimpses of the Eternal. Man himself is being more truly interpreted as the highest expression of divinity. He is a concrete manifestation of the One Mind, finited, but with unlimited possibilities. He is inconceivably great, though ignorantly unaware of it. But a significant indication of his growing consciousness of the possession of supernal power is found in the recent discovery of the dynamic and formative potency of his thought. The Infinite Uncreate is the primal and universal energy, but man is its embodier and manifestor. His mental forces cannot create *de novo*, but they can mould, utilize and express. The unfolded soul having developed a self-consciousness of its transcendent power, intelligently sends out its own vibrations from its own centre. Conforming to the divine plan and chord, it becomes a reflection, or secondary radiator of rhythms which are concordant with the Original.

We are logically led to the conclusion that the recent recognition of the potency and utility of the projective vibration of thought, is an unprecedented and immense step in scientific achievement, human unfoldment and spiritual evolution. Man is finding his rightful dominant place in nature, in the arcana of soul force and expression, and in his relation to the Infinite.

Before considering specifically the dynamic relations between mind and mind, it may be well to note briefly these relations as they exist between a human mind and its physical counterpart.

Man is mind, and this statement implies that the physical organism is not man, but only his visible index or expression. To attempt to prove this is like demonstrating an axiom, but yet mankind at large indicate by their action that they do not practically believe it. Nine-tenths of the care, labor and attention of the world is bestowed upon the body and its gratification, or upon those subordinate mental powers, the product of which will command the greatest commercial value. Most of the prevailing systems of education, so called, have the same end more or less directly in view. The trained intellect, including not only technical and professional attainment, but also the powers of literary, poetic and dramatic ability, eloquence and wit, are largely rated and valued on an economic and material basis. To train, control and uplift the mind, and develop its higher faculties for its own sake, and that of others, is not common. The world is still endeavoring to "live by bread alone."

Prevailing systems of philosophy, science, theology, therapeutics, sociology and charity, including Darwinian evolution, all proceed upon the general hypothesis that man is intrinsically a *material* being. He has an attenuated quality called a soul, dependent upon fleshly brain cells.

The "fall," not historic but continuous, is from the ideal, potential and inmostly actual, into the external of appearances, and this comprises the Adamic consciousness. Men cling to the sensuous Eden until they are startled and driven from it by the loud calling of the divine voice within. The beneficent expulsion from that Eden, and the succeeding necessary restlessness, furnish the true and only impetus for voluntary moral and spiritual evolution. The world is still largely peopled with Adams who practically believe that they are made of red earth or dust.

Is man to grasp, mould and rule that little portion of dust that he has temporarily taken on, and which before has often been used to express and embody other qualities of life, or must he believe himself in bondage to it? Shall the shadow, even though real as a shadow, dominate the substance? Not forever, even in what is called this life. So soon as man recognizes the fact that he is a mental and spiritual dynamo he will no longer remain a vassal in his own legitimate kingdom. But the more specific treatment of the relations of mind to body must be reserved for a subsequent paper.

A dominant vibration in the thought-atmosphere is able to arouse a nation, or a continent. Great minds, as well as those of less development, are submerged and swept along by it. Crusades, reformations, revolutions and reforms, furnish numberless illustrations of psychic upheaval and contagion. Through sym-

pathetic vibration a vast number of responsive mental strings are stirred into action. As the rhythmical step of a regiment will powerfully shake a strong bridge, so the concerted energy of mind will generate tidal waves of tremendous import. The result is not merely from a contemporaneous logical process, carried on respectively by many individuals, but from a great immaterial gulf stream, deep and mighty, though silent and unconscious.

Mind, as a *force*, is no more unintelligible or unthinkable than other vibrations of unseen energy. And here lies the tremendous significance of the new psychology or recognition of soul force. Till recently conventional science, as taught in all accepted text-books, recognized no extension of the dynamics of thought beyond the confines of the physical organism. The mind, with feeble domination, through nerve channels, could transmit its orders to different parts of its visible counterpart, but it was not believed that it could go one inch beyond that limit. Any suggestion that telepathy, or thought transference, could take place at a distance of a thousand miles, or even one mile, would have been pronounced impossible.

We shall waste no time in the mere attempt to prove the fact that thought is, and can be, projected through space, both consciously and unconsciously. No well-informed individual who has given any adequate attention to the subject now questions it. Scores of pages might be filled with examples, now on record, which are entirely beyond collusion or coincidence. Every one of thousands of hypnotic experiences proves it, and every case of healing through mental treatment attests it. There is no fact in physical science better assured.

And how has the world received this transcendent truth which is transforming in its potency, all-inclusive in its sequences, and divine in its possibilities? Very much as it would a new *curio* or an ingenious toy. The institutional psychologist fondles it, turns it over, weighs and measures its properties in his laboratory, speculates *about* it, and makes a profession of it. But the last thing to be thought of, is to make it useful to mankind. That would be unprofessional. To harness and utilize this force of all forces for the good of humanity would lower it from the select and charmed circle of professional theory and speculation to the broad plane of practical and beneficent agencies.

The average psychical researcher shows much of the same indifference as to any utilization of his favorite principles and pursuits. He is engaged in a never-ending pursuit of phenomena. He will strain his investigative powers, and burn midnight oil in testing, comparing and recording curious manifestations, and in interpreting their methods and laws, but as to their prac-

tical application in ethical culture, therapeutic potency or spiritual unfoldment he is as innocent as a child. It has not occurred to him. These reflections are made in no impatient spirit as applied to individuals, but rather to show the negative character of systems of thought into which we have allowed ourselves to become crystallized. How much freedom, originality and progress would at once be manifest if the fear of being called unprofessional and unconventional, which now holds men in bondage, could be eliminated!

Besides the classes already noted there are many excellent people, lovely in character and pure in motive, whose temperamental fondness for the mystical leads them to seek visions, dream dreams, and to cultivate an order of phenomena more dramatic than profitable. Abstract truth and vivid demonstration are well, but the world is hungering for their application to its woes.

If we have gained some knowledge of the laws which govern a force inconceivably grander and higher than electricity, may we not dismiss undue sensitiveness as to deviations from traditional scholasticism, and for the sake of humanity, step out of the ruts which have been grooved by the schoolmen of the darker and narrower past? All great advances in their earlier aspects have been irrational innovations.

Regarding the fundamental basis of psycho-dynamics, not only as admitted but overwhelmingly proven, let us now concisely sum up a few of the results which logically should be realized. They are of stupendous significance, but surrounded as we are by the blank walls of our self-imposed and traditional limitations we can hardly picture them even to the imagination.

Thoughts being forces, every mind is a creative centre from which rhythms of qualitative energy are going out in all directions. By their impact upon corresponding chords in other minds, these are also swept into active vibration. Throw a pebble into a lake and the placid surface at once becomes vibrant with a series of ever-widening circles which go out to its utmost boundary. They are never quite lost, or neutralized, though we may be unable to trace them to their final destination. So every soul is the seat of a great centrifugal current, which is generated and set free in the simple process of thinking. This is true — though less in degree — of desultory or aimless thought, as well as of that which is concentrated and projected with definite intent. Every thinker is a battery of positive forces even though he utter never a word.

The soul — which is the man — is a resonant instrument with innumerable tremulous strings of the most delicate quality. The water in the lake responds to the pebble, but the medium

through which thought-waves pass is infinitely more subtle and elastic.

What volumes of potential energy are wasted, and far worse, in negative and discordant mental activities! We are not thinking for ourselves but for the world. With the shuttle of thought in the loom of mind, we are weaving the multi-colored fabric of conditions, and these not merely immaterial but to be outwardly actualized and manifested. If one in his own soul strikes the discordant notes of anger, envy, avarice, selfishness or even those seemingly more harmless ones of simple fear, weakness, grief, pessimism or depression, he is creating and vibrating those conditions far and near, thereby stirring the corresponding chords in other souls into sympathetic activity. The sphere of outward action is limited, while that of thought is boundless. Mere doing makes ephemeral reputation, while quality of thinking determines, or rather *is*, vital character.

Every one's thought-images are being constantly impressed both upon himself and others. His mind is a busy factory where conditions are positively manufactured. He weaves their quality, consciously or unconsciously, into every nerve, muscle and tissue of his own body. His materialistic thought tethers him in a little circle of limitation, while boundless green fields lie beyond waiting for occupation. His mental pictures of evil, disorder and disease, photograph themselves not only upon his own mind and body but upon those of his fellows.

One cannot afford to think much about evil, even for the well-intentioned purpose of its suppression. The true remedy is its displacement. Thought-space given to it confers realism, familiarity and finally dominion. To silence discordant strings in ourselves or others we must vibrate their opposites. To truly sympathize with a friend who is quivering with trouble or sorrow, is not to drop into his rhythm and intensify it — as is usual — but to lift his consciousness by striking a higher chord in unison. The road to mental and physical invigoration lies through the dynamics of formative thought. Our way to elevate other lives is also through their creative mental energies.

When the art of projecting thought vibrations on a high plane is systematically cultivated, and the concentrative habit developed, potency for good is increased a hundredfold. Force is no longer squandered in worse than useless discordant negations, but intelligently conserved in positive vigor and exuberance. Purposeful thought ministration, spiritual and pure in quality, accurately and scientifically projected, like an arrow towards a target, will be the great harmonizing and uplifting agency that will transform the world. Vibrations of love, peace, spirituality, health, sanity and harmony, will be radiated in ever widening

circles, striking responsive unisons that are only waiting for a well-directed concordant impulse.

The dynamics of mind, when generally utilized, will be the sovereign balm that with scientific accuracy will heal all the infelicities of society. It will usher in not only reform but regeneration. In its copious fulness it will overflow from the altitude of spiritual development, until the subordinate plains of intellectuality, ethics, therapeutics, sociology, economics and physics are swept, purified and uplifted. The highest includes everything below. With the kingdom of heaven — which is subjective harmony — first sought, "all these things" will be added.

THE ITALY OF THE CENTURY OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

Part I.

The Renaissance was the liberation of the reason from a dungeon, the double discovery of the outer and the inner world.—*John Addington Symonds.*

THE Italy of the century of More presents many striking and incongruous phenomena, in order to comprehend which intelligently it is necessary that we keep in mind the centuries immediately preceding the Renaissance; centuries in which the human mind had been darkened by superstition and dwarfed by dogma; centuries in which religion made the pious believe that danger lurked in beauty's cup, and that pleasures which did not spring from theology lured to death; that ignorance and credulity were evidences of faith most pleasing to the God who had given man a searching spirit and doubting mind, and that scepticism merited torture and death. "During the Middle Ages man had lived enveloped in a cowl. He had not seen the beauty of the world, or seen it only to cross himself and turn aside to tell his beads and pray. Like St. Bernard, travelling along the shores of Lake Leman and noticing neither the azure of the waters nor the luxuriance of the vines nor the radiance of the mountains, with their robe of sun and snow, but bending a thought-burdened forehead over the neck of his mule — even like this monk, humanity had passed, a careful pilgrim, intent on the terrors of sin, death and judgment, along the highways of the world, and had scarcely known that they were sight-worthy or that life was a blessing." *

The long night of superstition which entombed reason, exiled science and slew the prophets of progress was so markedly characterized by an absolute fealty to religious dogma, no matter how absurd, and a blind fanaticism in regard to the letter of theological law, that one wonders at the greatness which remained in man to make a freer day resplendent with triumphs of genius in literature, science and art.

The Italy of this century had behind it the long and sanguinary struggles of the Communes, followed by the darker though more

* John Addington Symonds, in "History of the Renaissance in Italy."

picturesque period, when petty tyrants ruled and the people had grown so sodden that they had in a degree lost the old-time passion for liberty, and with it the power to discriminate between a name and the soul for which the name was the symbol. They had yielded inch by inch to oppression clothed in the mantle of a vanished popular liberty, until an absolute despotism, which still bore the name of free government, was tolerated in more than one of the states of Italy.

At the moment when the news of the fall of Constantinople struck terror to the various Italian states, no less than to the papal see, Italy was the victim of numerous petty despots whose histories were not infrequently a catalogue of crimes — men of power, gifted in intrigue, of indomitable will, intrepid in war, congenial and affable among friends, but merciless toward enemies, and as treacherous as they were courageous. The wars of petty tyrants and despots, the larger struggle of the party of the Roman Empire against the party of the Roman Church, lust for power mingled with lust for gold, and over all the pall of superstition which condemned the free thinker and philosopher, but permitted the grossest immorality to pass unchallenged — such were some of the phenomena presented by the Italy of the Middle Ages, such were the precursors of the Renaissance on this peninsula.

The political history of Italy during the early years of the century following the fall of Constantinople in 1453 * presents one of the most anomalous spectacles in the annals of civilization. A mad ambition, as short-sighted as it was selfish, permeated the peninsula, which at this time was divided into numerous states, united by customs, habits of thought, and, to a certain degree, by language, but separated by a deadly jealousy. Venice, opulent and independent, with its unique government, was the object of envy throughout Italy. Florence, holding still to the shell of a republic, was the slave of the shrewd banker and diplomat, Cosmo de Medici. Milan was governed by a duke and Naples by a king; but it mattered not whether the state was an alleged republic, a ducal dominion or a kingdom, despotism prevailed everywhere. The old-time freedom was lost. The people had lost courage. The political eclipse of the peninsula was at hand. Perhaps we can best gain a clear insight into political conditions by briefly noticing some of the Italian states of this period.

* Many eminent historians place 1453 as the year which marked the close of the Middle Ages and the commencement of what we term Modern Times, as this year witnessed the fall of Constantinople and the diffusion of the Greek scholars of the East throughout Italy, and it also witnessed the end of the hundred years' war between France and England. The knell of the era of feudalism had sounded; the dawn of centralized government had opened — centralized government, which though despotic was to prove the precursor of a representative government, and under the expanding light of freedom and knowledge to bloom one day into something the world has not yet seen — a social democracy or a true republic.

In Venice we find an oligarchy springing from a hereditary aristocracy, which had gradually supplanted a republic, but which shrewdly held to the popular name of republic. It is a long, sad story, the destruction of free government and the establishment of a hereditary aristocracy, the narrowing of the power of the privileged rulers, the establishment of the council of ten, the crushing of opposition by aid of hired informers, and lastly the creation of the three inquisitors of the state. In discussing this last mentioned body, an eminent historian observes: "They could, without giving account of their decision, pronounce sentence of death and dispose of public funds. Justly the ambition of these men was feared. Two of the inquisitors of the state, with the approval of the Doge, could condemn the third. The three inquisitors of the state had the right of making their own statutes and of changing them as they pleased, so that the republic was ignorant even of the law which governed it." *

This government, strange as it may seem, apparently prospered for a time, much as did Rome under Augustus Cæsar. It sought to overcome dissatisfaction in two ways: it destroyed those supposed to be in opposition to the ruling power, while it assured labor to the citizens of the state. But material prosperity, while much, is not the chief end of life for man. A full stomach is something, it is true, but it means far more to a pig than to a man. Work with good wages is much, but if that work and material prosperity are attainable only at the price of free thought, they cost far too much for noble, aspiring men and women; and though Venice was in one sense the envy of Italy and the wonder of the world, she was canopied by a great fear. Though she boasted of three thousand ships and thirty thousand soldiers and was noted for the "luxurious life led by the rich and oftentimes by the people, the spy and the informer reigned, being encouraged, paid and organized, and terror hovered over every head. The noble who spoke ill of the government was twice warned and for the third offence he was drowned. Every workman who exported any commodity useful to the republic was stabbed. Judgment, execution, all were secret. The mouth of the lion of St. Mark received the anonymous denunciations, and the waves which passed under the Bridge of Sighs carried away the corpses." †

Venice, proud, prosperous, arrogant, despotic and treacherous, was hated and feared both by the Ottomans on the east and the states of the Peninsula on the west. When it seemed good policy for her to treat with the Mussulman she did not scruple to break the solemn treaty of Lodi, which bound the states of Italy toge-

* Victor Duruy's "History of Modern Times," pp. 60, 61.

† *Ibid.*, p. 61.

ther in a mutual bond against the Eastern invader, and when reproached her citizens replied, "We are Venetians first and Christians second." The oligarchy which ruled Venice with watchful eye was jealous for the material prosperity of the state, and from afar the so-called republic was regarded as the *beau ideal* of government. It is well to remember, however, that states thus ruled have no glorious to-morrow; only where freedom is fostered, where free speech and free thought are encouraged, where a broad, sturdy, ethical, intellectual and industrial education is insisted upon, and where the citizens of a commonwealth are taught that true safety lies in the light of knowledge rather than in the darkness of ignorance, do we find a condition which fosters content, guarantees progress and foretells a to-morrow more glorious than any yesterday the race has known.

Turning from Venice, the opulent mistress of the Adriatic, with her tints of mother of pearl, with her splendid sunrises and gorgeous sunsets, we come to notice Florence on the banks of the Arno; Florence, which had struggled so long and so blindly for freedom, had finally fallen into the snares of a *bourgeois* family, and as Venice had lost her freedom through the machinations of an arrogant aristocracy, so Florence passed into abject slavery through the subtle but settled policy of the de Medici family of bankers and traders. This remarkable family won over the masses by cunning devices; its heads for successive generations expended money liberally and judiciously to obtain power for their house, and when once the goal was won they found little difficulty in ruling the republic while seeming to be private citizens, until the advent of Savonarola, and indeed until the death of Lorenzo. The most illustrious English historian of the Renaissance in Italy thus describes the method pursued by this family in retaining the power they had wrested from the Florentines: "The de Medici, in effect, bought and sold the honor of the public officials, lent money, jobbed posts of profit and winked at peculation, until they had created a sufficient body of men who had everything to gain by a continuance of their corrupt authority." *

After Florence fell into the power of this family the prospect of her becoming a stable republic diminished with each successive year. Her great weakness was an excessive intellectual development without corresponding moral culture; she lacked the sturdy elements which the Germany of that epoch possessed, and which Norway and Sweden, and to a certain extent the Russia of to-day, possess. A soil in which intellectual culture and artistic development flourish without being accom-

* "The Renaissance in Italy: Age of the Despots," by John Addington Symonds. Pp. 230-232.

panied by a high appreciation of justice and a noble ideal of manhood and womanhood is a soil unfavorable to free government, for liberty can only be maintained by a passion for freedom and justice in the hearts of the people so strong that the martyr spirit is awakened whenever free government is imperilled. Florence lacked this. She became morally enervated. The struggle of generations wearied her. She submitted to the rule of the de Medici and gave herself up, for a season at least, to the cultivation of the beauty of life and, be it said with sadness, to the indulgence of the sensual passions. From this slumber Savonarola sought to awaken her, and for a time it seemed as if he had succeeded, but the poison had too thoroughly permeated the public mind, and in the end the Florentines lapsed back into the long, melancholy sleep which comes upon a body from which the soul has flown.

From Florence we turn to Milan, nestling in the lap of one of the most fertile plains in Italy. This unfortunate dominion had been for many generations the victim of the heads of the Visconti family, whose lust had been only exceeded by their rapacity, and whose rapacity was eclipsed only by their cruelty. Thus, for example, Giovanni Maria Visconti, the last but one of these despots, distinguished himself for his lust and brutality. He used his hounds to run down and tear to pieces all the criminals of Milan; even the participators in his own criminal excesses, when discovered and denounced, were given up to the hounds. The count, it is said, went into ecstasies of delight while beholding the poor prisoners being torn to pieces by the savage hounds. Giovanni was succeeded by his brother Filippo, and after his death, in 1447, the people of Milan hastened to declare themselves in favor of a republic. Seldom has history presented a more pathetic page than the spectacle of Milan, after groaning under the galling and degrading tyranny of the Visconti family for many weary generations, rising as one man on the death of the last of the tyrants of that house, and declaring that henceforth Milan should be a republic.

The dream of freedom, however, was of short duration; for in a war with Venice the citizens of Milan had rashly called in Francesco Sforza to aid them. This ambitious and unscrupulous soldier, after conquering the Venetians, besieged Milan. The republic, although it held out bravely for a time, succumbed in 1450, and Francesco Sforza became Duke of Milan. Sforza was the son of an Italian peasant who had early become a soldier of fortune. Francesco had followed his father's adopted trade, and was a soldier of more than ordinary ability; he ruled over Milan sixteen years.

Here let us pause, for we are in the presence of some facts of history of special value to all lovers of free government. In the enslavement of Venice, Florence and Milan we have striking illustrations of the three agencies which have wrought the overthrow of republics in all past ages. In Venice, in her slow transformation from a republic to a hereditary aristocracy, from which issued a despotic oligarchy, we see a repetition of the triumphs of the patricians in old Rome, in which a class or hereditary power remorselessly trampled upon the rights and liberties of those born into less favored homes.

In the ascendency of the de Medici family of Florence, we see the triumph of the shrewd, calculating money lenders, who by careful and cautious steps advance from simple *bourgeois* to the mastery of one of the most opulent and cultured states of the age. It was the conquest of the usurer over a people weary of battling for freedom, who in an unguarded hour listened to the velvet voice of professed friendship, and later permitted themselves to be seduced by golden gifts lavishly offered and pleasures provided without stint. There is nothing more subtle, dangerous or essentially immoral than the machinations of wealth when it assails freedom; and republics have nothing to fear so much as vast accumulations in the hands of the few.

The new-born republic of Milan, springing from her long and odious bondage, was only suffered to draw a few deep inspirations of freedom ere the sword of the son of a peasant slew her liberty. Thus we see (1) *the fiction of birth*, (2) *the cunning of wealth* and (3) *the sword of savage force* accomplish their deadly work in destroying these three republics; and the significance of this lesson is heightened when we remember that one or more of these baleful influences have wrecked the republics which strew the pathway of history. A people who would be free *must never slumber*, and the important facts emphasized by the fate of these republics hold a peculiar interest for the patriots in our great republic to-day, for the de Medici still live and Sforza is born again.

While noticing some of the political aspects of Italy, it will be necessary to consider in a general way the political influence of the papal see during the century following the fall of Constantinople; for during this period the church reached the height of secularization, and history records gloomy facts which are pregnant with lessons for thoughtful men and women. It was at this time that scholarly Italians and Spaniards as skilled in *finesse* as they were lacking in spirituality, reached the papal chair by means which put to blush all pretensions of purity and probity; men whose vision was canopied with ambitious dreams of temporal power and personal aggrandizement. Sixtus IV., Innocent

VIII. and Alexander VI.—what images do these names bring before the mind of the sincere student, concerned only about the sober facts of history and in no way actuated by a desire to cover up the gross crimes of men who under the scarlet robe degraded religion and brought additional reproach upon the civilization of their time.

The history of the church during this period reminds one of the Jewish church when the Scribes and Pharisees brought Jesus to the cross while they enlarged their phylacteries and lengthened their prayers; but there is this essential difference: Judaism never approached the moral degradation which marked the century in which flourished Sixtus IV., Innocent VIII. and Alexander VI.

The baleful effects of the union of church and state were probably never more vividly portrayed than in the debasement of true religion during this period. In referring to the shame which Christianity suffered from men without any true conception of religion who filled the papal chair, Mr. Symonds says:* "The popes acted more as monarchs than as pontiffs, and the secularization of the see of Rome was carried to its utmost limits. The contrast between the sacerdotal pretensions and the personal immorality of the popes was glaring. . . . The history of Italy has at all times been closely bound up with that of the papacy; but at no period has this been more the case than during these eighty years of papal worldliness, ambition, nepotism and profligacy, which are also marked by the irruption of the European nations into Italy, and by the secession of the Teutonic races from the Latin church. In this short space of time a succession of popes filled the holy chair with such dramatic propriety—displaying a pride so regal, a cynicism so unblushing, so selfish a cupidity, and a policy so suicidal, as to favor the belief that they had been placed there in the providence of God to warn the world against Babylon. Undisguised sensuality; fraud, cynical and unabashed; policy marching to its end by murders, treasons, interdicts and imprisonments; the open sale of spiritual privileges; commercial traffic in ecclesiastical emoluments; hypocrisy and cruelty studied as fine arts; theft and perjury reduced to system—these are the ordinary scandals which beset the papacy.

"It would be possible to write the history of these priest-kings without dwelling more lightly on scandalous circumstances, to merge the court chronicle of the Vatican in a recital of European politics, or to hide the true features of high papal dignitaries beneath the masks constructed for them by ecclesiastical apologists. That cannot, however, be the line adopted by a writer treating of civilization in Italy during the fifteenth and sixteenth

* "History of the Renaissance in Italy." By John Addington Symonds. Part I., "Age of the Despots," chapter vii.

centuries. He must paint the popes of the Renaissance as they appeared in the midst of society, when Lorenzo de Medici called Rome 'a sink of all the vices,' and observers so competent as Machiavelli and Guicciardini ascribed the moral depravity and political decay of Italy to their influence. It might be objected that there is now no need to portray the profligacy of that court, which, by arousing the conscience of Northern Europe to a sense of intolerable shame, proved one of the main causes of the Reformation. But without reviewing these old scandals, a true understanding of Italian morality and a true insight into Italian social feeling as expressed in literature, are alike impossible."

Even Machiavelli, who participated in the evils of his age, was philosophical enough to see the political ruin being wrought by the appalling corruption of the church, as will be seen by the following scathing criticisms in which the intellectual Italian thus sums up the evil conditions of his time: "Had the religion of Christianity been preserved according to the ordinances of its founder, the states and commonwealths of Christendom would have been far more united and far happier than they are. Nor is it possible to form a better estimate of its decay than by observing that, in proportion as we approach nearer to the Roman Church, the head of this religion, we find less piety prevail among the nations. Considering the primitive constitution of that church, and noting how diverse are its present customs, we are forced to judge that without doubt either ruin or a scourge is now impending over it. And since some men are of opinion that the welfare of Italy depends upon the church, I wish to put forth such arguments as occur to my mind to the contrary; and of these I will adduce two, which, as I think, are irrefutable. The first is this, that owing to the evil ensample of the papal court, Italy has lost all piety and all religion: whence follow infinite troubles and disorders; for as religion implies all good, so its absence implies the contrary. Consequently to the church and priests of Rome we Italians owe this obligation first — that we have become void of religion and corrupt."

Whenever the church and state become united, one of two things follows — either religion is debased until it becomes a thing of reproach and contempt, as during the rule of the popes mentioned above; or bigotry flames forth and we have cruel persecution, as in Germany under Calvin, in Spain under Ferdinand and Isabella and their successors, and in England under Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth. And not only does persecution follow, but progress is retarded, science is placed under the ban, ancient ideals are exalted over new thought, and the eyes of the people are turned from the dawn.

With this brief summary of some of the political aspects of

Italy during the Renaissance, we turn to the general conditions which prevailed throughout the Italian Peninsula in the early years of the century commencing with 1450. The people were weary of struggles; they longed for something which might serve as a bright diversion; they hungered for something better and brighter than the gloomy years behind them had unfolded. And the diversion came with the scholars who flocked to Italy after the fall of Constantinople. Greece was rediscovered.

"The gods of the ancients were reborn, revealing in their frames of marble all the secrets of the sculptor's art, and the works of artists were burned in bonfires, stirred by a population of monks in the Piazza de Firenze. The Perugino Convent still preserved the penitence and the mortifications of the cloister, and the Farnese Hercules was erected on Roman soil to show all the force and power of antiquity. Ariosto wrote his sensual work — in which the heroes dance as in a brilliant carnival, and dream in delicate language the Platonics of Florence with mysterious sentiments, with Heaven concealed behind the sepulchre, and God hidden from the world. Savonarola, the political Francois d'Assizi, invoked saints and angels, recommended fasting and penance, and renewed the imitation of Jesus Christ. The Florentine people selected for their chief the Crucified, while the Romans chose Cæsar Borgia, handsome, but vicious and infamous, a traitor, stained with the blood of his brother and brother-in-law, which splashed his forehead and that of the Pope; degraded by orgies like those of Nero, reproducing the erotic delirium of Heliogabalus in conjunction with the slaughterings and poisonings of Tiberius." *

The splendid triumphs of Italian life of this period are not found in the fields of morals and religion. It is true that for a time Savonarola aroused Florence, but his influence was so fleeting that it serves to emphasize, in a most startling manner, the religious apathy of the Italian mind. On the other hand Grecian thought enthused the scholars, while for sensuous art it was the most glorious day that ever had dawned on earth. We must not, however, imagine that man was at peace with man, that love in its higher aspect ruled society, or that art was the handmaid of virtue. There were two sides to the civilization of Italy during the Renaissance. If she clothed herself in glory, beneath that glory were the rags of shame. The contrasts which impress the student of history, who from the Germany of Luther turns to the Italy of Leo X., are scarcely more impressive than the antitheses presented by the professions and practices in high Italian life.

Among the poor here, as elsewhere, ignorance and superstí-

* Emilio Castelar, in "Old Rome and New Italy."

tion prevailed. They were for the most part pawns subject to the will and caprice of the reigning powers; practically serfs without fully realizing it. The savagery of their natures, largely due to the long and bloody wars of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, was expressed in brutal deeds whenever individuals or the masses were aroused.

Among the titled, wealthy and educated classes conscienceless sensuality flourished by the side of transcendent art. It was a period of appalling moral degradation, suggesting vividly the most vicious days under the pagan emperors. Unbridled passion, revolting sensuality and a refined savagery — if I may use such a paradoxical term — ran through the fibre of society; while at the same time poetry, *belle-lettres* and the classics received a recognition never before accorded in a Christian land. Side by side with the moral eclipse which marked the lives of so many of the most powerful and scholarly men of this time, art flourished as never before. It was a summer day for poetry, sculpture, architecture and painting in Italy. To the superficial observer a halo of golden glory rests over the land of the Cæsars during this period; the student of history, however, perceives that the gold was reddened with blood. Comedy and tragedy went arm in arm; the peninsula was clad in beauty; she was holding a Belshazzar's feast, but sensuality had blinded her eyes to the handwriting of destiny.

It has been observed that animal organisms live by devouring others, and that spiritual organisms live by aiding others. This is the supreme truth of the ages, the capital lesson for humanity to learn. There are two phases of life — the sensuous or animal, and the spiritual or divine. The soul flourishes when man lives for his fellow-man; it shrivels and dies when he lives for self alone, when for his own gratification he tramples upon virtue and justice, or destroys the happiness of the humblest of his race. Now it was on this lower plane that the majority of the ruling minds moved during this period, and hence for the philosopher it was a tragic age.

At this point it is well to note a fact which illustrates mos impressively the inadequacy of all educational systems of the past — that art, culture and scientific progress frequently flourish luxuriantly when a nation through moral enervation is sinking into comparative insignificance from a foremost position in a civilization. The condition of immense wealth centralized in the hands of a few, and that few dominating the legislation of the nation, speaks of a mortal disease in the body politic; and this condition is invariably accompanied by blunted moral sensibilities, most apparent at the zenith and nadir of society. But not infrequently at this melancholy stage in a nation's decline, a

passion for art takes possession of the public mind; it becomes a mania or a fad; artists become the idols of the very rich. Then we have a spectacle such as the Italy of this age presented; a spectacle that leads short-sighted people to imagine that art is sensuous. This mistake was made by Savonarola and the leaders of the Reformation, and it served greatly to retard progress along one of the most exalting highways of human progress.

It is doubtless true, however, that we shall never appreciate how essentially ennobling is the spirit of true art until just conditions prevail and the wealth created by a people is enjoyed by its creators, while a rational educational system produces sturdy morality, pure ideals and ennobling aspirations, as our present educational system produces trained intellects. And it is a sign at once hopeful and significant of a distinct moral advance that the finest natures among the younger artists, sculptors and poets of our time begin to appreciate the force of this truth in an intelligent way. William Ordway Partridge, the sculptor, poet and essayist, gives voice to this thought in the following lines, which are in striking contrast to the artistic spirit of the Renaissance:—

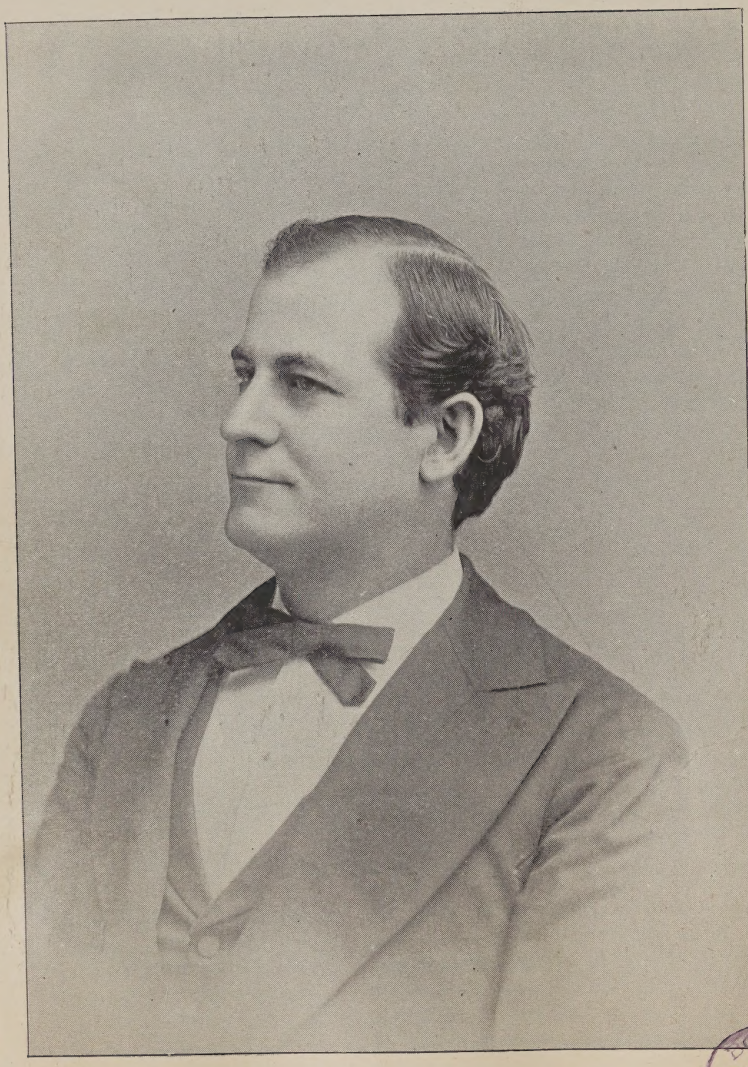
Down with your roses into the dust!
Let the lips of your song be sealed!
Snatch manhood's sword from the scabbard of rust,
And strike till this curse be healed!

Let us hymn no more to Apollo and Pan!
What use in the face of a wrong,
To be wasting the life and the strength of a man
In a cowardly, meaningless song?

We are wearing the linen and purple rich,
Made of heart, of soul, and of brain,
Of the children who strain, and the women who stitch
Till their eyes burn out with pain.

Oh, down with your roses into the dust!
Let the lips of your song be sealed!
Awake your soul from its scabbard of rust,
And strike till this wrong be healed!

These stanzas breathe the spirit of a better and truer age as truly as the poetry of Ariosto breathed the prevailing spirit of his time. Just social conditions and an educational system broad enough to take in ethics in a vital way — these are the crying needs of our day; and there are many evidences that glimpses of their splendid possibilities flashed upon the mind of Sir Thomas More as he penned "Utopia."



W. J. Bryan

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THE PRESIDENT'S CURRENCY PLAN.

BY HON. W. J. BRYAN, M. C.

On the third day of December, 1894, the president of the United States sent to Congress a message which concluded with the recommendation of a plan for reforming the nation's currency. Mr. Cleveland raises an issue which will not be finally disposed of until bank notes are substituted for all government paper, or, until government paper is substituted for all bank notes. It may be interesting to note that the position taken upon this subject by the present Democratic president is exactly opposite to the position taken by the first Democratic president, Thomas Jefferson. Mr. Cleveland has elaborated the war cry, "The government must go out of the banking business" into the statement, "The absolute divorcement of the government from the business of banking is the ideal relationship of the government to the circulation of the currency of the country," thus declaring the issue of paper money to be a function of the bank. Mr. Jefferson, on the other hand, regarded the issue of paper money as more properly a function of government, and in a letter written to Mr. Rives, Nov. 28, 1819, declared in substance that the banks should go out of the governing business, saying, "Interdict forever, to both the state and national governments, the power of establishing any paper banks, for without this interdiction we shall have the same ebbs and flows of medium, and the same revolutions of property to go through every twenty or thirty years."

The plan proposed by Mr. Cleveland contemplates the annihilation of government paper, while that proposed by Mr. Jefferson contemplated the annihilation of bank paper. Which plan should be adopted? If those who prefer Mr. Jefferson's are disturbed by the expressions of contempt showered upon them by self-styled financiers, let them be consoled by a remembrance of the fact that the author of the Declaration of Independence did not escape attacks from the same source. In a letter written to ex-President Adams, Jan. 24, 1814, Mr. Jefferson said:—

> I have ever been the enemy of banks, not of those discounting for cash, but of those foisting their own paper into circulation and thus banishing our cash. My zeal against those institutions was so warm

and open at the establishment of the bank of the United States that I was derided as a maniac by the tribe of bank-mongers who were seeking to filch from the public their swindling and barren gains.

"So persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

The president's plan, outlined in the report of Secretary Carlisle, and later embodied in a bill presented by the secretary to Mr. Springer's committee on banking and currency, is in substance as follows: —

SECTION 1. — Repeals all laws authorizing or requiring the deposit of United States bonds as a security for national bank circulation.

SEC. 2. — Authorizes national banks to issue not to exceed seventy-five per cent of their paid up and unimpaired capital in notes, uniform in design, prepared by the secretary of the treasury (redeemable in gold for any bank that so desires), in denominations of ten dollars and multiples thereof, such circulating notes to be a first lien on all assets of the issuing bank. Secretary of the treasury to keep on hand blank notes for each bank to avoid delay. Bank must deposit with treasurer of the United States, United States legal tender notes and treasury notes to the amount of thirty per cent of bank notes applied for, same to be held as a guaranty fund.

SEC. 3. — Imposes a semi-annual tax of one fourth of one per cent on average circulation, in lieu of all existing taxes.

SEC. 4. — Requires each bank to redeem its own notes at par at its own office and at such agencies as may be designated by it for that purpose, and provides for withdrawal of guaranty fund in proportion to notes returned for cancellation.

SEC. 5. — Imposes a semi-annual tax of one fourth of one per cent on average circulation, for the creation of a safety fund, until such fund amounts to five per cent of total national bank circulation. Now banks must pay into the fund their *pro rata* share, but retiring banks cannot withdraw any part. The guaranty fund of insolvent banks is turned into the safety fund, and all notes are redeemed from latter fund. Safety fund can be replenished when necessary by an assessment on all banks *pro rata* on the amount of circulating notes, and assessed banks shall have a first lien on the assets of failed banks for the redemption of whose notes assessment is made.

SEC. 6. — Authorizes secretary of the treasury to invest safety fund in United States bonds, accruing interest to be added to the fund. Such bonds may be sold when necessary for redemption of circulating notes of failed banks.

SEC. 7. — Requires existing national banks to withdraw bonds and comply with this law on or before July 1, 1895.

SEC. 8. — Repeals Sections 9 and 12 of Act approved July 12, 1882, and Section 31 of Act of June 3, 1864.

Section 9, to be repealed, limits the total withdrawal of national bank notes to three millions of dollars in any calendar month, and forbids any bank increasing its circulation within six months after withdrawing any of its circulation (the purpose of the repeal being to give perfect freedom to banks to increase and decrease circulation at will). Section 12, to be repealed, authorizes the issue of gold certificates on gold deposited in the treasury. (Secretary of treasury thinks that the issue of gold certificates interferes with the accumulation of free gold in the treasury.) Section 31, to be repealed, requires national banks to keep a reserve fund equal to twenty-five per cent of deposits and capital stock in reserve cities, and fifteen per cent in other cities (the object of the repeal being

to leave each bank to determine for itself the amount of reserve to be held for the security of depositors).

SEC. 9. — Authorizes the secretary of the treasury, in his discretion, to use any surplus revenue for redemption and retirement of United States legal-tender notes, but aggregate amount of such legal-tender notes retired shall not exceed seventy per cent of national bank circulation taken out under this act. Hereafter no United States notes or treasury notes shall be issued in denominations of less than ten dollars, smaller denominations to be reissued in denominations of ten dollars and multiples thereof as they come into the treasury.

SEC. 10. — Exempts from present ten per cent tax notes of state banks which comply with certain conditions, substantially like those provided for national bank notes issued under this act, but without requiring the five per cent safety fund collected from all national banks.

SEC. 11. — Permits the use of distinctive bond paper for state bank notes, but provides that no state bank shall print or engrave its notes in similitude of a United States note or certificate, or national bank note.

It will be noticed that provision is made for a national bank currency and for a state bank currency. There are three objections, fundamental in character, which apply with equal force to banks of issue whether organized under national or state laws. The fact that a considerable profit can be derived by a bank from the issue of its own notes as money explains the interest which bankers take in this kind of currency, and suggests the first criticism to be made against the system.

The principle enunciated in 1776 that "all men are created equal," is generally accepted in the abstract, but it is difficult to secure its application in the concrete to all forms of legislation. And yet, who will deny that laws should be measured by this standard? All laws which grant valuable privileges to favored individuals are wrong, unless the real purpose of those laws is to advance the public good, leaving the special advantage as a mere incident, and even then it ought to be certain that the same good cannot be accomplished by impartial laws. The proposed plan confers a valuable privilege upon the bank of issue, and denies this privilege to other associations and individuals. If a bank organizes with a paid up capital of $100,000 it can secure $75,000 in bank notes by depositing United States notes, generally called greenbacks, and treasury notes to the amount of thirty per cent of the bank notes applied for. The money deposited offsets a like amount of bank notes issued, leaving the net gain to the bank in bank notes, $52,500.

The bank must pay a tax of one half of one per cent annually upon the issue of $75,000 to cover expenses, and for the first ten years must contribute an additional one half of one per cent to the safety fund. Without considering the indefinite liability which attaches to the assessments for failed banks, the issue is equivalent to a loan of the $52,500 net circulation at a little less than one and one half per cent for the first ten years and at a

little more than one half of one per cent thereafter. If a farmer is willing to put up his farm instead of bank capital and accept all the conditions imposed upon a bank, why should he not in equity be allowed the same privileges? Is it fair to say to the farmer, "The government will not loan to you, but it will loan to the banker at a low rate, and he can loan to you at from six to ten per cent"? If it is wise for the government to loan money on banking capital, why should it not loan to the business man on his stock of goods, to the professional man on his library, to the street-car company on its franchise or to the railroad company on its road bed and rolling stock? Why not loan to states, counties, cities and townships on their bonds? This would save interest to the tax payers. In all these cases allowance could be made for the degree of security in the amount loaned.

At this time, when political discontent is manifesting itself in many ways, when criticism of class legislation is becoming frequent and forcible, is it wise to enact laws so conspicuously partial as that proposed by the administration plan? Favoritism breeds discord among citizens to-day as effectually as it did four thousand years ago among the brethren who tended their flocks in Dothan. It is not recorded of the original Joseph that he ever asked for a distinguishing mark of parental affection, but "the coat of many colors" is boldly demanded now by these modern dreamers who even in their waking hours expect the obeisance of all. If a plan can be devised which will meet the requirements of commerce and supply for the people a money good in quality and sufficient in quantity, without showing favoritism to a particular class, it ought to be accepted in preference to a bank note system desired by banks for the interest of banks.

The second objection urged against the bank note system is that it gives to private individuals control of the volume of the currency. When we remember that the purchasing power of each dollar is affected by a change in the volume of the currency, we can appreciate the immense influence which can be exerted over the value of all property by those who regulate the amount of money.

Section 8 of the bill repeals all present restrictions on national banks and allows them to increase or decrease their circulation at will, while Section 2 provides that the secretary of the treasury shall keep blank notes on hand to guard against delay. The power to control the volume of the currency can only be entrusted to private individuals or corporations on one of two theories; either bank managers are unselfish and will always regulate the amount of money for the benefit of the public, taking it for granted that

they always know just how much is needed, or, being selfish, the banks will always find it profitable to increase the volume of the currency when the people need more money, and to decrease it when less money is desired. The history of national banks proves that the circulation of bank notes depends upon the profit of the circulation and not upon the demand for money. In the testimony taken by the banking and currency committee, one of the questions asked in regard to each plan was, "Will the profit to the banks be sufficient to induce them to take out circulating notes?" If, then, we take it for granted that their action will be determined by the amount of profit promised, we must conclude that they will not hesitate to use the power to expand or contract the currency whenever there is an advantage to be gained by doing so. That banks can act in concert when their interests demand it, is certain; that they have acted in concert is equally certain; that they will again act in concert when occasion requires cannot be doubted. It will be easy enough to find an excuse for either increasing or decreasing the currency when money is to be made by it.

Whenever the free coinage of silver is broached the financiers shout in chorus that we have plenty of money now, and point to the surplus in the banks as conclusive evidence of a redundant currency, and yet every plan proposed by the financiers for the issue of bank paper contemplates an increase in the circulation. Those who fear a flood of good money, if it is to be issued by the government, and yet are ready to welcome a flood of bad money if it can be issued by themselves, will be able to reason themselves into favoring any volume of currency that is profitable. We do not expect perfection in any currency system, any more than we expect perfection in other things under human control; but which is the safer plan, to trust the banks or to trust the government? If we trust the government, the volume of the currency will be regulated by representatives of the people who act openly and are responsible to their constituents. While there is danger that the currency may be subject to expansion or contraction, as one influence or another may predominate in the legislature, yet the danger is not so great as when the banks have control, for they are responsible to no one but themselves and may act in secret council. If representatives lack knowledge on a financial question, the financiers are always willing to give information, but if bank managers lack a desire to care for the public interest more than for their own, who can supply this lack?

A third objection to any kind of banks of issue is that such banks, when once organized, become interested in preventing any legislation which will interfere with their business. It is

much more difficult to withdraw a privilege than to grant it, and banks of issue, if established, will soon claim a vested right in the issue of paper money. It is impossible to overestimate the importance of this objection. The influence of a bank is far-reaching, and can be exerted on debtors as well as on stockholders, so that it can bring an immense pressure to bear against legislation which it considers hostile. This criticism does not apply to the banking business alone. Any business is likely to look after its own interests, and very naturally so, but is it wise, if it can be avoided, to give to so influential a business a pecuniary interest in the currency? In the nineteenth chapter of Acts is recorded an instance where the preaching of Paul was objected to because it interfered with an occupation. Demetrius, the silversmith, was not the last man to drown the voice of truth with praise of Diana, because the making of shrines for the goddess "brought no small gain unto the craftsmen." It is possible that we may make the restoration of a really sound currency more difficult if we establish a few thousand banks, state and national, and set them to work making currrency notes, which are at best but images of money.

The excuse usually given for an immediate change in our currency system is, that greenbacks and treasury notes are being used to withdraw gold from the treasury. This argument may sound strange, coming from those who are sometimes suspected of withdrawing gold from the treasury for the purpose of securing bonds as an investment for surplus capital, but the argument is intended to impress those who oppose an increase of the public debt. The same cry was raised against the treasury notes issued under the Sherman law; in fact, in the public mind that was one of the great objections to the notes issued for silver purchases. It was said that we must stop issuing coin certificates because they were being used to withdraw gold. It was not sufficient to reply that the one hundred millions gold reserve could be withdrawn three times over with greenbacks, not to speak of the reissue of greenbacks, even if every coin certificate were destroyed. But the clamor continued. Nor is it sufficient now to assert the self-evident truth that one hundred millions of greenbacks or treasury notes outstanding, or even fifty millions, can be used as effectively as the total five hundred millions to drain the treasury of gold, so long as the option to demand gold is exercised by the note holder. The advocates of a bank currency seek to justify their demand on the ground that the gold reserve must be protected, and then propose a plan which brings no relief whatever. The administration plan requires the deposit of thirty per cent of the desired bank circulation, and in order to protect the treasury gold that deposit must be made in

greenbacks and treasury notes; but the amount of this kind of paper outstanding is nearly five hundred millions, so that it will require a net increase of paper currency of more than one billion dollars in bank notes to absorb all the government paper calling for coin. If such an increase in government paper or in silver were proposed, what a wild and reckless scheme of inflation it would seem to the advocates of "good money."

But let us suppose that some plan is devised which will take out of circulation all paper issued by the government and payable in coin on demand; will that protect the gold reserve? Not at all. The government paper is presented because the gold is desired and because that is the easiest way of obtaining it, so long as the secretary of the treasury gives the option to the note holder to demand gold. The secretary holds that a refusal to furnish gold on demand would send gold to a premium and leave us on a silver basis. When the greenbacks and treasury notes are all gone a demand will at once be made for the redemption in gold of silver dollars and silver certificates, and the same argument will be made, that any failure on the part of the government to redeem a silver dollar with gold will bring commercial ruin. Mr. C. C. Jackson of Boston, who appeared before the banking and currency committee, insisted that any plan adopted for the reform of the currency should provide for "the slow and gradual cancellation of greenbacks and treasury notes and oblige the treasury to give anybody who asked for it gold dollars in exchange for silver dollars." The above language is quoted from a letter dated Nov. 23, 1894, and sent by him to members of Congress, but the same argument was made by him when he testified before the committee on banking and currency, and he assured the committee that he expressed the opinion of the Boston brokers.

It is evident, therefore, that the administration plan does not afford any real relief to the treasury from the drain on its gold, and it is further evident that those who are urging the cancellation of greenbacks and treasury notes at this time have as a part of their purpose — generally concealed — the ultimate destruction of silver as money of redemption.

The currency provided by the proposed plan is not absolutely safe. The Baltimore plan contemplated a government guaranty. Such a provision would make the paper as good as greenbacks, but no better. To be sure, it would be a partnership in which the banks would receive the profits and the government would stand the loss. The president's plan protects the government from loss, but does so at the expense of security to note holders. In prosperous times a guaranty fund of thirty per cent of each bank's circulation, and a general safety fund of five per cent of

all circulation, with right of assessment, would probably secure note holders against final loss; but during such a panic as we had in 1893 the constant fear of loss on bank notes would increase the run of depositors and hasten a collapse. It is the storm rather than the calm that tests the strength of the ship, and we can hardly afford to adopt a currency system which will add confusion just at a time when good money is most needed. The state bank notes, permitted by the plan, are much less secure than the national currency provided for, because they are secured by no general safety fund. The temptation to counterfeit will be greater also in case of state bank notes.

The proposed plan requires each bank to redeem its notes at its own office, and at such agencies as it may establish. If these notes are good enough to circulate among the people they ought to be so good that there would be no danger in compelling each bank to redeem the paper of every other bank. If bank notes have a general circulation they will become widely scattered, and redemption at the bank of issue will be practically impossible without considerable expense and delay. They are not a legal tender, but are expected to take the place of legal tender greenbacks and treasury notes. As a result, the people will be using money which can only pay debts by unanimous consent, and the debtor will be constantly in danger of being compelled to shave his bank notes in order to pay what he owes. Since the banks have better facilities than the individual for collection, and since they are finally liable through assessments for the payment of the notes, they certainly ought to be required to redeem each other's notes in lawful money on demand, so that the people, if they are compelled to use bank notes, may be able to convert them at any time and without inconvenience into legal tender money.

The agencies suggested in the bill will of course be located in the large cities, and the money deposited at the agencies for purposes of redemption will increase the congestion of money at money centres and give such centres a great advantage over other communities.

There is another objection which ought not to be overlooked. The proposed plan will make depositors less secure, since the banks are, on the one hand, relieved of the legal necessity of keeping a reserve for the protection of depositors, while, on the other hand, the liabilities of each bank are increased because of possible assessments to pay notes of failed banks. The additional risk to depositors will doubtless make them more timid in times of threatened panic, and hence more liable to embarrass the bank by a run.

If the proposed plan is generally accepted by the banks, it will

cause an immediate inflation of the currency, with the possible effect of expelling gold from the country; if it is not generally accepted by the national banks now in existence, the provision requiring the withdrawal of bonds before July 1, 1895, will probably cause a contraction of the currency.

To summarize: The president's plan gives a special privilege to a favored class; surrenders the control of the volume of paper money to private corporations; builds up an influential class which will be interested in preventing all legislation hostile to its business; substitutes non-legal tender paper for legal tender paper, and lessens the security of bank depositors. And all this without bringing any real relief to the sacred gold reserve.

If the secretary of the treasury would exercise the option vested in him by law, and redeem coin obligations in silver when silver is more convenient, the treasury would no longer be at the mercy of those who may for selfish interests conspire to withdraw gold and force an issue of bonds. The plan proposed by the president is worse than a makeshift — it is a surrender of a portion of sovereignty itself, and will be as futile to bring back prosperity as was the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Law.

It is to be regretted that the chief magistrate did not propose a substantial remedy for our financial ills. We suffer from a disease which is world-wide in its extent, namely, the appreciation of gold. There is but one remedy, the restoration of silver; and the longer we delay, the greater will be the difficulty in applying it. When the United States, without awaiting the aid or consent of any other nation, opens its mints to the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at the present legal ratio of sixteen to one, it will bring real relief to its people and will lead the way to the restoration of bimetallism throughout the world. It will then be prepared to perfect its financial system by furnishing a paper money invested with legal tender qualities and sufficient in volume to supply the needs of commerce. Its paper money will not be loaned then to favorites, but will be paid out in the expenses of government so that all may receive the benefits in decreased taxes.

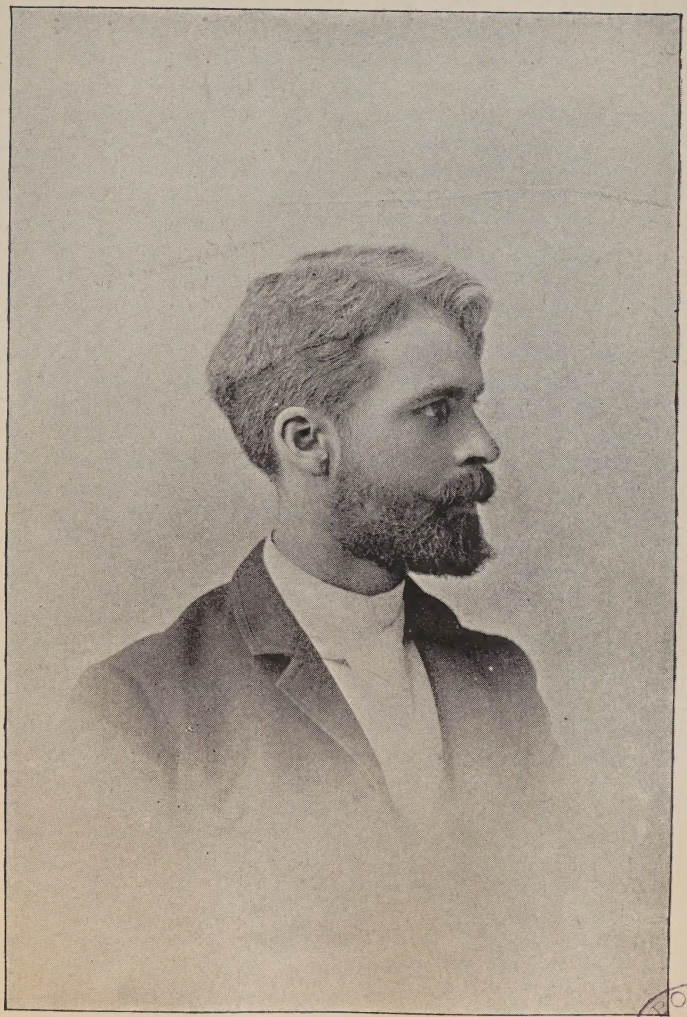
THE CHICAGO POPULIST CAMPAIGN.

BY WILLIS J. ABBOT.

THEY who watched the People's Party movement in Chicago this autumn from its inception to the close of the campaign are surprised that the vote of the party was so small, and perhaps almost as much surprised that it was so large.

In certain respects Chicago was, and is, the ideal place for beginning the welding of the radical reform elements in the artisan class with the radicals of the rural districts who, despite the cant about the conservatism of the "independent farmer," are leading the national revolt against the monopoly of money and of transportation. If anything is to come of a third party it must be through the union of these elements. The radical movement is strong in Chicago, and though split there, as everywhere, into half a dozen schools of reform thought more or less antagonistic — the socialists, anarchists, single taxers and trades unionists having each a considerable following — all were in this campaign brought into reasonable harmony of action. It must be noted that the third party campaign in Cook County — which is mainly Chicago — was a Populist movement in name chiefly. The Omaha platform, as qualified by the platform adopted by the reform conference at Springfield, July 4, was accepted as the declaration of principles by which candidates and speakers were guided. The very slender Populist organization existing in the city at the time the convention was called was given generous recognition therein, and the name of the People's Party was used in the campaign and on the official ballot. But in all essentials the movement was a labor movement, having its first inception in a labor union, supported throughout by the efforts of organized labor and drawing its principal support at the polls from the manual working class. It was such a movement as might and should be organized in Boston, Philadelphia or any other great industrial city where no Populist organization exists. Assuming the name of the People's Party and coöperating with the organizations of that party in the country districts gives to the labor movement thus conducted a national character and an enthusiasm which it can in no other way attain.

That there would be a third party ticket in Cook County in



Willis J. Abbot.

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the fall was pretty well understood in labor circles in the early summer of 1894. It had been discussed freely in the carpenters' council, in the Central Labor Union and in other labor organizations, though definite steps in that direction had not been taken. July 4 there met in Springfield a state convention of delegates from labor organizations and reform clubs of every kind. It was, as was to be expected, a heterogeneous and not wholly harmonious gathering, and upon it the talented young gentlemen of the Chicago dailies exercised their powers of satire and ridicule to their hearts' content and with the entire approval of their masters, for there was not in the whole assemblage at Springfield a "merchant prince," a "railroad king" or even a "prominent citizen" — only the men whose labor enables others to be princes, kings and prominent citizens in a theoretical democracy. Doubtless there was some reason for the merriment of the hired jesters, for seldom was gathered a body of men more difficult to handle than then. The socialists and single taxers of Chicago, between whom rages a feud as bitter as it is unintelligent, glared at each other and both looked askance at the philosophical anarchists — and some not wholly philosophical — who were well represented. Delegates from that continually decreasing school of trades unionism which holds that all industrial ills can be cured by organization of the workers without political action, were there, and joined the farmer delegates from the Populist organization in listening with mingled amazement and contempt to the arguments and wrangles of the champions of rival schools of economic thought.

The most violent debate occurred on the effort to incorporate in the declaration of principles, or platform, that pronouncement for the public ownership of all means of production and distribution known widely as "Plank 10." This was urged strenuously by the socialist delegates from Chicago and combatted as fiercely by the single tax delegates, the few anarchists and most of the farmer representatives. The struggle over the proposition was prolonged and bitter, but a happy compromise was finally effected by Mr. Henry D. Lloyd, well known to readers of THE ARENA, who presented to and carried through the convention a resolution urging members of the People's Party to vote for such candidates at the pending election as would "pledge themselves to the principle of the collective ownership by the people of all such means of production and distribution as the people elect to operate for the commonwealth." Before this diplomatic presentment of the socialistic theory factious antagonisms disappeared and the conference adjourned after recommending independent political action by the bodies therein represented. Its full platform declared for

the nationalization of railroads and mines, the municipal ownership of street railways and electric light plants, "such taxation as shall compel the using of land to make ownership profitable, and also favor local option in taxation," the issuance of legal tender notes, the establishment of an eight-hour day, proportional representation, the initiative and referendum, and for other reforms commonly regarded with favor in Populist assemblies. This platform was, in the main, followed by those who formulated the later declaration of principles for the Cook County People's Party, the Lloyd plank being expressly reaffirmed.

Pursuant to the plan outlined at Springfield, a convention was soon after called at Bricklayer's Hall in Chicago to nominate a full People's Party ticket for Cook County. As it meant the formation of an entirely new organization the plan for the convention was necessarily experimental. Every labor union and every "reform club" was allowed a certain number of delegates to each one hundred members it had enrolled, while the regular Populist organization in the county, which was in existence but wholly without political power, was assigned a fixed number of delegates. The immediate effect of this arrangement was the sudden and amazing multiplication of trades unions and reform clubs, and a most abnormal increase in the reported memberships of such organizations as already had recognized existence. It was evident that conflicting interests were endeavoring to control the convention. The rivalry between the individualists and the socialists was to some extent responsible for this effort, but a more forceful and more sinister cause was to be found in the determination of the Democratic machine in Chicago to use the People's Party movement to its profit or to break it up. Many mushroom clubs and unions were formed by old party politicians, Democrats undoubtedly being the more active in the underhanded work, in the expectation of forcing many of their henchmen upon the convention as delegates, and either controlling it or bringing it to an impotent conclusion. The full programme of these plotters, however, was defeated by a very efficient committee on credentials which, several days before the convention, considered all applications for representation and relentlessly weeded out scores of "Karl Marx Clubs," "Political Assemblies," and bogus labor unions of divers kinds.

It must be remembered that the work of preparation for the convention went on while the sympathetic strike and boycott of the railroads, growing out of the Pullman strike and led by the American Railway Union, was in progress. The great mass of the working people of Chicago sympathized warmly with the strike and bitterly denounced the course of the newspapers, which — with the single exception of the Chicago *Times* —

applauded the general managers' association, vilified the strikers, exaggerated their reports of violence and outlawry and did all that lay in their power to foment riot and strife. The utterances and demeanor of the workingmen, even those in organizations wholly disconnected with the strike, seemed to indicate that they would as a body vote against both parties represented by the "capitalistic" press. Conservative labor unions voted to join in political action and selected delegates to the People's Party convention. Mr. Debs, who was, and is, personally exceedingly popular with organized labor in Chicago, spoke publicly in furtherance of the movement. The Democratic politicians, entrenched in the city hall and alarmed for the continuance of their power, made every effort to avert the threatened revolt of the working classes — normally Democrats.

When the convention was assembled the legitimate delegates found numbers of easily recognized "heelers" and "strikers" of both old parties on the floor bent on making trouble. Some had sneaked in by a back entrance, a few through a window, some by means of forged credentials, others by correct credentials forcibly taken from regular delegates whom they had waylaid in the street outside. Not a few violently pushed past the ticket takers at the door. The convention had hardly been called to order when it was thrown in confusion and turmoil by people who were there for that purpose. The police, who doubtless had their orders, looked placidly on while the disturbers had their way, as they had looked on the struggle at the doors and the highway robberies in the street outside. Finally the chairman in despair declared the convention adjourned. There was enough irregularity about his action to threaten serious results. When the regular convention was called for a few days later by the properly constituted authority, it was discovered that the Democrats had won over an official of the first convention who claimed authority to call the adjourned meeting. This he did and nominated a ticket made up principally of nominees on the regular Democratic ticket. The main body of the original convention meantime met at Uhlich's Hall and nominated a straight Populist ticket. It is significant that they declined police protection, availing themselves of the offer of the Turn Verein which furnished some thirty athletes in gymnasium garb who kept that perfect order which the city police had pretended to be unable to enforce at Bricklayer's Hall.

It is not necessary here to go into details as to the *personnel* of the People's Party ticket. Enough to say that not all the fierce light which a hostile press threw upon it showed any save honest and intelligent men thereon. In the seven congressional districts within the limits of Cook County, the Populist nominees

were, man for man, with possibly two exceptions, superior in ability and in character to either of the old party candidates in any district. There were radical thinkers among them — men little versed in the quibbling ways of the politician and who spoke out bravely for the single tax, for the coöperative commonwealth, for a government divorced from Wall Street bankers, and which would not put its troops at the disposal of the men who unwarrantably hold our highways. Their bold utterances disquieted many possessors of governmental privilege who, being unable to answer with argument, straightway employed the servile press to denounce the whole movement as one of "anarchists" — a word which in Chicago is accepted by the comfortable classes as evidence, argument and verdict.

The campaign which followed the nomination of the People's Party ticket was a model for all independent movements. Chicago is fortunate in having a number of brilliant men, many of them in the prime of life, who are radical in thought and intolerant of the restrictions imposed upon them by old party ties. Such men as Henry D. Lloyd, Clarence S. Darrow, Howard S. Taylor and John Z. White flung themselves into the campaign with enthusiasm bred of conviction. Some were candidates, others not, but the candidates knew they were enlisted in a hopeless fight, and their efforts were as wholly unselfish as those of the volunteers. The first great triumph for the new party was the appearance of Judge Lyman Trumbull, for many years senator of the United States, and the author of the civil rights bill, as the principal speaker at one of its meetings. Henry George, Dr. McGlynn, Governor Waite, all lent their voices to its cause. Mass meetings were held weekly in the largest of the down-town halls, which were crowded to the doors, although no money was spent on advertising, brass bands or the other devices by which the old parties lured voters to their meetings. The collections taken up at these meetings in most cases nearly met all expenses for hall rent and incidentals. So for several weeks progressed the campaign. Visible enthusiasm for the People's Party ticket was most impressive. The old party leaders, with all their experience and with their facilities for polling the city, were utterly unable to estimate the strength of this new rival. The Republicans, who at the outset had encouraged the movement as one which would draw principally from Democratic ranks, became alarmed lest it should defeat them as well. The Democrats, despairing, made efforts to deprive the Populists of proper place on the official ballot, thus to disenfranchise them upon a shallow pretext which the county judge with whom the decision rested very justly set aside. It may be worth while to note in passing that this honorable judge, who was then a candidate for

reëlection, was, perhaps because of this decision, very heavily "scratched" in those precincts in which the Democratic machine is most powerful. The last People's Party meeting held during the campaign resulted in gathering not less than fifteen thousand people, and left the old party leaders utterly at sea as to the vote which this new party would cast at the election three days thereafter.

That vote was, in round numbers, thirty thousand in the average, thirty-four thousand for the most popular candidate. No congressman was elected. John Z. White, single taxer, running in a district favorable to People's Party teachings, received over eight thousand votes, the largest number cast for any congressional candidate of the People's Party. Henry D. Lloyd, socialist, running in the district least favorable to the new party, received the next largest number, more than seven thousand. In the distinctively workingmen's districts the People's Party vote was wholly disappointing.

I have said that the People's Party vote in Cook County seems to us who watched the campaign with interest and with hope, at once less and more than might have been expected. Let me explain the paradox. It seems inexplicable that in a great manufacturing city, with workingmen in labor unions to the number of more than one hundred thousand, and with many others not organized, a city which has seen its central park turned into a camp for federal troops marshalled against workingmen by order of a Democratic president, a city which has seen its Republican press and its Democratic press join in denouncing all strikers and in demanding their blood, a city in which both old parties, so far as their relations to the workingmen are concerned, are as like as tweedledum and tweedledee — it seems inexplicable that in such a city, with such experience fresh in their memories, only thirty thousand people should have voted for the party which stood boldly in antagonism to the aggressions, the intolerance, the brutalities of the privileged classes.

Yet on the other hand, when we remember that the People's Party had no campaign fund wrung from city employees, or contributed by corporations and capitalists expecting valuable favors from public officials at the expense of the public; when we reflect that it had no daily newspaper press enlisted in its behalf; that its workers had to earn their living by day and serve the party by night instead of drawing salaries from the city treasury and giving their whole time to politics; that the efforts, both covert and overt, of the old parties were to break up the movement; that the press dubbed it "anarchistic," and employers and moneyed men looked askance upon men bold or rash enough

to declare themselves Populists; and finally, when we consider that in the counting of the votes when cast no Populist had a hand, nor over it any supervision, — even those of us who were most sanguine before election must admit that those thirty thousand votes cast, counted and recorded, represent an achievement to be proud of, and one which gives earnest of greater triumphs yet to come.

So long as the two old parties cling to their present policy there will be a People's Party movement in Chicago — or a propaganda for the advancement of the principles of the People's Party under some other name. In Chicago radical thought thrives, grows and will be dominant. But perhaps the sole danger which threatens independent political action in that city is the tendency to be too radical, to ignore the political necessity for temporizing and compromise — a necessity ignoble, perhaps, but which still exists. An anecdote may illustrate the point. A People's Party candidate, a member of the single tax club who mingled in the very thickest of the fray, said to the writer, "We would have had a bigger vote had the socialist plank been left out of the platform and had the socialists been less prominent in the campaign. Many workingmen who would have rallied to a party proclaiming 'Equal rights to all, special privileges to none,' were affrighted by the apparent domination of the party by socialists. I know it was so in my district, and I know too that the socialists knifed me and every other single taxer on the ticket." Within a few hours the writer received a letter from a man whom all aggressive reformers in Chicago hold as the very foremost in their work in which he said in effect: "Lay stress upon the prominent place in this campaign given to the plea for the coöperative commonwealth. I employed it in all my speeches and it always aroused the audience to the utmost enthusiasm." The one held the socialistic feature in the People's Party programme its source of greatest weakness, the other believed it to be its greatest strength.

Now that force in politics which for lack of a better name we call Populism is going to grow in Chicago. It suits the temper of a great section of the workingmen and has the added strength of having several men of liberal education and notable talents interested in and committed to it. What is chiefly necessary to its fullest development is a declaration of principles to which all radical reformers will subscribe, under which the most radical reforms may be undertaken by its elected representatives, yet which will not be so radical as to frighten away the timid voter, nor so wholly committed to the advancement of one economic theory as to antagonize the proponents of all others. The land question, the transportation question, the currency question,

might well be given chief prominence as the problems nearest at hand and most feasible of immediate solution. The collective ownership of the means of production and distribution — a dogma to which no one who has studied the progressive effects of labor-displacing machinery can lightly take exception — should also be given place in the platform, but distinctly as a reform to follow the accomplishment of the other three, if it shall then appear necessary. With this stop. Long platforms confuse. Men elected to representative bodies, who have subscribed to radical pronouncements on these four issues, may be trusted to meet the lesser and temporary issues of the day and deal with them in the spirit of the great common people. With such a platform, effective work can be done by the Populist-labor party not in Chicago alone but in all the great cities of the land.

THE COMING TRIENNIAL MEETING OF THE COUNCIL OF WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES AT WASHINGTON.

BY THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

WITHOUT a doubt, a movement towards unity and union is in the air. Everywhere do we see traces of its influence — whether in the drawing together of various rival nations into closer bonds of friendship for great international purposes, or in conferences between the representatives of the ancient churches, or in the constant formation of new leagues and associations and unions for the promoting of this or that object in church or state, affecting sometimes the world itself, at other times an individual country or maybe but a small town or village in that country, in their operations.

Our day has learned the lesson that "union is strength," and the women of our times have at last caught up the note. For many years a sort of fixed idea existed that women had an inherent incapacity for combination and coöperation. "Women could never work together" — so it was said. That is not said now. That fancy has been shown to be a false one and women have proved their ability for organization and for deriving benefit and strength from common work in the numberless societies which they are managing throughout the world with such far-reaching results. It is interesting to inquire into the history of these various bodies, and to find how comparatively recent is the growth of even those whose names are now as household words amongst us.

For many centuries organized woman's work existed only in the convents of our Roman Catholic sisters; all honor to them for the noble work which they have accomplished for the poor, the sick, the afflicted and the young, all through the ages of the Christian church down to our own day. The Quaker women next showed us what could be achieved by earnest, undaunted, womanly women banding themselves together for works of charity and love. But apart from these, what shall we find if we look back a hundred years? Only a few brave-hearted, large-minded women here and there working in loneliness —

opposed, misunderstood and ridiculed for their efforts to benefit their fellow-creatures and to alleviate the misery and woe which was left unheeded around them on every side.

We have entered into the results of the labors of these pioneers, and it is good for the workers of these days, to whom so many doors of usefulness are open, and to whom the way has been made so plain, to read and meditate over the circumstances surrounding the work of such women as Sarah Martin and Mrs. Fry. What would these noble women say if they could come back amongst us and mark the change from their day; how not only in every town but almost in every village can be found societies for all manner of religious, philanthropic, educational, literary and artistic effort; how the work of women is welcomed and recognized and honored, and how all doors are now open to train them for a useful life's work in any direction? It would not be surprising if they were somewhat bewildered by the multiplicity of the activities existing amongst us, and in truth we all admit that we are often tempted to groan within ourselves day by day as the post brings us appeals for sympathy and help and coöperation, for some fresh attempt to carry out some mission, or to start some new institution for the benefit of humanity. There seems, as it is, to be scarcely room for those already existing.

We are often barely aware of the very *names* of many of the existing associations in our own districts, much less can we be in touch with them. And so it comes about that walls grow up between various sections of workers. They neither know nor appreciate one another's work — nay, they are sometimes disposed to be jealous and prejudiced in regard to it; associations overlap into one another's province, strife and envy enter in, an unholy competition is set on foot as to which church or society shall gain the most success or the greatest number of adherents, and the real usefulness and inner life of the work itself is destroyed. It is this position of matters which has brought about a longing for some link between all our many organizations which, while not interfering with the internal regulations of any society, will yet have the power of bringing all workers for the good of the community into connection with one another for ends common to all.

It is this longing which has brought about the federation of a large number of kindred societies and which has been the mainspring of so many of the conferences and congresses of which we hear. It is this longing which during the past six or seven years has gradually been evolving the National Union of Workers in Great Britain out of the annual conferences which have been held yearly since 1888 with ever-increasing benefit to those who have

taken part in them, and whose latest session last October in Glasgow attracted much attention. It is this longing which has created the National Council of Women of the United States, the National Council of Women of Canada and similar bodies amongst the women of France and Germany. See the expression of this longing in the basis drawn up in 1888 by the originators of the council idea: —

> We, the women of the United States, sincerely believing that the best good of our homes and nation will be advanced by our own greater unity of thought, sympathy and purpose, and that an organized movement of women will best conserve the highest good of the family and the state, do hereby band ourselves together in a confederation of workers committed to the overthrow of all forms of ignorance and injustice, and to the application of the Golden Rule to society, custom and law.

And see in the following article the safeguards for the organizations who join the council: —

> This council is organized in the interest of *no one propaganda*, and has no power over its auxiliaries beyond that of suggestion and sympathy; therefore no society voting to become auxiliary to this council shall thereby render itself liable to be interfered with in respect to its complete organic unity, independence or methods of work, or become committed to any principle or method of any other society, or to any utterance or act of the council itself beyond compliance with the terms of the constitution.

It may be mentioned that the terms of the constitution simply involve agreement with the general basis quoted above, a vote of each individual association federating to join the council, and payment of the dues prescribed.

It argues great foresight and breadth of mind in those who drew up this constitution that from the beginning they should have so definitely laid down the principle that no federated society could be interfered with nor committed by any act or utterance of the council, and that the council itself is distinctly stated to have been formed for the furtherance of *no one propaganda.*

Very plain speaking was needed on these points, for the mere fact that the national and international councils were originated by women who had been mainly identified with the movement for the extension of the suffrage to women, and the further fact that the first president of the National Council of Women of the United States was the much beloved president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, have led to a belief that the council is pledged as a council first and foremost to further the temperance cause and the woman suffrage movement. If this were the case the main object of the council would be destroyed, for in order to make it of real service to the country it must include representatives from *all* sections of workers, from *all*

classes, from *all* creeds and churches, from organizations holding many different, yes, even many opposing, views — only all pledged to do something, according to their own lights, towards furthering "the application of the Golden Rule to society, custom and law."

The advocates of rival schemes for education and reform can all join on such a basis and each have an opportunity of supporting its views before the others and the public; ardent woman suffragists and workers who oppose all participation by women in public affairs can both make their voices heard, and yet feel that they are both actuated by the same high motive; women who believe that prohibition and total abstinence are the only methods of solving the drink question, and others who fear that legislation in this direction would be followed by a lamentable reaction, can learn to believe in each other's single mindedness by meeting in this common council; and women of the highest culture and education can join hand in hand with women whose lives give no opportunity for study, but who are giving their best — their all — to redeem the world according to the mission which they feel has been entrusted to them.

The National Council of the United States is at present simply composed of national organizations, but the list of the seventeen which have affiliated amply testifies to the diversity of operations represented in education, literature, social reform, philanthropic, religious and missionary work. Seven hundred thousand women are already represented, not to mention many more thousands who have joined the local councils which have been formed, and which are composed of local associations of women in the same way as the National Council is composed of national organizations of women.

It is hoped that, at the coming triennial meeting of the National Council at Washington, from February 17 to March 2, 1895, a plan may be formulated whereby local councils can have representatives on the national council and whereby state councils composed of state associations may also be formed and represented.

But it may well be said, "All this is very well and the constitution looks very well on paper, but why should you think that it has the power of attaining its aims — of bringing about 'greater unity of thought, purpose and sympathy, and the furtherance of the application of the Golden Rule to society, custom and law'?" "What *is* really its use?" "What are you going to *do?*" are questions with which organizers of the council are very familiar.

I am not sufficiently familiar with the work of either the local or national councils in the United States to be able to give any testimony as to what they have already effected. But, in com-

mon with many thousands of other women, I can testify to the deep impression and lasting influence exercised by the Women's Congress at Chicago during the World's Fair, which after all, was in truth an International Council of Women on a grand scale, foreshadowing what a permanent international body of this sort might mean, if it could directly and officially represent national councils of women in all civilized countries.

I can testify to the results of the Conferences of Women Workers in Great Britain, to which allusion has already been made, gathered from all parts of the country and representing many different schools of thought. And I can testify to what the National Council of Women of Canada is doing already in this country, although it has been in existence for only one brief year. Its constitution and the relation of local councils to the National Council varies somewhat from that adopted in the United States, but the basis is practically the same, and it insists equally on the absolute freedom from interference which each federated society must enjoy and on the fact that the council exists for no one propaganda, but seeks to be a link between all workers.

Our National Council and our fifteen local councils are led by many of the most representative women in Canada, belonging not only to all sections of the Anglican and Protestant churches, but also to the Roman Catholic church and to the Jews. Every variety of effort for the good of body, mind and soul has its adherents in our ranks, and we have enlisted the cordial approval and coöperation of most of the clergy and of many of the leading men, notably that of the noble-minded and able prime minister whose irreparable loss Canada mourns to-day.

Again and again during the past year have I had the opportunity of seeing packed halls of earnest-faced women, Roman Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Liberals and Conservatives, rich and poor, sitting side by side listening eagerly to explanations of the council's aims, or reports of the work carried on by different bodies in our own district, or of work which needed to be done, and bending together in prayer to our common Father in Heaven to bless and direct all our various work. Is this in itself a small thing? Must not the mere fact of gatherings so constituted taking place tend towards the unity which we have set before us as our ideal?

It must in any case enable the public to acquire some knowledge of the work that is being done in their midst, and we well know how even in a comparatively small place people are often unaware of what is being done by the different societies and institutions. But it is well for us that we should know what is being accomplished, even though we may not be able to take a

personal part in it; it draws out our sympathy; it widens our charity to know of the noble work that is being accomplished by other bodies — bodies against which we may perhaps have had some prejudice; it deepens our faith, and we learn to be humble as we are taught the truth of how much we have to learn from one another, as well as to teach one another. That is a wonderful lesson to ourselves, and often a much needed one — to take as well as to give; to cultivate a teachable mind, ready to receive light and truth from any quarter; but it is one that opens a new world to us, and sends us to our homes rejoicing to know how God is working by many and divers means for His good end.

Then, too, these council meetings give many institutions and organizations opportunities for bringing their various needs forward — their needs either for material help or for more workers; and it is the means of drawing into actual work some of the younger women who have not yet found their vocation, but who are stirred to action by hearing what is being done by others. It has a further advantage in enabling any general need in the city or district to be brought before the public — some general want which all citizens in the place are concerned in relieving, and which if they determine together shall receive attention, will undoubtedly be taken in hand by those who can meet such need. These are, I think, the chief benefits which come to any particular district through the establishment of such a council.

I cannot give you any hard and fast lines on which these councils shall develop. When a council is first formed, there are often at first many inquiries as to what work it can take up, but if it is in good hands a very few meetings suffice to show the vast field which exists for its energies, even without leaving that department of home life which we recognize ever as woman's first mission. The care and sanitation of the home, the nurture of the children, their physical, mental, moral and spiritual education, offers by itself wide opportunities for the deepening of the sense of responsibility amongst our mothers and a sense of how much we all need light and training in these matters so essentially our own; and this brings us to consider our own physical and mental, moral and spiritual needs — how they can be supplied so as to fit us for our life's work, so as to fit us for raising that high ideal of life and duty in all our departments of the home, or in the social and public life with which we are in touch.

We cannot think of these things without having our more public responsibilities pressed upon us, at least as far as concerns the poor, the sick, the orphans and the erring ones in our own town and district. How to do our duty towards these, without pauperizing them; how to inspire the rising generation with a

high sense of patriotism and of a citizen's duty; how to develop a proper estimate of the value of skilled and trained manual and industrial work, — these are some of the subjects which have engaged our attention, and the fruits of this consideration are already being manifested in a practical way in different directions according to the needs of the locality.

We have reason to be very thankful for the *tone* which has existed amongst the women who have taken up our council in Canada, for everywhere it has been marked by earnestness, by an entire want of that aggressiveness towards men which must mar any movement where it appears, and a deep consciousness that, whatever may be the work to which woman may be called in these days, if she is to succeed in it, she must take her *womanliness* into it with her, that womanliness which means that her woman's duties in her home life have taught her to forget self and to live for others and thus to learn the secret which alone can regenerate the world.

Having watched these results already flowing from our Canadian Council, I am glad to respond to the invitation of the editor of THE ARENA to witness to the essential good which we may expect from the development of the council idea, joining together in the golden bonds of a united sisterhood the women workers of each town and city and district and country, and afterwards going out further and uniting together in the same way the women workers of the world. We owe much to the women who developed this idea, and I am myself deeply impressed with the responsibility of finding myself so unexpectedly placed at the head of this international movement.

I am sure that many, many women are looking forward with me to further inspiration and help from the triennial meeting of the United States Council at Washington, and I would fain hope that, both in the United States and in all other countries where councils are started, all women's organizations may perceive the duty of joining hands from the beginning, so that all sections of the community may have their legitimate share in moulding a force which may be destined to count for much in the future history of our race and of the world.

AN OPEN LETTER TO SENATOR JOHN SHERMAN.

BY GEORGE W. PEPPERELL.

Hon. John Sherman, U. S. S.,

Sir: It is impossible for a prominent man who has played an active part in the public affairs of a great nation to escape history. During the past thirty years, few men have been more prominent and active in the public affairs of the United States than yourself. You have helped to make much of the most important history that this country has witnessed in that period. You have not been preëminently active with that great war power known as "the sword," which overcomes an enemy in the field, but you have been an adept with that other and greater war power known as "the purse." You have not slain very many thousands through the formality of battle lines, yet by your quiet movements on the financial chess board you have paralyzed the energies and murdered the activities of a great nation. You have been in my judgment, more than any other man, the author of the enforced idleness and consequent destitution, beggary, starvation and death, of millions of innocent people. And, sir, I am sorry to add that, judged from your own utterances, I am forced to the conclusion that you did all this with a full and malicious knowledge of the inevitable results of such a policy as you have advocated and forced. In the light of your own utterances at various stages of your political career, there but is too little doubt that you wrought all this misery with "malice aforethought," or, as did Judas, when for gain, he betrayed the innocent man who trusted him.

I have before me a little volume written in 1880, by Rev. S. A. Bronson, D. D., entitled, "Life and Public Services of Hon. John Sherman." The writer is ardently your friend, and the book seems to have been intended to advance your boom for the presidency. The author says the book was written by your "consent, with the caution that there should be no exaggeration." Hence, I infer that it will not do you a wrong, and that I may safely use it as authority in your favor. On page 147 of this book I find the following statements: —

The grand and crowning work of Mr. Sherman, in popular estimation, has been the resumption of specie payments. . . . Mr. Sherman may be said to have been shaping his course unconsciously, to this very end, from his first entrance into Congress. It seemed to be instinctive with him.

Chapter IX., beginning on page 147, is entitled, "Resumption Contemplated." Chapter X. is entitled, "Preparing for Resumption." Chapter XIII. is entitled, "The Resumption Act," and Chapter XV. contains your defence of the Resumption Act against efforts for its repeal. Your defence of your life work is earnest and able, and confirms the statement of the author, as well as the public impression among the people of the country, that specie resumption by means of currency contraction was your special work.

Now, sir, this fact being established, I desire to call your attention to some of your public utterances which condemn you as a cruel, heartless man, acting a double part, apparently to deceive the people while you crushed and ruined them. In your speech in the United States Senate, Jan. 27, 1869, you discuss very fully the subject of the appreciation of the currency by specie resumption, showing most conclusively that it would be a cruel wrong, and that you were then opposed to it; and to most minds it would appear that only a devil incarnate would attempt, with his eyes open, such a crime against humanity. I quote from that speech somewhat freely as follows: —

But the distress caused by an appreciation of the currency falls mainly on the debtor; others suffer only by reason of his inability to pay. What does specie resumption mean to a debtor? It means the payment of one hundred thirty-five dollars where he has agreed to pay one hundred, or, which is the same thing, the payment of one hundred dollars where he has agreed to pay seventy-four. Where he has purchased property and paid for one fourth of it, it means the loss of the amount paid; it means the addition of one fourth to all currency debts in the United States. A measure to require a debtor now to pay his debt in gold or currency equivalent to gold requires him to pay one hundred thirty-five bushels of wheat when he agreed to pay one hundred; and if this appreciation is extended through a period of three years, it requires him to pay an interest of twelve per cent in addition to the rate he has agreed to pay. When we consider the enormous indebtedness of a new country like ours, where capital is scarce, and where credit has been substituted for capital, it presents a difficulty which may well cause us to pause. We may see that the chasm must be crossed, but it will make us wary of our footsteps. Good faith and public policy demand that we appreciate our currency to gold; but in the process we must be careful that bankruptcy, distress and want do not result. The debtors of this country include the active, enterprising, energetic men in all the various employments of life. It is a serious proposition to change their contracts so as in effect to require them to pay one third more than they agreed to pay. They have not paused in their business to study questions of political economy. They have based their operations upon this money, which has been declared to be lawful

money. Its relative value may be changed, but a reasonable opportunity should be given them to change their contracts so as to adapt them to the new standards of value. . . .

If senators wish other examples of the severe process of passing from a depreciated currency to a gold currency, or to a paper currency convertible into gold, let them read the story of the times after the Revolution and the War of 1812, and after the revulsion of 1837, all of which were periods of transition from a depreciated paper currency to a convertible paper currency. Sir, it is not possible to take this voyage without sore distress. To every person except a capitalist out of debt, or to the salaried officer or annuitant, it is a period of loss, danger, prostration of trade, fall of wages, suspension of enterprise, bankruptcy and disaster. To every railroad it is an addition of at least one third to the burden of its debt;. and more than that, deduction from the value of its stock. To every bank it means the necessity of paying one hundred fifty dollars for one hundred of its notes and deposits, except so far as the bank may transfer this to its debtors. It means the ruin of all dealers whose debts are twice their capital, though one third less than their property. It means the fall of all agricultural productions without any very great reduction of taxes. To attempt this task suddenly, by a surprise upon our people, by at once paralyzing their industry, by arresting them in the midst of lawful business and applying a new standard of value to their property, without any reduction of their debt or giving them an opportunity to compound with their creditors or distribute their loss, would be an act of folly without example in modern times.

It is sometimes said that we did this in the passage of the legal-tender act; that we inflicted the same loss on the creditor that we now deprecate for the debtor. This is not true. The effect of the legal-tender act was, undoubtedly, to depreciate our notes, but the process was very slow and gradual. For more than a year it scarcely operated as a depreciation, and during all that time the capital paid off by depreciated notes was invested in bonds, bank stocks, railroads and manufacturing pursuits created by the war, which yielded as much in gold as the capital produced before the war. Capital lost nothing by the war even when paid in greenbacks, for the demands for capital during the war made ample amends for the loss by the depreciation in greenbacks. It is estimated that the interest-bearing capital of this country now is, upon the gold basis, more than double that of 1860. And if it were true that appreciation now would only work the same injury to the debtor that depreciation did to the creditor we should not be justified in inflicting in peace the injuries which were justified by war; and the creditor, who is usually the holder of property, is better able to bear a loss of a portion of the money due him than the debtor is to bear an addition to his burden. Our power over the creditor is unlimited. We may levy taxes upon him to any amount; but we have no power to vary a contract or add to the burden of an existing debt.

From these statements it would seem that you, Senator Sherman, could never be guilty of the evils and cruelties which you have so truthfully and fully described. And yet this is the crime of crimes which your chosen biographer says was "the grand and crowning work" of your life. You did it too, sir, by the cruel process of currency contraction, through the funding of the legal-tender notes "into interest-bearing bonds of the United States." You adopted that plan in spite of the fact that in a former speech (April 9, 1866) you had shown that a reduction

of the volume of the currency was not necessary in order to increase its value. In that speech you said: —

> In regard to going back to specie payments, when did ever a nation travel toward specie payment as rapidly as this country has done without a reduction of the currency? Here is a significant fact, that when gold was 280 our currency was $550,000,000; and now, when our currency is over $700,000,000 gold is 130, and going down and down, and no power in this world can prevent its going down. This fact shows that the mere amount of legal tender outstanding does not fix the rate of gold. That is the result of the restored confidence of the people of this country and of all nations in the credit of the United States. I believe that if the secretary of the treasury will keep out of the stock market, will just remain in his seat in the treasury department, and pay the debts as they become due, the people of the United States will take care of the currency of the country and of the credit of the government; and it will not be necessary to buy bonds before they mature or do anything else except simply to meet the current indebtedness in order to bring us back to specie payments, and I do not believe any power can prevent it.

That plan of reaching specie payments so truthfully stated could hurt nobody. It would have a natural growth and transfer into a normal condition of the currency without any reduction of its volume or fluctuation of prices. Yet it was not adopted, but the tourniquet plan, placing the country and the people beneath the feet of the money kings, was ultimately considered as operating "least injuriously [?] to the varied business interests of our constituents." You describe the decision of your committee in your speech of 1869 as follows: —

> The question then remains, What mode of appreciation of the value of greenbacks will operate least injuriously to the various business interests of our constituents? And upon this point your committee, after the most careful consideration have come to the conclusion that the only and best plan is to allow the legal tender notes to be funded at the pleasure of the holder into interest-bearing bonds of the United States.

Evidently, sir, in the light of your own explanations, the words, "our constituents" meant the creditor and fund-holding class. Surely the debt and tax-paying class was not referred to as your "constituents" who were to be benefited by currency contraction. It is a common remark that you entered Congress a poor man, and that you are now rich. Perhaps your change of front in the interest of the rich fund holders may throw light on this matter. You probably remember that General Logan, in a public speech on the floor of the Senate, March 17, 1874, taunted you with your change of front on the contraction subject, and that you gave him no satisfactory explanation.

Another item in your course of action must not be neglected. At first you merely aimed at "specie resumption"; that is, coin redemption, using both gold and silver coin as the money of ultimate payments. But, as if in the very wantonness of cruelty,

prompted by the greed of your fund-holding "constituents," you joined in the war on silver, resulting in its depreciation as a money metal. You determined on *gold redemption* at all hazards, and did not cease your efforts till that unheard-of scheme of financial cruelty had been accomplished. In 1873 the bullion value of the silver dollar was three cents more than that of the gold dollar, and silver was one of the moneys of final redemption in all the world except England. The warfare of yourself and your party has changed this, making "specie resumption" with a single gold standard twice as burdensome to the people, and twice as profitable to the bond holders as with the double standard of gold and silver. As an indication of what the people of this country suffered under your manipulations, I quote the following from one of your ablest partisan leaders and co-workers in your unholy scheme. Col. R. J. Ingersoll described the sufferings of the people from the time of the demonetization of silver in 1873 till its partial restoration in 1878, as follows: —

> No man can imagine, all the languages of the world cannot express, what the people of the United States suffered from 1873 to 1879. Men who considered themselves millionnaires found themselves beggars; men living in palaces, supposing they had enough to give sunshine to the winter of their age, supposing they had enough to leave all they loved in affluence and comfort, suddenly found that they were mendicants, with bonds, stocks, mortgages, all turned to ashes in their aged, trembling hands. The chimneys grew cold, the fires in furnaces went out, the poor families were turned adrift, and the highways of the United States were crowded with tramps.

Prior to the beginning of your efforts for specie resumption, when the people had plenty of money to do business with, the same able writer described the condition of the people of the United States as follows: —

> On every hand fortunes were being made, a wave of wealth swept over the United States, huts became houses, houses became palaces, tatters became garments, and rags became robes, walls were covered with pictures, floors with carpets, and for the first time in the history of the world the poor tasted of the luxuries of wealth. We began to wonder how our fathers endured life. Every kind of business was pressed to the very sky-line.

That was the condition of this country at the close of the War of the Rebellion, before the simoon of specie resumption struck it. Since then the sufferings of the people have been greater than human tongue can tell. Senator Ingalls, another leading Republican, described the situation in 1891 as follows: —

> A financial system under which more than one half of the enormous wealth of the country, derived from the bounty of nature and the labor of all, is owned by a little more than thirty thousand people, while one million American citizens, able and willing to toil, are homeless tramps, starving for bread, requires readjustment. A social system which offers

to tender, virtuous and dependent women the alternative between prostitution and suicide as an escape from beggary is organized crime, for which some day unrelenting justice will demand atonement and expiation. . . . So it happens, Mr. President, that our society is becoming stratified, almost hopelessly stratified, into a condition of superfluously rich and helplessly poor. We are accustomed to speak of this as the land of the free and the home of the brave. It will soon be the home of the rich and the land of the slave.

There, my dear sir, is the result of your "grand and crowning" life work, as described by one of your wisest and ablest political friends, and as known by every intelligent man to be true. And in order to maintain the present status — in order to prevent matters from growing worse still faster — it is now necessary to continue to load the American people with new issues of gold-bearing bonds; and the general of the army recommends an increase of the regular army in order to hold in check the suffering thousands of "organized hunger." Sir, these are the results of your own "grand and crowning work."

To show still further that you have entirely changed front as to the *personnel* of your "constituents," I now desire to prove that in the seventies you were in favor of an income tax to be levied on men of wealth. In the nineties you are not. In your speech of Jan. 13, 1871, you argued ably and earnestly in favor of an income tax. You said, "It is the only tax levied by the United States that falls upon property"; and you argued most justly that such a tax should not be repealed. As to objections against this tax, you said: —

What objection can be made to the income tax that does not apply to any tax, except one, and that is, that the income tax is from its nature a tax of espionage, while the tax on tea, coffee and sugar is not? But the tax on tea, coffee and sugar takes from the little lump of sugar dealt out in charity, or to penury, as well as from the confections of the rich. There is no argument of injustice or hardship that can be mentioned against the income tax to be compared to the tax upon tea, coffee and sugar. Take also, the tax on salt, an article of prime necessity; and yet we levy on that article $2,000,000. So upon lumber. So on the stamps, which reach every man's business and every man's transactions, and yet nobody proposes to repeal the stamp tax.

As to the inquisitorial nature of the income tax your arguments in defence were unanswerable. The espionage into a man's business required by this tax, you conclusively showed is nothing to that required in collecting the tax on whiskey or in collecting duties on imports. On the latter subject you said: —

On landing at the city of New York, as I have done once or twice, what is the first thing you meet? A custom-house officer. What does he demand? He wants to look at your trunks; he wants to spy into your baggage. The first feeling is one of resentment. I think no man can arrive at a port from a foreign country where he first meets the custom-house officers without feeling angry that the law authorizes a private inspection of his coats and pantaloons. But no custom-house laws

can be enforced unless this espionage is allowed. It is not allowed for the purpose of interfering with men or women engaged in ordinary travel, but the espionage must extend to them in order to reach the fraudulent importer or the smuggler.

Further arguing this point you said: —

There is not a state in this Union which does not authorize more espionage into a man's private affairs than the income tax law of the United States.

Respecting the claim that the income tax is odious and unpopular, you very properly replied: —

I never knew a tax that was not odious and unpopular with the people who paid it.

As to the inequality of the income tax, because it falls only upon men of wealth, you replied most truly: —

If you leave your system of taxation to rest wholly upon consumption, without any tax upon property or income, you do make an unequal and unjust system.

It was claimed that the income tax was a war measure, and hence should continue only during the war. To this you replied very fully by saying: —

This income tax is just as much a war tax now as when it was levied during the war, because it is now levied to pay expenses incurred during the war.

That statement being true, the same tax is just as much a war tax in 1894 as in 1871, as the charges for pensions, for war claims of various sorts, and to pay interest on the war debt, still continue.

Now, sir, in contrast with your position in 1871, I desire to call attention to your position in 1894. In 1894 you still favor an income tax, but not to be levied by the general government. You say, "This tax ought to be left to the people of the states." And further along in the argument you add the following statements: —

I shall vote against this income tax simply because it is unnecessary. . . . Then, besides, to levy an income tax is an invasion of the rights of the states. . . . But there is another thing. The terms and conditions of this income-tax provision, it seems to me, are utterly indefensible. Why should we levy a tax upon the incomes above $4,000 a year, and not levy upon the great mass of the incomes from $1,000 up to $4,000? . . . Mr. President, this making a line of demarcation on incomes of $4,000 or $3,000, is a low, mean form of socialism. Why should a man who has been prosperous, who is a property holder, be aimed at, struck at for special taxation? . . . In a republic like ours, where all men are equal, this attempt to array the rich against the poor, or the poor against the rich, is socialism, communism, devilism; it is the foundation of all the fears that now disturb many of the European governments. I have no sympathy with it whatever.

That, sir, was your opinion of the income tax, June 22, 1894. How changed since 1871! Then you were not so rich as now, perhaps.

On June 23, 1894, you renewed your fight, and, among many other things which I have no room here to quote, you say: —

> A tax of two mills on a pound of sugar would yield more revenue than this boasted income tax. It will be looked upon as a discrimination against the few, as a blow aimed against people who have been industrious, vigilant and careful, who have husbanded their resources, and it will not yield you the revenue you demand. In my judgment it will be the most unpopular and the most unproductive tax that has ever been levied in the United States of America.

And are you the same John Sherman, who, in 1871, replied to that view of the case by saying, "I never knew a tax that was not odious and unpopular with the people who paid it." Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the effete monarchies of Europe, that our most famous American statesman would rather tax the poor man's moiety of sugar than the rich man's surplus income! And this is modern republicanism! How unlike the good old Lincoln variety!

In closing, sir, I beg to suggest that great men who cannot escape history should be careful of their actions, that posterity may recount their deeds with pleasure and not with pain; and that their hearts may swell with grateful joy, rather than their cheeks be fevered with the blush of shame.

THE NEW WOMAN OF THE NEW SOUTH.

BY JOSEPHINE K. HENRY.

It is not the purpose of the writer to discuss in this paper woman's right to the ballot or the good or evil results to accrue from her enfranchisement. To argue the question of right is not admissible at this stage of the issue. To forecast results would afford no logical ground to stand on. The article will, therefore, be confined to the limitation of facts and their tendencies as they appear to a Southern woman.

The idea seems to be abroad that Southern women do not desire the ballot. Considering the powerful influences which operate to suppress an open manifestation of opinion among Southern women on this question, as in fact on many others, it is easy to see how those who have given the subject no thought are led to accept such an impression as correct. The true index of existing facts is not always found upon the surface of things. We must probe a little if we would know the truth and its relation to cause and effect. Woman in the South is to such an extent the slave of her environment that it is questionable whether she has any clearly outlined opinion, exclusively her own, on any subject. Chivalry has allotted her sphere, and her soul has been so pressed by social and ecclesiastical rigidity that the average woman dares not transgress the limits. This is an appalling condition of the human mind, and fully accounts for the tendency of women as a mass to crouch under the shelter of silence. But every stronghold of conservatism will fall in line with advancing civilization when it must. The struggle will be fierce. "Broad ideas are hated by partial ideas. This, in fact, is the struggle of progress."

Among our representative women there is a class too ethereal to be troubled with affairs, whose mental lethargy is only disturbed by dreams of *ante-bellum* family legends, and whose thought-power is confined to devising ways and means for retaining their social prestige. With them "the virtue in most request is conformity." They love "names and customs," but shrink from "realities and creators."

Then there is another and quite different class, composed of those who stand on higher intellectual ground, who realize their

potentialities, and who have the courage to demand a field of thought and action commensurate with their aspirations. These are the New Women of the New South. To them the drowsy civilization of the age appeals for some invigorating incentive to higher aims and grander achievements. They believe with Emerson that "all have equal rights in virtue of being identical in nature." They realize that liberty regards no sex, and justice bows before no idol.

Humanity is created two in one, to accord with the law of renovation in nature; not for the purpose of preying upon itself, by permitting its one half to be pillaged by the other. In our duality of life there is a unity of purpose. Man and woman bear a relation to each other similar to that of the sides of an isosceles triangle. They are of equal length, and have exactly the same angle of inclination to the base — humanity. If men cannot or will not see these harmonies and purposes of nature, if they will not rise to the "higher eminences of thought" from whence they can look on woman with the eye of the soul, then woe to civilization's tottering fabric. "It does seem," says Mill, "that when the opinions of the masses of merely average men are everywhere become or becoming the dominant power, the counterpoise and corrective to that tendency is the more and more pronounced individuality of those who stand on the higher eminences of thought." There are many women in the South gifted with genius and endowed with faculties for glorious work, who are struggling to free themselves from the austerity of those environments which "the masses of average men" have fixed for them.

It may be said of the average woman of the South that she is satisfied with her condition. She loves her church and believes in her preacher. She is Pauline in her ideas and therefore loves the music of her chains. But with all this there is pervading this class a strong under-current of sentiment in the direction of larger liberty. With the downward trend of men, socially and politically, confronting them, and their growing sons and daughters around them, they are beginning to question the wisdom of existing customs. To the writer the widening of Southern women's views is one of the most portentous and vital facts in the history of the South. "Events are more concise but tendencies constitute real history."

One of the first noticeable tendencies is what might be termed the reign of woman club life. Literature has been exhausted and art despoiled to find names and devices suitable to the taste and purposes of the women who compose the membership of these clubs. The framing of constitutions and by-laws, election of officers, discussions on ways and means and all the parliamentary

usages which cleverness can bring to the aid of mimicry, go to make up this parody on the exercise of individual liberty. It is not difficult to recognize in these clubs the primary schools which lead to the university of politics.

Another and higher department in which the minds and hearts of advanced Southern women are earnestly enlisted is the investigation and revision of statutory law, regarding its application to the sexes alike. They find in the established codes enacted by men alone, for men alone, a most horrible crucifixion of justice. They see themselves taxed without their consent, their property often confiscated for base uses, their sex arraigned before judges and juries composed of men alone. They see in the barbarous "age of consent" laws young girls exposed to the animal lusts of brutes in human form awaiting their prey under the law's protection. They find all along the avenues of urban life dens of drunkenness and crime, with wide-open doors ready to receive the bodies and souls of their loved ones, and when they ask by what right these modern Gehennas exist, they are told that it is by a right secured from the same source that denies to woman the power to destroy them. They are excluded from town and city councils, from the higher state institutions of learning, and from boards of education of our public schools, all of which they are taxed to support.

Southern women have in the past five years resorted in many states to their constitutional right of petition upon the questions of property rights, "age of consent," and the licensed liquor laws. They have pleaded for admission into state universities, and asked for a division of state funds to establish industrial or reform schools for girls, in states which provide such schools for boys alone. They have asked that women be placed on boards of all public institutions for the benefit of both sexes, and in many cases sought and obtained the county superintendency of public schools. These departures from the line of established customs show that the apparent contentment with present conditions is only on the surface, and that there is a half realized idea among our women that in our social and political organism there is something out of gear.

Rising above the terrorism of popular ridicule, and fortified by the intensity of their convictions, a few leading women in the states of Virginia, South Carolina and Kentucky, directly descended from the founders of the republic, have individually petitioned their legislatures, asking that a power be created to which they can apply and receive their enfranchisement papers, pleading for the restoration of an inalienable right and at the same time testing the honesty of that spirit of chivalry which places much emphasis on the willingness to grant the franchise

when women want it. This initiative move of these fearless women marks a crisis in Southern thought. It gave an impulse in a new direction to the active minds of both sexes.

Their petitions were disregarded by the majority, and ridiculed by some, but the thought force which they imparted is irresistible. Their heroism will prove an inspiration to timid souls illumined by visions of a new creation for woman. The monochord of political liberty for women of the South has been touched by the finger of manifest destiny, and no power on earth can silence its refrain. This forecast of opinion may and doubtless will be received with a smile of derision by some, but the laws which govern society are as fixed as the laws of the material world. The light of Neptune had not reached the lenses of Leverrier when he first announced its existence in space, but the planet was there. "Immense and continued impulsions pushing together govern human facts, and lead them all within a given time to the logical state, that is to say, to equilibrium, or in other words, to equity."

The writer of this article has in her possession the most convincing evidence of these immense and continued forces that are driving onward to that logical state, a completely rounded civilization, grounded on equity. She has received thousands of letters from the foremost and best women in the South, and the number increases each day, expressive of their deep solicitude for the success of the one cause that gives promise of release from social and poltiical incarceration. Back of these facts stand in evidence the constitutional conventions of Mississippi and Kentucky, and the legislatures of South Carolina and Arkansas. Whenever the question of woman suffrage was touched by those bodies it met the approval and elicited the applause of thoughtful and intelligent women throughout the entire South.

As a unit of value in summarizing evidence of existing conditions and tendencies, there is not, nor could there be a fact more potent than the recent congressional contest in the Ashland District of Kentucky. The eyes of the world watched this contest with intense interest. The women of Kentucky forced the moral issue in American politics, and hence followed a political struggle the intensity of which stands unequalled in the history of politics. The very atmosphere seemed to darken under the tension of individual hate and partisan rancor. Woman's softening influence was demanded and she responded with all the finer impulses of her nature strained to the highest point. She pushed her way to the front, and with her natural tact and matchless skill in using her limited power to the best advantage, she gave to the world a victory which her enfranchised ally would have lost without her aid.

There is nothing in history so pathetic as woman's struggle for freedom. Men of the Old South, armed with all the implements of war, and supplied with the wealth of states, fought for empire based on slavery, and lost. The women of the New South, armed with clear-cut, unanswerable argument alone, are struggling for liberty based on justice, and will win. The failure of the former left our section in ruin and despair; the triumph of the latter will bring progress and hope. Woman's political coronation depends upon herself. The average woman must be educated in the new school, and man must become possessed by new ideas. "The key to every man is his thought; sturdy and defying though he look, he has a helm which he obeys, which is the idea after which all his facts are classified. He can only be reformed by showing him a new idea which commands his own." The women of the South are impressing men with new ideas, and hence that ancient spirit of protection which has so long retarded human progress by dispossessing woman of her share of the common heritage, is losing its force as an element in our civilization.

In attestation of existing suffrage sentiment in the South I append the following extracts from letters from representative women in the different states, giving their opinions on the subject. These women are of the highest intelligence and social standing, among them being many lineal descendants of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and the patriots of 1776, social leaders, noted housewives, literary women, teachers and taxpayers.*

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

We, the undersigned women of Tennessee *do* and *should* want the ballot, —

1. Because, being twenty-one years old, we object to being classed with *minors*.

2. Being American born, and loyal to her institutions, we protest against being made perpetual *aliens*.

3. Costing the treasuries of our respective counties nothing, we protest against acknowledging the *male pauper* of Tennessee as our political superior.

4. Being obedient to law, we protest against the law that classes us

* The method adopted to secure expression on the suffrage question from representative Southern women was this. One letter was written to a prominent woman in each of the Southern states, with the request that if she was in favor of woman suffrage she would put her reason in a short, clear-cut sentence, then pass the letter on to women of intelligence and prominence with the request that every woman into whose hands the letter came, would, if in favor of the ballot, formulate her reason, sign her name to same, and forward to the writer of this paper for publication. That one letter in each state could elicit the mass of testimony which has been received is almost beyond belief. It has come from the northern boundary of Missouri to Key West, and from the Maryland shore to the Rio Grande. Enough has been received to fill a volume, and the reasons given by these Southern women why they want the ballot, if compiled, would be a valuable acquisition to the literature of woman suffrage. It is dogmatically asserted what women do and do not want. The only way to get the truth is to let women speak for themselves. As one letter in each state has brought forth such a response the women themselves refute the assertion that "Southern women do not want the ballot."

with the *unpardoned criminal*, and makes the pardoned criminal and the ex-convict our political superiors.

5. Being sane, we object to being classed with the *lunatic*.

6. Possessing an average amount of intelligence, we protest against classification with the *idiot*.

7. We taxpayers claim the right to representation.

8. We married women want to own our own clothes.

9. We married bread winners want our own earnings.

10. We mothers want an equal partnership in our children.

11. We educated women want the power to offset the illiterate vote of our state.

LIDE MERIWETHER, *President Tennessee W. C. T. U. and W. S. A.*
Clara Conway, Mary Jameson Judah, Achsah Bennett Anderson, Livinia Fleurnoy Selden, Grace Carlisle Smith, Mary Abarr, Flora C. Huntingdon, Elise Massey Selden, Rachel Gowling, M. D., Louise Drouillard, M. D., Mary F. Wolf, Rachel H. Menken, Mary A. Brigham, Mary Frayser, Mary B. Abernethy, Addie De Loach, Mary W. Lyle, Mary B. Moseby, M. E. Drouillard, Lizzie Drouillard, Mary Drouillard, Mattie M. Betts, Josephine E. Klophel, Sarah A. Langstaff, C. B. Galloway, M. C. Tuck, F. W. Fisher, S. C. Harvey, Mary Kauffman, Mattie C. Gaines, S. M. Dickens, Margery K. Kane, Anna B. Fisher, Sarah Lacack. *Memphis Equal Suffrage Club.*
And five hundred other leading women of Tennessee from Memphis, Nashville, Knoxville, Morristown, Maryville, Rogersville, McMinnville, Fayetteville, Athens, Deer Lodge and other points in Tennessee.

The sentiment here is unanimous — Give us the ballot." I am district and local superintendent of franchise. Please send me work and instructions. I am ready to work. — TINA M. DUNHAM, Harriman, Tenn.

Woman demands and requires equal rights with man. She seeks to become a factor in the purification of government, and she is crying out for the ballot. — FLORIDE CUNNINGHAM, Rosemont Manor, S. C.

As a matter of principle the women of the South have joined their Northern sisters in the battle cry for political freedom. — FRANCES SHUTTLEWORTH, Shreveport, La.

I should like to escape from the degradation of disfranchisement. I have committed no crime, and am loyal to the government. The Indians and Chinese may be indifferent to their privation, but all sensible women, understanding the situation, wish to have a voice in the government. — CAROLINE E. MERRICK, New Orleans, La.

I am a heavy tax-payer in Shelby County, Alabama, and I need the ballot to protect my interests. — MINNIE GIST, Calara, Ala.

I believe in woman suffrage because woman is equally concerned with man in all the issues of life. — KATE P. NELSON, New Orleans, La.

I wish my political disabilities removed, giving me the power to help reform all that is oppressive to women and injurious to men. — EUGENIA B. FARMER, Covington, Ky.

Every human being with love of country and good government, and love of home and good morals, ought to want to vote. — ANN J. LINDSAY HOWARD, Columbus, Ga.

It is but simple justice that I should have the suffrage. — FLORA P. DILL, Greenville, S. C.

As long as laws are made by men only, when the interests of woman and man conflict, woman will be forced to the wall. The Golden Rule demands justice, yet the clergy are our worst oppressors by their teachings. — KATE H. STAFFORD, Little Rock, Ark.

I am a sane human being, having the same inalienable right to life, liberty and pursuit of happiness, and being an inhabitant, a person and a citizen, I have the right in a republican government to help make the

laws that govern my life, liberty and pursuit of happiness. — MARY B. CLAY, *farmer*, Richmond, Ky.

It requires the best thought of a whole humanity to make laws for the protection and government of the race, in the home and out of it. As people and citizens of the United States women are entitled to the ballot. — M. L. MCLENDON, Atlanta, Ga.

I want men to stop calling me a queen and treating me like an imbecile. I have a head as well as a heart, common sense as well as intuition. I am tired of the bullet business. Are men who are exempt from military service disfranchised? If not, why not? — ELEANOR FOSTER COMEGYS, *President Shreveport Woman's Club*, Shreveport, La.

The ballot for woman will give her food for thought outside the cares of home and the frivolities of society, and prepare her to better educate her children for citizenship. — O. C. BINGHAM, Melrose, Fla.

I want to vote because so long as women are prevented from legislation, so long will they be cramped and paralyzed by powers over which they have no control. — HELEN MORRIS LEWIS, Asheville, N. C.

Taxation without representation is tyranny, and is as hard for a woman to submit to as it was for our forefathers. — ADA C. DICKINSON, Limona, Fla.

Woman's disfranchisement is the blot on the escutcheon of the nation that stands for freedom. — HELEN L. BEHRENS, *President Portia Club*, New Orleans, La.

I have the aims and aspirations of a citizen, I abhor class legislation, and the women of the South are dominated by the ignorant and vicious. — ELLA C. CHAMBERLAIN, *President Florida Suffrage Association*, Tampa, Fla.

I want to stand on advanced ground. — CAROLYN A. LEACH, Louisville, Ky.

I want to vote because I am a Southern woman and know the needs of the South. — Mrs. S. A. WHEATLEY, Tampa, Fla.

Every woman who fought and defeated the vile "social disease act" in New Orleans was a believer in woman suffrage, and but for such breadth of comprehension, and study of such vital questions by these women, the city to-day would be cursed by this crime-breeding law. — ELIZABETH LYLE SAXON, New Orleans, La.

I want to vote to help develop morality in government. — Mrs. H. LEWIS, New Decatur, Ala.

I need the ballot because I am a human being, although only a woman. I am the daughter of a woman, the sister of women, I have the care of a little woman child, I am the wife of a man and the mother of a boy, and I need to vote to do my duty to all these and to society. — JEAN JENNINGS, Little Rock, Ark.

I want the ballot because I believe in the fundamental principles of our government, and because I believe principles are not limited in their application by sex. — LAURA CLAY, *President Kentucky Equal Rights Association*, Lexington, Ky.

The franchise is my right. Woman's ballot means the enforcement of social purity and better government. — MARY PUTNAM GRIDLEY, Greenville, S. C.

The most chivalrous deference and tender consideration on the part of men, should not be allowed to usurp simple right and justice. An educational campaign for the cause of woman suffrage in the South will so sensitize the public conscience that the disfranchisement of one half the people will reveal itself as a monstrous injustice. — MARY BRENT READ, Atlanta, Ga.

If I sojourn in Mexico the United States says, "Respect her rights," but when I am in Louisiana I am denied the essential right of citizen-

ship, and for no good reason that has ever been given. — Evelyn W. Ordway, *President Louisiana Suffrage Association*, New Orleans, La.

Women could drop their ballots in a box without being as conspicuous as the remonstrants in their "I-don't-want-it-and-you-shan't-have-it" *rôle*. — Margaret Schofield, Shreveport, La.

The ballot is mine by right because I am a citizen of the United States, a taxpayer of sane mind. — Mrs. N. O. M. Speaks, Varnville, S. C.

I want to vote for the same reason men do, because it is my right. — Mrs. M. R. Breckinridge, Tampa, Fla.

On the simple ground of justice I regard the ballot as my rightful heritage as a citizen of South Carolina and of the United States of America. — S. Odie Sirrine, Greenville, S. C.

It is urged by some that woman may perform her part in public affairs more effectually without the ballot than with it. I shall endorse this idiocy whenever I hear men in politics requesting lawmakers to spare them the "dreadful burden" of voting, and declaring that the right to vote is no help to them in their political work. — Lida Calvert Obenchain, Bowling Green, Ky.

Liberty being the birthright of all, I desire political freedom. — Florence Huberwald, New Orleans, La.

I want to vote because I want liberty. — Mary S. Muggeridge, Belleview, Ky.

Self protection is my inherent right. For that protection I demand the ballot. The question is not debatable. — Clara A. McDiarmid, *President Arkansas Suffrage Association*, Little Rock, Ark.

If Americanism means anything I am as much a citizen as my brother. With an equal amount of patriotism and politics we sang together "The Bonny Blue Flag." He marched off to the tune of Dixie, and I stayed at home to scrape lint and sew sand bags. I was a patriot then, and I am one now, and the ballot is mine by right. — Frances Griffin, Verbena, Ala.

The suffrage is my right on the principle of abstract justice. I am entitled to the same powers necessary to make my life a success as my brother man. — Virginia D. Young, *President South Carolina Suffrage Association*, Fairfax, S. C.

To control the environment of her child is beyond the question of right or privilege, it is a duty. Only by voting can woman do this. — Ellen Stephens Hildreth, *President Alabama Suffrage Association*, New Decatur, Ala.

I want the ballot because I am a human being, and desire with my whole heart to stand before the law the equal of any other human being. — Belle Kearney, Flora, Miss.

I am a woman and a mother. I have a son to rear whose pure moral character I am powerless properly to mould and discipline without the ballot. — Miriam Howard DuBose, Columbus, Ga.

A disfranchised class is a servile and subjected class, and the mothers of statesmen should be free. — Mary C. Cramer, Lexington, Ky.

Woman as an intelligent, responsible being should have a voice in law-making. Now she has indirect influence without responsibility, which is demoralizing. — A. Viola Neblett, Greenville, S. C.

For four generations my ancestors have been American patriots, and I want to vote to honor them and do my duty to my country. — Frances E. Beauchamp, Lexington, Ky.

Women who affirm that they do not want to vote, are voting without effect against their enfranchisement, which proves conclusively, that when enfranchised they will continue to vote, and amazingly enjoy

having their votes counted. — CLAUDIA H. HOWARD-MAXWELL, *President Georgia Suffrage Association*, Columbus, Ga.

I am for woman suffrage first, last and all the time, every part of my being from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot, because of the utter failure of a more capable person to answer for me in questions of right. — M. S. M. CALDWELL, Melrose, Fla.

I think it unjust and selfish in the extreme for one half of the adults of this country to deny to the other half the right they hold so sacred. — MARIETTA SIBERT, Gadsden, Ala.

The ship of state is poetically called "she." I fail to see while women are subject to taxation, imprisonment and capital punishment, why they are too good for the ballot. — MRS. E. RANDOLPH, Shreveport, La.

If I violate the laws of the land, I must suffer the penalty. In justice, then, I want the power to help make the laws. — MATILDA P. HERO, New Orleans, La.

I am a Southern woman wholly Virginian on both sides back to the Revolution. Do I want to vote? Yes! because it is my right. There lives no creature on American soil who has the right to say I shall not vote. The "age of consent" in this state is ten years. If there were no other reason, I want to vote for a man who has the strength and courage to change this. — S. M. HICKS, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

I want to vote because when men and women work together they build homes, schools and safeguards for the good of society, and men working alone build armies, navies, saloons and dens of vice and perpetuate the same with their ballots. — MARIANA T. FOLSOM, St. Mary, Tex.

I wish to vote because the ballot in woman's hand will purify society. — Mrs. MARY K. JONES, Newport, Ky.

I want the ballot as a weapon for service and defence, the only one possible in a country like ours. — ALBERTA C. TAYLOR, Huntsville, Ala.

The ballot will give woman the power to make the most of her mental and physical capacity. — JULIA DANIELS MOSELEY, Limona, Fla.

Woman suffrage is designed to bring about justice, also moral and political regeneration, and I want to help. — JENNIE W. THOMPSON, Kansas City, Mo.

I want to vote because I am a citizen of the United States, and the constitution guarantees me this right. — VIRGINIA HEDGES, *President Missouri Suffrage Association*, Warrensburg, Mo.

I pay taxes and am not represented, and I am as intelligent and competent to vote as the young men whom I instruct. — ELLEN MURRAY, St. Helena, S. C.

The educated women of the South should claim and exercise their right to the ballot. Their votes are needed to counteract the effect of the irresponsible and venal classes. — Mrs. K. S. G. PAUL, Harrisonburg, Va.

I want the ballot because it is my right, and will be worth as much to me in helping mould the destiny of my country, and protecting my own interests, as it is to man. — GRACE DANFORTH, M. D., *Vice President Texas Suffrage Association*, Granger, Tex.

The United States should not pose as a self-governed nation, while it is governed by only one half the people. — BELLE W. HAMMEN, Sandy Spring, Md.

As long as injustice blots our industrial, civil and social codes, the Maryland Woman Suffrage Association will not abate one jot nor one tittle of its righteous claim for "equal pay and equal say." — MARY BENTLEY THOMAS, *President Maryland Woman Suffrage Association.*

As woman is a rational being it is both her right and her duty to seek the elective franchise. — Mrs. F. C. Swift, Atlanta, Ga.

That the mass of men are always agonizing to keep women out of politics is sufficient evidence that women woefully need to be in them. — H. Augusta Howard, Columbus, Ga.

The women of the South should be the very first to work for the ballot, to preserve its homes, its institutions and its individuality from the great influx of opposing forces from the North, East and West, from the foreigner and negro. The Southern woman has now the choice to inherit her land or pass into a tradition. — Margaret L. Watson, Beaumont, Tex.

I demand the ballot on the ground of human rights. Human nature rebels against class legislation. — Sarah T. Miller, Ashton, Md.

Southern women need the ballot with educational qualification to protect their personal and material interests and to secure them equal rights with southern men. Virginia women are excluded from the higher institutions of learning they are taxed to support. — Orra Langhorne, *farmer*, *President Virginia Suffrage Association*, Culpeper, Va.

So long as woman remains a political cipher she counts no more in affairs than the mathematical "naught"; nothing but the ballot will supply the significant figure that will end her reign of zero. — F. S. Whitesides, Atlanta, Ga.

Women love their country, but cannot love its injustice nor its boastful falsehoods about universal suffrage. Give me justice or no country. It is righteousness that exalteth a nation. — Sarah Freeman Clark, Marietta, Ga.

I want the ballot because I am a woman and desire to say what I want and do not want. — L. T. Wood, Laurel Heights, Tex.

I am shocked when I see men too ignorant to read their ballots continue to vote away the rights of women. — Mrs. Craig, San Antonio, Tex.

I wish to vote not only that I may be represented by lawmakers, but that I may protect my own son and other mother's sons from the degrading influence of "age of consent" legislation. — Mrs. L. M. Dodge, Berea, Ky.

I wish to vote that I may aid good men to promote purity and justice in law and government, protecting the weak by placing in power those of known probity and honor. — Susan E. Wilshire, Covington, Ky.

Woman suffrage will come, let who may try to stem the rising tide. Then those who have been captains on the wave may say when passing to the farther shore, "When I am dead lay a sword on my coffin, for I was a soldier in the war for the liberation of humanity." — Dora Richards Miller, New Orleans, La.

The object of this article is in the main to emphasize the subjective rather than the objective condition of woman in the South, that is to say her "real" condition, by summarizing the tendencies which, let us hope, will lead to the crowning point of tangible history — the complete liberation of woman. Says Buckle: "The real history of the human race is the history of tendencies which are perceived by the mind, and not of events which are discerned by the senses." The writer has stated tendencies among Southern women, and leaves the readers to draw their own conclusions.

THE ATTITUDE OF SOUTHERN WOMEN ON THE SUFFRAGE QUESTION.

BY ANNAH ROBINSON WATSON.

"Male and female created He them."

In the beginning God breathed the breath of life upon unconscious chaos, and therefrom arose the world, a great iridescent, slow-circling bubble which floated upward into space. In the beginning, when the breath of life quickened all things, and finite creatures came at the call of the Infinite to take possession of this great globe, there followed in the fulness of time the magnificent afterpiece of creation — man, male and female.

A dual life began at that moment, an existence of interdependence between the two. It has continued even until now. The very difference between the creatures so indissolubly linked together has been called the "embodied wisdom of the Creator." This very difference has made possible the "complementary and supplementary relations which supply the power and harmony of the moral universe." It is a difference not represented by rates of value, nor by weights under the nicest adjustment, but by elementary difference in kind, in texture and in the ultimate purpose of being. This oft-repeated thought, this distinction as recognized from the beginning, has tinged and continues to color deeply the thought of Southern women in connection with the much-controverted theme, "woman's sphere."

In the full glare of these later nineteenth-century days Southern women occupy an attitude of thoughtful questioning and intelligent attention. They are not blinded by the flood of electric light focused upon the life of their sex. Neither are they weakly bound by traditions, by conventionalities or prejudices. Each thinking woman among them would answer from her earnest soul, "Because right is right, to follow right were wisdom in the scorn of consequence." In looking at life with the anxiety born of this age of unrest she longs for a broader, more clarified intelligence, for all uplifting influences which will leave superficiality below, for an education which will render possible a "progressive specialization of capacity," for an equipment of her mental faculties which shall prepare her to cope with the complex conditions of the age. With all these aspira-

tions her soul is fired. Not that she may be fitted for the work of man, not that she may become more like him, but because she craves the best equipment for the work peculiarly devolving upon herself — the work which man, from the limitations of his being, is forever shut out from performing.

Some one has said, "Where women are least feminine, men are hardest and most practical; where the differentiation between the sexes is widest, the finest intellectual and emotional blends result." In the effort to uplift the standard of the species to the highest possible point, woman will best serve by raising herself in the scale of intellectual and spiritual endeavor, and by refraining as much as may be from all that would tend to make her the counterpart of her brother. Southern women of the day cling with unalterable tenderness and admiration to the beautiful, the gracious, the high-minded women of their recollection, and they long to preserve in their daughters the salient characteristics of a past generation at the same time that they open for them the wider range of achievement offered by the life of to-day.

Among problems now claiming attention and demanding unprejudiced investigation, from Southern women as well as those of other sections, is the suffrage question. When such women as Julia Ward Howe, Margaret Fuller, Louisa M. Alcott, Frances E. Willard, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Mary A. Livermore and Frances Power Cobbe have declared in favor of the move and given themselves wholly or in part to its work, it is time for others to pause and consider.

There have been and still remain great wrongs to right, great wounds to heal, great woes to solace; and those in favor of woman suffrage believe that of all agencies yet arrayed against the evils besetting humanity this will be the most potent. It is looked upon by them as the *finale*, the crowning glory of the immense work that has been done for and by women since the promulgation of Christianity. They believe that suffrage is woman's inalienable right in the same sense that it is man's; that she will rise in the scale of values when her voice carries the same weight in political affairs as his; that taxation without representation is unjust; that the control of a citizen by laws which he or she has had no share in making is oppression.

Many leading men as well as women have held these views. Said Plato two thousand years ago, "In the administration of a state neither woman as woman nor man as man has any special functions, but the gifts are equally diffused in both sexes." Chief Justice Chase, Charles Sumner, Charles Kingsley, Emerson and many others known and revered have declared to the same effect.

There can be no question regarding the fact that each human soul came from the divine a cosmic entirety, that no distinction

in the matter of values was made by Him. But neither can there be a question — returning to the leading thought — that upon each have been bestowed special functions, that each has its own peculiar orbit and limitations, and that they need not and should not conflict nor interfere. In the efforts toward investigating and laboring for the relief of widespread woes all may go hand in hand. All have seen the "weight of cares upon the great world's altar stairs that slope through darkness up to God." All have longed for the betterment of mankind; but in the suggested remedies for existing evils will be found the pivotal question, the point of divergence.

That suffragists are earnest and sincere in believing that the success of their work would usher in an era of supreme good there can be no doubt, and with this statement it is well to remind them that "all we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed, of good shall exist; not its semblance but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power, whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodies when eternity affirms the conception of an hour." But if the object of their desire were obtained, would it prove for the good or the detriment of the world at large?

In several different states the experiment has been tried to a greater or less degree. In Wyoming woman has full suffrage, in Kansas she has municipal suffrage, in Massachusetts and many other states school suffrage. The result in Wyoming has been declared upon reliable authority to be most satisfactory. But it should be borne in mind that as yet Wyoming itself can only be considered an experiment. Suffrage was bestowed upon women there by a strange chance. It was a species of political jest which in its outgrowth, like many other practical jokes, surprised and disappointed its perpetrators.

Suppose suffrage to be secured. What would follow its train? Giving the matter casual consideration only, one thinks that the great centres of wrong doing would be purified, that woman's presence in great political gatherings, her influence in legislative halls, her ballot against the crying evils of the day and her united and legalized effort for the salvation of the young, would work such reform as to thrill and regenerate the world from centre to circumference.

But look deeper. In the home, the source of all good to the state, would surely come sooner or later discussions, divisions and dissensions. There would inevitably be two sides and these in many instances hotly contested. It is an old saying that a man and his wife should not play chess. Surely it is a graver question whether they should play at the dangerous game of politics.

Aside from this vital consideration and others which will

suggest themselves, lurks one which seems to have attracted little attention. The admission is universal that the ballot, in its present state of abuse, with its votes bought and sold and controlled by other corrupting influences, has had the most demoralizing effect upon men; their standards of morality have been lowered, their ideals contaminated. What of woman? Is she human and yet utterly impervious to temptation? Does she occupy a plane of such exalted rectitude and incorruptibility that her votes, too, might not be bought and sold, and if corruption should in this manner poison the great fountain heads in thousands of homes, what but polluted streams flowing out to all time and all ages would be the consequence?

The glory of womanhood has been her purity, her superiority to man in the possession of a higher moral sense and standard. Why risk this precious certainty for a doubtful good, when the superiority claimed and admitted by all is the result of protection from the temptations which this doubtful good would entail? Unmolested her instincts and feelings would undeniably lead in the right direction; as a class her predilections would be upward tending. But vest her with a power of marketable value, a power of immediate importance and offering a motive to man, and how many a weak woman would be dominated by a stronger nature. There has been as yet no reason for nor desire to corrupt her, but while many would forever and for all time remain staunch defenders of right and principle, how many more would remain neutral or indifferent, and how many more still in the lower and illiterate classes would simply esteem the ballot for its pecuniary possibilities.

This may appear harsh and cruel as an argument advanced by a woman against women. But let it be distinctly apprehended that it is a reflection not upon woman but upon human nature, a sad and regretful admission that in so many instances it cannot or does not withstand temptation, and that in this matter, added to many other weighty reasons, that of protection from corrupting influences should be seriously considered. It is an intense satisfaction to feel that the perverted human nature we know, the narrow, selfish, ignoble tppe, is not the primeval being as created in the beginning, but man as he has made himself by yielding to temptation. He has defaced the image of God and for this reason the Son of God came to restore the likeness, to retouch the degraded nature and to re-illumine the picture. The work is advancing but its completion may not be until that day when the dawn of ineffable glory shall shine upon it.

Then, it may be asked, if political equality of the sexes be not a remedy for ills known and deplored, where shall one be found? And the answer would be, in the regenerating work which is

going forward with such rapid strides in all parts of the world; in the higher education of women which fits them to apply and utilize in their homes, in their influence with husbands, brothers and sons, the intelligence gained; in their power to direct the votes of those nearest and dearest for the accomplishment of the uplifting of society. This may seem slow in method and practical results but it is safe. Only an intelligent woman could hope so to influence, and she who is not intelligent had best have no influence either to exert or to barter.

At this point in the consideration of the subject its most serious relations to Southern women are reached. There can be no doubt that to them the suffrage question presents much greater difficulties than to those of any other section of our country. This is true notwithstanding the fact that in several of our states are well known and highly honored Southern women who are its most earnest advocates. There can in no sense be a just balance in this matter between the immigrant or illiterate classes of the North and the illiterate negro class of the South. The ballot should be withheld from both but with greater reason from the latter. Looking at the subject from the Southern point of view, it is seen that to a race just released from slavery was given the right to control, to the extent that votes might control and as their passions or preferences might dictate, the destiny of the section. They were utterly unprepared and unfit for such a gift. As a class they are almost as unprepared to-day. Should this unwise gift be doubled in its weight and power and the ballot given to the women of the race untold misfortune would be the result.

There can scarcely be shown in all the range of history an instance where the dominant race has accepted so generously and so nobly such galling conditions as have the Southern people. There is, in the main, harmony between the two races to-day — on one side much of the generosity and forbearance which characterized the associations of bygone years, on the other there is an increasing confidence in the motives and intentions of the Southern people. But all this would be changed by the temptations, the possibilities, the general upheaval which would result from giving the ballot to reënforced ignorance.

It is stated that in such a case the literate vote of the South would greatly overbalance the illiterate. This may be true if all votes were cast, but the better women of the section, even the small minority in favor of suffrage, would probably forego the right if it must be exercised in common by the two races, while the colored element, elated by the power put into their hands, would, beyond a question, make use of it.

The writer of this paper does not arrogate to herself the right

to speak for her section, nor does she draw deductions from the situation presuming them to be infallibly true. The views presented have been strengthened by opinions from women all over the South, from the Atlantic coast to Texas, from the Ohio to the Gulf. More than a hundred of the home makers, the teachers and the writers have been consulted, all of them women recognized in their own communities for earnestness and ability. Of these only thirteen declared themselves for woman suffrage outright. Four believed that women should have the right to vote upon property and school questions, while nine declined to express themselves for or against. All the others were most earnestly opposed to woman suffrage in any form whatsoever. From the many letters received a few extracts are given: —

There may be a limited sphere in which the ballots of women might be cast with reformatory results; still the accumulation of evils on the other side are overwhelmingly against it.

I think the attitude of Southern women is decidedly opposed to the suffrage move.

I am absolutely opposed to suffrage in the political acceptation of the term. I emphatically disapprove of the ballot box for women.

I certainly believe that the female should legally have the same status as the male.

I have great interest in the good government of the nation, and would like to assist in securing it. Whatever qualifications may be necessary that of "sex" should not be one.

My South is the South of sentiment and history. I have done my best to exalt her traditions and to preserve my best memories of my youth regarding her.

The rapid advance of woman is becoming a prominent factor in the progress of civilization, but I fear the one step forward, that is, the prerogative of suffrage, would be a step backward, because that involves mixture with politics, which is usually degrading.

The right to participate in the benefits of a republic will not be denied women, and being citizens I believe they have the right to make the choice of their representatives.

I look with concern and anxiety upon any movement that seems to bring the sex out of their kingdom, their royal kingdom of home.

I heartily disapprove of universal suffrage for either sex. I believe that the suffrage extended, within very definite limits, to women of the better class, would greatly aid in the progress of reform.

I have ever been opposed to it. I have a sincere desire to keep the lines strictly drawn between what a woman *can* and what she *should* do.

As to the attitude of Southern women generally on the suffrage question I think that there is no doubt that an overwhelming majority of them not only do not want the ballot but are antagonistic to the suffrage movement.

I know of no true Southern woman who feels that she has time or inclination to do duty at the polls after she has filled her higher obligations to society, church and family.

For myself I have all the rights I desire and more than I am anxious to render an account of in the last great day. However, this is a matter deserving more temperate and respectful consideration than is usually accorded by its opponents.

I cannot conceive how her condition can possibly be bettered by giving her the ballot, and as a consequence throwing her into the political arena to contend with the corrupting influences that surround the suffrage question.

It may be a right that many will not wisely use, but it is a right.

I am convinced that to-day woman suffrage is neither a necessity nor an admirable and beautiful luxury. Through it we would lose far more than the world would gain.

I know of not one reason why a woman should vote; I can name ten why she should not.

Such is the attitude of Southern women so far as this investigation has been able to define it. Is not this investigation itself an earnest of the statement that women everywhere are seeking the truth, the light; that they are rising to meet the exigencies of the time, are rising to claim their right to equal knowledge, equal influence with man, an influence, however, to be exerted in a different manner from his? "In woman lies the potentiality of all future generations." Let her be warned, let her fall into no error in this vital consideration. "This world is not to be healed in a day of all its diseases, by any single reform measure." "It is yet but a child in a go-cart. Patience, give it time to learn its limbs; there is a Hand that guides."

SEXUAL PURITY AND THE DOUBLE STANDARD.

BY J. BELLANGEE.

In her admirable book, "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" Mrs. Gardener has shown in a masterful way the sexual depravity which is destroying the manhood of our young men, and the low moral standard by which the public estimates such crimes. I have no disposition to question the accuracy of her delineations or to condemn the intensity of her coloring. I have nothing but praise for her courage in speaking a truth that needs to be spoken and admiration for her skill in putting it in perhaps a clearer light than any other author yet has done; although I cannot but feel that more needs to be said, and that she has failed to reach the ultimate generalization in the matter.

It is indeed a hopeful sign that the public conscience is being aroused on this subject, and that the facts are being set forth and their significance interpreted by those whose mental processes, as well as their moral purposes, are characterized by loyalty to the truth. It is not enough that the public should condemn evil practices; it must know the promoting causes and the untoward conditions that foster them before it can intelligently attempt a remedy. Most reform writers content themselves with pointing out evil results, or at most fixing culpability upon some individual or class; but the practical stage of reform is never reached until the underlying principles are discovered and the resultant force which impels the evil is resolved into its constituent elements.

The inherent sanctity of the sexual relation brought it, almost with the beginning of government, within the scope of legal control. As government is supposed to guard the sacredness of personal rights, so its legal sanctions are accepted, in the main, as the expressions of moral principles in human affairs. The prominent place, therefore, that the sexual relation has occupied in our legal codes, together with its position in the Decalogue, has fixed upon it the character of a moral question.

Hence sincere people who have become fully cognizant of the facts are horrified to find that men and women are judged by different standards in sexual affairs. Since moral principles are

immutable and impartial, the discovery of such discrimination suggests a moral obliquity on the part of the public that would seem to justify the doctrine of natural depravity; and with this conclusion investigations cease with many pious and good people, who thereafter duly denounce the immorality and injustice of such double standards but continue to follow the social custom of extending full social recognition to wealth and talent among men and social ostracism to misfortune and weakness among women.

Now I wish to call the attention of earnest men and women to what seems to me to be the fact, viz., that the standard of judgment which condemns the woman and pardons the man is solely a social standard. The moral standard is not applied in the case. Of course this fact is apprehended by the public in a more or less vague manner, but it is not grasped with such distinctness as to banish confusion of thought and argument when we discuss this theme.

Broadly speaking, we say that wealth and talent are made the basis of social distinctions; but a closer analysis reveals the fact that whoever possesses the means, whether they consist of wealth or talent, to minister to his gratification or the pleasure of others, and does so use them, is honored by society in proportion as he makes such use. Let us be just. Neither wealth nor talent can buy high social distinction for the miser or the boor. On the other hand, those who are compelled to sell their treasures and to part with the things essential to their happiness in order to obtain the necessities of life are disgraced, whether they be men or women. It is the horrid spectre of want and its fearful suggestions of misery against which the doors of society are irrevocably barred. Society demands that its members shall be happy, or at least be devoted to the pursuit of happiness or its counterfeit, pleasure.

Against the principle of labor and its legitimate reward there is no discrimination. In the fiction of the public mind all men are supposed to labor in some manner for their support, and by the leisure which some are enabled to enjoy the value of their services is gauged. The one indispensable requisite is, that they shall possess the means to gather more than they need and thus be able to impart to others without loss to themselves. Whenever necessity compels a parting with their treasures they lose the magic power to open the door of social preferment. The more sacred the treasure they thus barter away, the deeper the disgrace. Esau selling his birthright for a mess of pottage has through all ages, and even in the literature of the church, been held up as an example of such base degradation; but who in the light of Christ's teachings fails to see that the moral obliquity of

that transaction was with Jacob in taking advantage of his brother's famished condition to drive a sharp bargain in his own interest?

To woman the most sacred thing is her virtue, the seal of her purity, the crown of her womanhood. That the function of maternity may be guarded from pollution, only at the behest of love may she, in innocence, lay aside the virgin sanctity of her person. This is the law, outranking all other statutes, written only in the hearts of men and women, that makes of woman's virtue the most sacred of human things. And it is because it is so sacred that the enforced parting with it emphasizes the bitter struggle for existence which marks every exhibition of poverty. It is because it tells the tale of misery in language the most pathetic and forcible that society will have none of it. For a woman to make so sacred a thing an article of merchandise is to reach the lowest point in the scale of social ethics.

But the man to whom she panders is above disgrace, not because he is a man, but because the same transaction that places her under the ban gives to him the preëminence of having the means to gratify his desires — a depraved gratification, all will admit, but still lifting him, in a social sense, far above the poor unfortunate who has been his paramour. And he is considered far more honorable even than his worthy but unfortunate brother who tramps the road for an opportunity to earn a living or who, to relieve immediate necessity, is compelled to pawn his watch or his Bible.

But it is not merely that in the eyes of the social world female unchastity is regarded as a badge of poverty, but the various degrees of straits to which women are subjected carry with them more or less suspicion of sexual contamination. The opening to her of many avenues of business has not smoothed the ruggedness of woman's pathway or lessened the temptations that beset her. On the contrary I very much fear that the increased competition which she brings to the labor market will result in such a lowering of wages as to cause the aggregate support of the individual families of the laboring classes to be diminished rather than increased, while the exposure of the female portion to more familiar relations with the employing classes will vastly increase the pressure towards evil to which they will be subjected.

Already the introduction of the typewriter in the hands of lady operatives has started the low, familiar jesting that shows the evil suspicions to which they are being subjected, as well as the temptations that surround them. In the city of Des Moines, where I live, there are many offices which employ stenographers where no self-respecting woman will long remain employed. I

shall never forget the remark of a young friend of mine who has recently abandoned the profession of stenographer for that of nurse. In conversation with her about some trifling matter I made use of the expression, "if you will be accommodating."

"Oh!" said she, "I do not want to hear you use that hateful expression."

On seeking to know why she felt so, she informed me that she was almost invariably met with that remark when seeking employment, and had come to detest it.

Did it ever occur to you, my gentle reader, when in some uncharitable moment you were disposed to deny that women are driven by poverty to the brothel, did it ever occur to you that there are no women tramps? And when you have realized the increase of competition in the labor market brought on by the added supply of women laborers which the present age is witnessing, did this thought ever come to you with its fearful suggestions of depravity and vice? Is not our commercial civilization, imitating the economy of the hive, differentiating a class of female workers rendered unfit for maternity by labor and privation, while the male tramp, like the insect drone, is being cast out and destroyed as a worthless incumbrance?

If there be no taint of traffic upon the woman's guilt, society will not judge harshly, unless the burdens of an unwelcome maternity destroy her position of independence and render her socially obnoxious by their suggestions of discomfort and inconvenience. We all know women moving in so-called good society whose virtue is not above suspicion, but who are recognized as above the reach of poverty and want, and whose position in the social world is therefore secure. Look about you, my reader, and you will be able perhaps to recognize many such. Go to the fashionable watering places and the pleasure haunts of the upper classes, and you will not fail to mark the dissipated abandon and the air of license which pervades the drawing-rooms of their reigning queens. Take many of the favorites of the theatrical world or the honored associates of the Prince of Wales — are they above suspicion? In the social world moral restraints have been superseded by conventional rules, and even these have little binding force on wealth or talent.

But you say, "Let us leave out of consideration the grosser forms of sensuality, and consider the case of the seducer and his victim. There being no commercial transaction here, your explanation will not apply." In this sense does it apply? The seducer, seeking still his pleasures, uses his talent of persuasion to secure them. In the face of the fate that awaits her the action of his victim is so unnatural that his victory is taken as a proof of his talent, while unless she be financially independent she

is not above the suspicion of venality, and if she be so unfortunate as to become a mother her disadvantage is greatly enhanced and her folly emphasized. If, however, her misfortune is followed by marriage to her seducer her crime is usually fully condoned, not because she is less a criminal but because she demonstrates her power to win and hold the affection to secure which she yielded to folly.

But I am persuaded that even in the social world the seducer is not relieved from a certain discount, especially with those among whom the commercial habit is strong. A real dead beat in any line is not looked upon with favor by even the very swell. I have heard men boast with evident pride of their liberality to their victims. One needs but little familiarity with the haunts of vice to be convinced that ostentatious use of wealth determines there, as elsewhere, the social standing of the debauchee.

It was my lot to travel extensively through the south during the past summer, and to observe the social conditions as affected by the race problem. I found the southern whites generous and hospitable to strangers, courteous and urbane to one another, and within certain limitations kind and indulgent to the negroes, but one fact about which all southern civilization crystallizes is the social inequality of the two races. It is the basis of their industrial system; it dominates absolutely their politics, and in the social world it is the one consideration that overshadows all others. Even the theological dogma that "man was created a little lower than the angels" is outranked in importance by the social one that the white man was created a little higher than the nigger. Before the irresistible force of this one idea all others must bow, regardless of consequences.

Now how does this fact affect the question under consideration? Everywhere I went I was told that the negroes were wholly without virtue. This was mentioned not as a *crime*, but as a *characteristic*. It did not seem to affect the judgment passed upon them. The one great fault that covered up all others was the fact that they were *niggers*. Upon this dark background all of the crimes condemned in the Decalogue could cast no shadow. Even the crime of rape, when committed upon women of their own race, attracted only a passing notice among the whites. Aside from their relations to the whites they were held but little more amenable to moral standards than are the beasts of the field, and in those relations everything was subordinated to the one condition of the superiority of the whites.

Now the gist of all this is the one thought that social and not moral standards govern the world, and that the crime of unchastity is usually accompanied by conditions which bring into powerful play the social forces, to the manifest disadvantage of

the woman. Let us not deceive ourselves! Society cares little for the virtue or morality of its members, but it is deeply concerned about their financial standing, and it emphasizes its hatred of poverty by its heartless discriminations in favor of the rich and the influential. The force of this social estimate is wellnigh omnipotent. There is nought so sacred as to escape its blighting breath. It dominates the marts of trade and dictates the courtesies of the street; it formulates the laws of fashion, and tunes the chime of the marriage bells. It presides at the birth of innocence, and covers the grave of corruption with a tribute of flowers. Its voice is heard in the music of the choir, and on the cushion of the pew and the surplice of the pulpit it has traced in threads of gold its brutal trade-mark, the dollar sign.

How pitiable is the attitude of the church and its moral forces in the face of this all-pervading, all-powerful influence. Utterly powerless, with existing means and methods, to stem this tide of debasement, it cringingly bows to what it considers the inevitable, and with a cowardly shifting of the responsibility upon an inscrutable providence, it courts a dependent alliance with those powers of wealth that have proven themselves to be such potent factors in the social world.

I have never been satisfied with solutions of moral questions that begin with a condemnation of nature and end with a futile attempt to supersede her. I believe that nature is one harmonious expression of God's will, and human nature its crowning masterpiece; but the law of self-development which He has stamped upon all life makes its evolution to higher planes a slow and painful process, and in our groping after the ideal we are often wounded and bruised in our experimenting with what proves to be the unreal. And so I believe the church has missed the true conception of its grand mission, and because it has so erred it has failed to become regnant in all the affairs of men. It is not that God's arm is shortened, that He cannot save, but rather that the church has failed to see clearly the way of salvation, and has not met those conditions which He in His wisdom has made essential.

While it has extolled the attributes of deity it has failed to apprehend the possibilities of humanity. While it has proclaimed the virtues of holiness it has neglected to teach the duties of plain, practical, everyday life. While it has taught the first commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind," it has forgotten that "the second is like unto it" — like in importance, like in the sacred duty of obedience, and like in the soul-developing exercise of love — "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." It has indeed been zealous in warning the individual to flee from

the wrath to come, but it has failed, miserably failed, to arouse the public conscience concerning the evil that is now upon us. I think its primary error has been one of method, and has consisted in seeking for the inspirations and principles of religion in the Scriptures only.

The result has been to narrow religious effort and apprehension of truth and make it dependent upon human interpretations and authority, creating many seeming antagonisms between God's manifestation in the book of nature and His revealed word. But the immutable testimony of the rocks has broken in pieces the traditions of men; above the voice of the past is heard the ever-present cry of to-day; and in the sweat shops of our city slums and the dark caverns of the mines, wherever humanity, bruised and bleeding, is blindly struggling against the bondage of poverty and disgrace, the chosen of the Lord may catch the inspiration of the burning bush and hear the voice of the great I Am commanding them to deliver His people.

Not alone in His holy word is His will revealed. As we learn His love from all the works of His hand, as each discovery of science serves to broaden the perspective and show the illimitable reaches of His benevolence, so may we learn His purposes and will from all the laws that He has planted in the hearts of men. May we not reasonably infer that His will is as unalterably recorded in the essential relations of the elements of social and business life as in the physical laws that govern the movements of the planets and maintain the harmony of the spheres? Can we doubt for one moment that the Lord of infinite wisdom and love, who planted in the breasts of men a desire for human society, has met that desire by a law of social intercourse which, if followed, will satisfy every social want and yet make of human society a reflection of heavenly life? Is it not a just inference that relation of elements is the basis of that law rather than their individual development? And is it not our supreme duty to discover the relation and follow that law?

What are the lessons that we should learn from conditions as they exist to-day? To my mind they are these: —

First: In the very nature of things social considerations take precedence of all others. This tendency seems to be irresistible, and must be admitted and met by making social regeneration and development the object of highest effort.

Second: Industrial conditions are the foundation of the social order, and must be conformed to the principles of justice if we would have a pure social life.

Third: The object and aim of social life is the promotion of happiness. Often its means are questionable and the pleasures it promotes are of a low and degrading order, but it never has for

its direct object the production of misery. Nor can anyone attain to social distinction who does not contribute to the happiness of others to a greater or less degree. Society hates those who cannot and it ignores those who will not.

Insomuch as society requires its members to contribute to the happiness of others, it is allied to the principles of true religion, and it is because it does thus require and in that regard is more zealous than the church, that its influence is more potent. Nature emphasizes that one requirement by making the tendency fundamental to human existence.

But social life is not founded on morality. It is built upon industrial institutions; it is the practical side of life, as religion is the ideal. If we have unjust industrial conditions our social life becomes stratified into classes, whose antagonisms develop pride, ostentation and contempt on the one hand, and envy, hatred and revenge on the other. Under the play of these passions the higher religious pleasures that come from the exercise of altruistic motives are choked out, and give way to those grosser forms of personal gratification that transform the natural and God-given appetites into fiendish passions.

Is it not time that good people as individuals and the church as an organization should learn that "the law of the Lord is perfect" — as perfect in the domain of political economy and sociology as in science or religion? Can the religious effort of the age have a higher mission, a more noble aim, than to seek those harmonies in social and industrial matters that shall be the expression of His most perfect will?

The restlessness abroad in the land to-day is not born of evil. It is the *moral* pathos of existing efforts at industrial and social reforms that gives spur and incentive to effort and urges on their leaders. It is not a selfish crusade that is attacking existing institutions but a deeply religious one. The marching of the armies of the unemployed, the sullen submission of labor to the exactions of monopoly, and the sudden and unexampled political upheavals are indeed portentous signs of the strain to which our civilization is being subjected; but it is the brutal crushing of manhood, the destruction of the tender sensibilities of womanhood and the stifling of the joy and innocence of childhood involved in our industrial system that are kindling in the hearts of the just the consecrated devotion that will redeem this land from the vice and infidelity of materialism. Human progress can make farther advances only along the line of just material and social conditions. "Let justice be done *lest* the heavens fall."

BIMETALLISM AND LEGISLATION.

BY C. S. THOMAS.

THE demonetization of silver by the act of Feb. 12, 1873, was not generally known for more than two years thereafter. When aroused by the fact the indignation of the people was practically universal. The press, the pulpit and the hustings denounced the law as an outrage and demanded its repeal. Public sentiment was too unanimous upon the subject to admit of its appearance as an issue of the ensuing campaign, and the Congress chosen in 1872 was committed to the repeal of the obnoxious law.

But the influences which had secured the destruction of silver money were as potential in 1877 as ever. Upon the accession of Hayes to the presidency they obtained for Senator Sherman the portfolio of the treasury, and shaped through him the financial policy of the government. From the time of his confirmation to the commencement of the regular session of Congress in December following, they confidently contended that any legislation in behalf of silver would exclude all government securities from its operation. "Honest money" became the theme of the metropolitan press, and a few great journals like the Chicago *Tribune*, which still stood for the cause of bimetallism, were reproached as advocates of repudiation and assailed as blasphemers against the public faith.

On Dec. 3, 1877, President Hayes delivered his annual message to Congress. He recognized the great importance of "the readjustment of our coinage system by the renewal of the silver dollar as an element in our specie currency, endowed by legislation with the quality of legal tender to a greater or less extent"; he urged a change of ratio to the then commercial value of silver in gold and the exemption of all government securities from payment in silver, upon the ground that when the bonds were issued it was contemplated "by either the government or the holders of the bonds" that gold was the only coin in which they should be paid. This recommendation gave unbounded comfort to the public creditor, but Congress received it with ill-concealed resentment.

Precisely one week after the delivery of the message Senator Matthews of Ohio introduced his celebrated resolution: "That all the bonds of the United States payable, principal and inter-

est, at the option of the government of the United States, in silver dollars of the coinage of the United States containing 412½ grains each of standard silver; and that to restore to its coinage such silver coins as a legal tender in payment of said bonds, principal and interest, is not in violation of the public faith nor in derogation of the rights of the public creditor." This resolution was prompted by the practically unanimous declaration of the general assembly of Ohio "that common honesty to the tax payers, the letter and the spirit of the contract under which the great body of its indebtedness was assumed by the United States, and true financial wisdom, each and all demand the restoration of the silver dollar to its former rank as lawful money." The resolution was adopted by a vote of 43 to 22.

In November, during the special session of Congress, Mr. Bland, the chairman of the committee on coinage, weights and measures, had, under a suspension of the rules, secured the passage, by a vote of 163 to 34, of a bill for the free and unlimited coinage of silver which should be a legal tender, at nominal value, for all their debts and dues, public and private, except when otherwise provided by contract. On Jan. 29, 1878, the senate finance committee reported it to that body, with amendments limiting silver coinage to a minimum of $2,000,000 per month on government account, provided for an International Conference by the invitation of the president, and the exchange of silver coins for certificates of not less than $10 each.

The bill, as amended, passed the Senate by a vote of 48 to 21, and the House by a vote of 203 to 72. It was promptly vetoed by President Hayes as "an act of bad faith," "because it was not to be anticipated that any future legislation of Congress, or any action of any department of the goverment would sanction or tolerate the redemption of the principal of the bonds or the payment of the interest thereon in coin of less value than the coin authorized by law at the time of the issue of the bonds, being the coin exacted by the government in exchange for the same." (The coin "exacted by the government" was the depreciated greenback.) The bill was passed over the veto by 46 to 19 in the Senate and 196 to 73 in the House, and became a law Feb. 28, 1878, remaining in force until July 14, 1890, when it was repealed by the act of that date.

On June 7, 1890, a bill authorizing the issue of Treasury notes upon deposits of silver bullion passed the House by 135 to 119. On June 18 the Senate substituted for it a bill for the free coinage of silver, which passed by 42 to 25. This was rejected by the House on June 25, by 135 to 152. A conference committee was then appointed, which finally agreed to what has since been

popularly called the "Sherman Law." It passed the Senate by a vote of 39 to 26 and the House by 112 to 90. On July 14 it received the executive approval. The first or "purchasing" clause of the act was repealed on Nov. 1, 1893.

This act differed from that of 1878 but embraced all its vicious features. It provided for the monthly purchase by the secretary of the treasury of 4,500,000 ounces of silver bullion, and for the issuance of treasury notes in payment thereof redeemable on demand in gold or silver coin at the discretion of the secretary. It made these notes legal tender except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract, required the monthly coinage of 2,000,000 ounces of the silver bullion into standard silver dollars, until July 1, 1891, after which the secretary should coin so much as might be necessary to provide for redemption of treasury notes, and declared it to be "the established policy of the United States to maintain the *two metals* on a parity with each other upon the present legal ratio, or such ratio as may be provided by law."

The ostensible purpose of this act was to remedy the deficiencies of the existing law, and take another "step toward free coinage." The constant decline in the gold price of silver bullion under the operation of the "Bland Act," it was thought could be arrested by requiring the government to purchase a greater quantity of it, while the issuance of treasury notes convertible into gold or silver coin at the government's discretion would steady the ratio between the metals, and at the same time keep the government holdings of silver in active circulation. If the experiment succeeded it would be the equivalent of free coinage; if it failed the opponents of bimetallism would be strengthened in their resolution to demonetize silver altogether.

What would have been the outcome of this remarkable piece of legislation had the duty of discharging its requirements been imposed upon the friends of bimetallism, is largely a matter of conjecture. That the exercise by the treasury department of the option to redeem the treasury notes in silver would have powerfully stimulated the gold price of silver bullion and made it impossible to drain the treasury of its gold, seems clear; but that it could have operated to efface the margin between the market and the mint price of silver bullion, and clear the way for it to free coinage, is inconceivable. Its provisions were too much at variance with monetary laws for the evolution of such a result from the most favorable conditions. Its authors comforted its opponents and deluded the people by confidently predicting its speedy solution of the free coinage problem; but this is not surprising when it is remembered that they were at the same time endeavoring to demonstrate the proposition that the

surest way to reduce the price of all commodities is to increase the cost of their production.

But the execution of these laws was necessarily committed to the hands of men whose sympathies and interests were enlisted in the cause of monometallism. They believed in the wisdom of every argument which could be urged against the free coinage of silver. They regarded the possibility of its accomplishment as a reflection upon the wisdom and the honor of the nation. They depreciated the necessity of observing any of the requirements of the statutes. They clung closely to the letter which killeth, and repudiated the spirit which maketh alive. They encouraged every combination which had for its object the defeat of the statutory provisions, and accepted interpretations of their meaning from the advocates of gold. From 1873 to the present hour it has been the deliberate policy of the government by the exercise of all its powers to bring bimetallism into disrepute and make its restoration impossible, to commit the nation irrevocably to gold monometallism, and ostentatiously to declare at all times its earnest desire to return to the free coinage of both metals at the old ratio "as soon as practicable."

In the hands of such men, and under the operation of such a policy, the Bland and Sherman laws became the most efficient weapons which could have been devised for the transformation of public sentiment upon the great question of free bimetallic coinage. We may well understand the attitude and condone the action of those who consented to the first compromise; how they could have accepted the second, with their accumulated experience, and in the face of prophetic warnings from men like Senator Cockrell, passes all understanding.

An evil common to both these acts was the protective feature. The government, for the avowed purpose of sustaining the price of silver bullion and keeping its market up to its mint value, was required to purchase large quantities of it at monthly periods, and coin it into dollars. This was but doing for silver what it had for years done for the manufacturer and the producer of raw materials, although the method adopted by it radically differed from that ordinarily employed. Its purchases were not confined to the domestic yield, yet they were assumed to be the virtual equivalent of the surplus product; hence the public customer would so largely absorb it that demand and supply would be kept at an equipoise. "The market was thus to be stimulated, a great industry saved from ruin, and labor given permanent employment at good wages." The logic of the tariff was applied to a money metal, and the government, not by imposing a high duty but by becoming a regular customer, sought to sustain the product of a class.

It is not surprising that the protectionist sentiment outside of the silver-producing states, true to its instinct for inconsistency, soon became among the most violent of the opponents of the silver law. This hostility may have arisen not so much from its protective feature, as from fear of the effect of an abundant money circulation upon the "American system." Still the unusual application of government aid to the bullion owner, was deemed amply sufficient to gratify savage attacks upon it as an innovation, unheard of in practice, and unwarranted by the Constitution.

On the other hand the anti-protection classes with one accord assailed the propriety and constitutionality of the measure from the outset. If for the purpose of sustaining the price of one metal the government could be required to purchase great quantities of it at frequent intervals and store it away or coin it for circulation, it could with perfect justice and equal propriety be required to purchase unlimited tons of iron, copper, coal, wheat or corn. These and other interests were entitled to public consideration and should not be the victims of adverse discrimination. Protectionist and reformer both declared the primary and ultimate object of the law to be to benefit the owners of silver mines at the expense of the nation and give a fictitious value to one product at the expense of all.

Extravagant estimates of cheap production of silver, combined with vast and unnatural profit through unjust and outrageous class legislation, were widely circulated, and as widely credited, while the farmer, the merchant, the iron, copper, lead, zinc and coal miner were constantly reminded that each had as good a right to demand that the treasury should take his surplus product, as had the owner of silver bullion; that the latter was doomed as a money metal by the laws of commerce, and could be continued as such by no public effort, however well directed; that gold maintained its monetary position and continued to perform its monetary functions without legislation because of its "natural intrinsic value," and that unless the hold of the "silver barons" upon the throat of the nation was loosened, its stock of gold would take wings and fly away, while "cheap money" would entail upon us a list of calamities too long and too appalling to enumerate.

The friends of bimetallism, while denying these conclusions, could not take issue with the premises upon which they were founded. They urged that the objectionable portions of the criticised legislation were the work of silver's opponents and accepted as the only concessions obtainable; that while the owners and producers of silver bullion derived benefit from the law, the increased volume of money resulting from the new

coinage was a general blessing which contributed to the common welfare, while it tended to make the reëstablishment of bimetallism less difficult and more certain of realization.

The steady decline in the gold price of silver bullion, and the substitution of the Sherman for the Bland Law, in connection with the McKinley Bill, and as one of the conditions precedent to the passage of the latter by the United States Senate, operated most powerfully to emphasize and enforce the objections we are now considering. Merchants, artisans, farmers, laborers and others whose permanent welfare and prosperity depend upon the rehabilitation of silver and whose predilections were all in its favor, joined in the general denunciation and bitterly assailed the act of 1890 as a shameless and unjust alliance of the government with a small but powerful class of mine owners by which the latter were to be favored and enriched by methods which must inevitably impair the public credit and debauch the national currency. Free coinage and class legislation thus became convertible terms, and the blessings of the one were confounded with the infamies of the other. Appeals to reason and to interest were alike impotent to arrest the progress of this hostile sentiment, which successfully clamored for unconditional repeal without regard to the terrible results which must and did ensue from such a course.

But the protective feature of this legislation was in theory not more pernicious to the principle of free coinage than was the practical application of the law to existing conditions. From February, 1878, to June, 1893, the secretary of the treasury made monthly purchases of the amounts of silver bullion required by the existing law. For this he was required to pay under the Bland Act "the market price thereof," and under the Sherman Act, "the market price, not exceeding one dollar for 371.25 grains of pure silver." The interest of the government naturally impelled it to seek the cheapest market and to patronize the customer who would part with his bullion for the least money. Such was the course invariably pursued. Under such a practice, the supply of bullion continuing, its price must inevitably decline, and instead of approaching the mint value at the established ratio, constantly receded from it. This divergence was accelerated by rumors opportunely created of contemplated sales of treasury bullion through congressional action.

Thus silver, classed as a commodity by the law, was constantly forced downward through its operation. The bullion value of the silver dollars fell as their number increased. The assertion that silver could not be restored by legislation to its old place with gold received apparent confirmation, and the metal was degraded and disgraced by the very agency which its friends

were assured would be the means of its salvation. The melting pot reduced the silver dollar to sixty cents in gold; and that fact, notwithstanding its parity when coined, was made to do yeoman duty in undermining the friendship entertained by public opinion for the bimetallic system.

But the active cunning of the monometallist made the government purchases of silver bullion serve his cause most potentially in another direction. At the close of the fiscal year on July 1, 1890, there was in the treasury, including bullion, $323,804,555 in silver. On July 1, 1893, this sum had increased to $481,371,-103. Nearly all of it was in active circulation in the form of certificates and treasury notes; yet it was constantly and persistently asserted by the gold press and the gold interest, that it was a useless and inert mass in the treasury vaults, which could neither be forced into circulation nor paid to the public creditor; that its presence in the public custody was a permanent embarrassment, and its constant accumulation a source of grave and serious apprehension; that its increase must inevitably force gold abroad and reduce the republic to the condition of the silver-using countries of South America.

Congress, it was said, was too weak or too venal to repeal the law and restore the status of 1873, and Pandora's box of financial evils would inevitably be opened unless strategy should effect what a direct assault would fail to accomplish. A return to bimetallism by two or three if not all of the Enropean nations would not only encourage but inevitably result in its reëstablishment by the United States. The reopening of the mints to silver by the Latin Union, would, at any time between 1878 and 1893, have been followed by similar action in America. Neither contingency was altogether improbable. To defeat them was, therefore, as essential to the ultimate triumph of gold monometallism as was the continued domestic debasement of silver, and if the hope of its restoration by any nation of Europe could be repressed, the return to the act of February, 1873, would become reasonably certain. The great accumulation of silver in the federal treasury was the argument, or, to be more precise, the threat, by means of which the end was sought to be obtained.

The people of the United States were, therefore, artfully represented by the financiers and financial publications of Europe to be insincere in their profession of attachment to the bimetallic system. Their experiments in that direction, it was said, had not only taught them the impossibility of its establishment by legislation, but had congested their treasury with an enormous mass of silver which they would not use as money and could not dispose of for any purpose. This evil was constantly growing. The interests involved in the continuation of the laws requiring

its purchase were too strong to make their repeal immediately possible. The situation was becoming critical, its gravity was appreciated by the more intelligent classes, and relief from some source was highly indispensable to the public safety. This could come only by discovering or creating a demand for the public stock of silver, whereby it could be disposed of without serious loss.

Hence Americans professed satisfaction with the workings of their fiscal policy, proclaimed their devotion to the cause of bimetallism, and urged with apparent zeal and earnestness the creation of international conferences for its general restoration, in the hope that some one or more of the countries of the Old World might be seduced from the paths of financial virtue, and under the spell of the tempter's voice, consent to open their mints to silver as well as gold. Then would the fickle Yankee nation, faithless to its avowed principles, open the floodgates of its treasury and turn the surging torrent of its silver reserves upon the unhappy country whose fatal mistake, realized when the opportunity for its correction was forever gone, must make it an Ishmaelite among its happier neighbors, a silver leper, doomed to perpetual exile and slow but sure decay.

These deep-laid and cunningly contrived schemes, when exposed, seemed to provoke amusement on this side of the Atlantic, and justly so. Yet leading exponents of the gold idea, among the newspapers and the bankers, while repudiating the existence of such depravity and denouncing all such insinuations as atrociously false, always contrived to call attention to the fact that there *certainly was an enormous amount* of idle and worthless silver in the federal treasury; adding that it was not surprising that other countries should look askance at the United States when it invited them to meet in conference on the silver question, and that they should accept our oft-repeated expressions of anxiety for international bimetallism *cum grano salis*, because if one of them should venture upon the experiment of free coinage, *we certainly could, if we would*, topple a mountain of silver over upon it, and the resulting avalanche must bury it forever.

What wonder that all overtures for international bimetallism have been made in vain, that our solicitude for it has been questioned and our motives suspected? What wonder that the enemies of the principle have successfully confronted public opinion, the crying interests of commerce, the needs of humanity, the demands of justice, and have thus far prevented its restoration regardless of the wants or the miseries of mankind? The spectre of this imaginary danger hovering in the western sky, and threatening to descend on the devoted land which might close its ear to greed while listening to the appeal of justice, has been more

potent through the fears, than all the arguments under the sun to the reason of the nations of Europe; and Wall Street, while cursing the silver lunatics aloud as the authors of present evils, must have often blessed them silently as the instruments of future happiness.

The treasury department was required under the Bland Law, and afterwards under the Sherman Law, to coin monthly not less than 2,000,000 silver dollars, on government account. The free coinage of silver was thus not only denied but its compulsory coinage enforced by legislative enactments whose avowed purpose was to restore the bimetallic *regime!* Such a policy could not result otherwise than disastrously. If to-morrow Congress should close the mints to free coinage of gold on individual account, and provide instead that the secretary of the treasury should purchase at the market value and coin monthly two hundred thousand ounces of gold bullion, a divergence between the value of the coin and of the bullion would soon appear. The latter might be above or below the former; they could not long remain the same.

The essentials to the stability of any metal as money of redemption are that all persons possessing it shall have free and equal access to the mints for its coinage, that no limitation shall be placed upon the quantity which may thus be coined, that no charge for its mintage beyond the actual cost thereof, and of the alloy, shall be made, that the coin shall be a full legal tender at its face value for all debts, public and private, and that the amount of pure metal in the coin shall at all times be the equivalent of and exchangeable for its weight in the same metal as bullion. Under these conditions only can the coin and the bullion retain the same level and their parity be constantly maintained. Under them silver and gold will in ordinary times be stored in coin, or used in the arts, and automatically adapt themselves to the requirements of trade and civilization.

Yet under the progress of the Bland and Sherman Acts, free coinage of silver and government coinage of silver became confounded in the popular mind as different expressions of the same thing. Unlimited coinage came to be understood as the removal by legislation of the minimum imposed by law upon monthly coinages, in consequence whereof the government would be obliged to buy all the silver of all the nations of the earth, pour it into the mills, grind out the dollars, and deluge the nation with them. "Are ye not content with 24,000,000 of your cheap dollars per annum? Will naught suffice but the transformation of all the silver of the earth into them?" was the indignant inquiry of the gold advocate, repeated in shrill *staccato* by his representatives the daily paper, the weekly family journal, the monthly

magazine and in the halls of Congress, until the public ceased to reason and madly clamored for repeal.

The silver dollar and its representative treasury note were made legal tender by these laws, save where expressly stipulated to the contrary. The government by this regulation conferred upon its citizens full authority to discredit a large part of its currency by denying to debtors the right to use it in payment of their debts. This authority was at once exercised. Loans for definite periods were made payable in gold. Municipal and other public securities were discredited unless the money for their cancellation was limited to gold or its equivalent. The bankers forming the Clearing House Association refused to accept silver coin or certificates in settlement of daily balances, and when national banks were prohibited by law from becoming members of such associations, they had a "tacit understanding" that silver should be unavailable for remittances of cash from one banking centre to another.

These constant discriminations against the white metal and its paper representatives, naturally brought gold in demand for payment of interest charges on millions of securities, increased its value by the depression of all other values, including that of silver, and placed the taint of repudiation upon all those whose sentiments applauded its use as money, or even urged the necessity of its international recognition at any ratio with gold.

The power given by these laws to contract against the receipt of silver in payment of debt is a curious one. We have seen that both acts were placed upon the most positive lines of protection, and designed to elevate the price of silver by governmental aid directly extended. But the insertion in them of this contract privilege made it easy for private interest to destroy every possible benefit likely to result from government purchases and coinage. In vain could the government endeavor to restore parity to the two metals under the law, when that law permitted the people to stipulate for the repudiation of one of them. The selfish avarice of the most powerful class of modern society, swift to seize and utilize the opportunity, loaned silver and collected gold. They coldly but surely calculated that such a policy, while bringing profit to them, must bring disaster to bimetallism.

A statute for the preservation of society which provided that the people might if they wished kill with impunity every citizen of German birth or descent, would not be likely to promote the public welfare. About as efficacious for the cause of bimetallism were the Bland and Sherman Laws. Anathemas innumerable have been pronounced against these acts of Congress, but none were ever aimed at their contract clause. That was carefully

placed below the water line and out of danger. It was dear alike to protectionist and free trader. It was to both the precious jewel in the reptile's head, the hidden virtue whose potential force would neutralize the pernicious purpose of its environment, the Aaron's rod which should swallow all the others. How well they employed it is an oft-repeated tale.

But the "culminating atrocity" of this so-called silver legislation was the construction given by the secretary of the treasury to the redemption clause of the Sherman Act, which, it will be remembered, provides that treasury notes issued thereunder shall be redeemable in gold or silver at the discretion of the treasury. Mr. Bland, in September, 1890, aptly termed this statute a masterpiece of duplicity, and predicted that its declared purpose of maintaining parity between the two metals would be construed by the treasury department as requiring it upon demand to exchange gold for treasury notes issued in payment for silver bullion. This is precisely what Secretary Foster at once began to do and what has been done ever since.

Not until the government thus surrendered its right to pay the public creditor in gold or silver at its option did the treasury stock of gold begin to diminish. All the predictions of its disappearance under the operation of the Bland Law came to naught, but the new policy could result in nothing else. England, Germany, France and Russia, whose enormous gold reserves are locked away as part of their military equipment, Austria, seeking to establish her finances upon a gold basis, saw a simple method of increasing their stock by a depletion of ours, and by the exchange of treasury notes, reissued only to be again exchanged for gold, its exodus began. Public apprehension became transformed into positive terror as the hundred million limit of reserve was reached; every fresh purchase of silver was denounced as the creation of an additional obligation redeemable only in gold, and the fear that we were going upon a silver basis ripened into a widespread conviction.

Germany, France and Holland easily check the outflow of gold by paying public creditors in silver. They reserve the right to do so, and debts payable according to the terms of the contract are there conceded to be honorably discharged. The same condition is attached by our laws to every public obligation save gold certificates, yet its exercise is withheld because payment in silver is repudiation. The mere announcement that the treasury department would hereafter exercise its discretion in the use of gold or silver for the redemption of outstanding securities would arrest the outward flow of gold. Its payment of silver in a single instance where gold was demanded would turn the golden current inward.

No silver dollar of the United States has ever been honestly obtained for less than a hundred cents in gold, and no creditor could be in any wise injured by being obliged to receive the money of his contract. Yet the government, upon the plea that it can maintain parity between the two metals only by honoring one and making an outcast of the other, pursues its fatuous policy, whereby the public verdict is, that our silver legislation "has been given a fair trial and has resulted in disaster to that metal, and in confusion to our finances." It is said to threaten public credit, to be a menace to the cause of "honest money," a vain attempt to arrest the operation of natural causes by human legislation, and it is asserted that the speedy and permanent abandonment of bimetallism is absolutely necessary to present needs and future prosperity.

This superficial outline of the manner in which our so-called silver laws have been construed and administered is sufficient to sustain the assertion that they have been more potent for the postponement, if not the defeat, of free coinage than all other influences combined. They are not solitary instances of laws which, ostensibly designed for a great and noble purpose, have been transformed into terrible instruments for its destruction.

The lesson to be drawn from the experiences which I have hastily and imperfectly reviewed is a simple one. The issue of bimetallism admits of no compromise. It must be accepted unconditionally if at all. Its base is right and justice; and limitations imposed upon its free exercise can only result in evil. All compromises involve a surrender of principle, and unless confined to methods of accomplishing given purposes, rather than the ends themselves, they aggravate existing mischiefs and become a greater affliction than the calamities they were intended to prevent. Our country's history is eloquent with reminders of their danger and their futility. Every concession to slavery strengthened its grasp upon the nation's life, and every concession to gold adds to the perplexities which beset the pathway of returning bimetallism. If we would accomplish the restoration of our original monetary system, and again enjoy the incalculable benefits which flow from the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver, we must be ever deaf to the siren song of compromise. The promptings of duty and the sentiments of patriotism demand that our platform read, "Bimetallism or nothing." Who can doubt the issue?

THE HOUR.

BY A. L. MUZZEY.

THE clock has struck the hour, and all the air
  Is vibrant with the sound that rolls and swells
  Like the slow thunder of cathedral bells
Adown the steeps of time. And everywhere
Men bowed with toil, and women weighed with care,
  And pain of child-birth in Want's deepest hells
  Pause, listening to each fateful stroke that tells
The dawn of freedom in which all must share.

For never soul hath entered into life
  That bears not birthright equal with the best,
    And claims in God a place in the vast whole.
Slow breaks the day where ends unholy strife
  And love that helps the brother in his quest
    Reacts and speeds each runner to his goal.

AUNT ANGELINE'S TRIUMPH.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

Sister Long's opinion of old Aunt Angeline and her shrewdness will give you a more just and accurate picture of her than pen of mine can paint: —

"She wan' a town nigger nohow," Sister Long was wont to say of her, "but wuz fotched fum ole Virginny somewhars befo' de war en sold. I hab heeard sey she uz sold 'count o' stealin'. She tuk a whole hog, dey useter say, en she skunt it, stidder scaldin' ob it — skunt it wid her own han's. She uz a toler'ble ole 'oman when she moved ter town, en done been free fur years. Her en me wuz neighbors oncet, en I reckin I knowed her toler'ble well. En dey ain' no denyin' ob de fac' dat Sist' Sims *hed* tuk some, *some* time. Ez fur tricks — ef dey wuz a trick dat nigger 'oman wuzn't up ter hit's des beca'se she ain' nebber heeard tell on it. But it wuz dat last trick o' her'n dat tuk de prem*yum*. Dey useter sey dey wan' no hole too little fur Sist' Angeline Sims ter work out ob; but she sho' mighty nigh got inter one too tight fur her dat time. Some laid it all ter de do' ob Brudder Luther Ellis fur makin' ob de motion ter tek her inter de chu'ch."

And there is not the least doubt in the world that the bringing of the old sinner into the church was in truth owing to Brother Luther's smartness in shouldering her cause. But, to do him justice, he did in some measure seek to prevent the bringing of reproach upon his act by always keeping his off eye upon Sister Sims and her goings on. Perhaps he had been hasty in speaking up for her as he did. Her spiritual reputation was not up to the Methodist mark of excellence; while her moral name was, to say the least of it, odorous.

Yet, in spite of all that might be said, there was that about Sister Sims which inspired friendship for the lonely old soul; hers was one of those natures which would bind another's bruises, anoint his sores, give her last crumb to feed his hunger, — and, while ministering to his needs, rob him of his pocket handkerchief, or steal the shoes from off his feet. So perhaps Brother Luther wasn't so mightily to blame after all. She had stood so terribly alone that night when asking admission into the church. Even Brother Bolin, the preacher in charge, seemed ready to

cast a stone at her. The pathos of it appealed to Brother Luther. Moreover Brother Luther was a pillar of the church; he could afford to stoop to the help of the spiritually hungry. His heart went out to the penitent when Brother Bolin called upon her for the "experience" by which it was customary to weigh a candidate's claims to church privileges. She rose, a smile such as the devout are accustomed to wear giving a sort of extra shine to her glossy old face.

"Brudders," she began, "en sisters, I got religion, en I went off inter a tranch; en I see Marse Gabul come down out'n de heabens wid 'is ho'n; en he blowed, en he blowed, *en* he blowed, tell I know in my soul he 'uz dest a-blowin' fur me. So I riz up, en sez I, 'I's raidy, bress de Lord!'"

She took her seat amid breathless silence. Back in the country, in the backwoods where she had spent the greater part of her life, such an experience might have passed — might have aroused some enthusiasm, indeed. But this was a *town* church, a congregation of town people. She need not for one moment suppose they would be put upon by any such old-fashioned, unlikely rot as that. She had scarcely taken her seat before Brother Bolin rose.

"Sist' Sims," said he, "I regret ter sey dat de 'sperience jes' related am not broad enough ter remit you inter de communion ob de chu'ch. We ull be obleeged ter pass you by twell dere am some mo' clarifyin' proof dat you hab had de witness ob de Sperit dat you am de chil' ob God."

A giggle followed the preacher's words; perhaps it was the laugh that influenced old Luther. At all events he rose, and —

"Brudder Bolin," said he, "I feel moved ter sey dat you am too sebere in yo' jedgmint ob dis sister. You don' know, brudder, 'bout dat ho'n; you don' know but she might hab heeard a toot or two. I moves dat we remit her inter de church."

Upon the strength of this speech she was taken in; the possible "toot or two" was admitted; but old Luther always felt that the burden of her lay heavy upon his soul.

Jordan is a hard road to travel. The church had taken old Angeline in on trust, so to speak. She was "mighty churchful," they said of her; a great shouter — nobody in the church could out-shout Sister Angeline Sims. She could sing, too; she always sang when the collection was being taken. She had a way of dropping her head back, closing her eyes and rocking to and fro and singing until the contribution hat had passed by.

One night when there was an important collection to be raised, the minister expressly requested that there be no hymn until after the hat had been passed. And said he with meaning emphasis, —

"Brudderin, I hopes fur de glory ob de Lord dat none ob you will go off ter sleep endurin' ob dis collection fur de pore ob de church."

About that time Sister Sims began to sing: —

"Fur you can't stan' de fiyah, sinner,
You can't stan' de fiyah."

Brother Bolin raised his hand: —

"De congregation," said he, "will please ter not ter sing, but jest ter keep dey eyes op'n."

There was sudden silence, broken only by the sound of broad, flat soles moving down the carpetless aisles where the stewards were "passing the hat" between the rows of well-filled pews.

Aunt Angeline saw them coming. Not to put a dime into that hat meant everlasting death to her own self-respect, to say nothing of the eyes fixed upon her. She began to fumble in her pocket: it hadn't felt the weight of a coin in six months. Nearer came the hat; more energetic became the search in the seemingly bottomless pocket. It seemed to her that every eye in the house was fixed upon her; she must put something into that hat. She thought once of wadding a bit of paper and dropping that in. But the great white eyes of old Luther Ellis were watching. Moreover, the brother with the hat would be sure to detect the cheat. She wondered if she might not be able to give a little sleight of hand performance that would dazzle the eye of the beholder into the idea that she had dropped in her mite. As the hat came nearer she detected that in the eye of old Luther which said, "No fooling with the Lord's money, if you please."

But old Aunt Angeline was a woman of resources. She had been through slavery "before the war," and according to her own statement had "been through sights since." She caught the look in Brother Luther's eyes; her own flashed back the challenge, "Ketch dis ole nigger nappin' *if* you kin." At the same moment the hand in the pocket of her dress came to a sudden satisfactory stop. A smile of genuine relief broadened the big, thick lips. The hand was withdrawn from the pocket and now lay, half closed, upon her lap. The look she gave old Luther said, "Done foun' it, brudder; done foun' de money fur de pore." She saw that he understood, and so settled herself back contentedly in the pew and gave herself to the business of dodging that hat and at the same time maintaining a degree of respectability becoming a member in good standing.

It was at that moment that her eye chanced to fall upon the lap of the sister at her side. The woman was Sister Long, and she was industriously twisting with a much-beholed handkerchief the nose of the little boy on her left. Sister Sims occupied the end

of the bench upon the woman's immediate right. The benches were tall and narrow and set close together; the lap of the sister upon Angeline's left was well screened from the eyes of the congregation, and upon it lay a bright, glistening, new silver dime. It had evidently slipped from the handkerchief, one corner of which, crumpled and twisted, showed where the precious mite had been tied for safe keeping. Old Angeline, the saint, lifted her knee just a trifle, a shield for the one exposed point of view, gave her head a twirl, lifted her skirts, dropped them—and the sleight of hand act had been performed.

When the hat passed the bit of silver went tinkling down to join its kindred missionaries; and old Angeline through half-closed eyes, saw her "sister in the church" begin the same wild search she herself had but just been engaged upon. "Hit's all de same," she consoled her rusty old conscience; "hit wuz boun' right whar it wint — de only differ'nce bein' hit wint by de way ob ole Angeline stid o' tudder one."

But let him that standeth take heed; sin always leaves an unguarded outpost. In extracting the coin Miss Sims had reckoned without the small boy whose nose was being wrenched. As his mother began to shake her skirts and peer beneath the benches he lifted a short, stubby finger and pointed it with deadly accusing straight at the thief: —

"Her tuked it," he said; but fortunately for old Angeline nobody heard. "Her tuked it," repeated the accuser in a louder key. "Ma? Aw, ma? Ma, I say? *Her* tuked it; I seed her, en her tuked it."

Before he could say another word old Angeline had drowned him out: —

"Ole Satan tol' me not ter pray,
'Case he wan' my soul at de jedgmint day.
You can't stan' de fiyah, sinner,
You can't stan' de fiyah."

And through her half-closed lids she saw the hat pass safely on and drew a long, deep breath of righteous satisfaction.

But the matter did not end here; the boy made himself understood at last and the next morning Mis' Sims had a call. It was altogether a war of words that was fought "over the fence" in front of old Angeline's cabin, but the words were quite forceful enough in all conscience to have substituted both clubs and shot guns.

"Yo' nasty ole thief," cried the visitor. "I'm good min' ter come in dar en bus' yo' haid open wid a rock. Dat's what I is. Foolin' long dar all dat time wid the pockets ob yo' coat tail 'ten'in' lack dey's some money dar what yo' can't fin'; den when dey ain' nobody lookin' sneakin' de dime off'n somebody else's

lap. Dat's de kin' o' Chrischun you is. You'd steal de money off'n de eyes ob de daid: you sho' would; dat's de kin' ob Chrischun you is. I'm good min' go ter de magistrate en hab him fotch you up in cote, dat's what I'm good min' ter do."

Aunt Angeline stood in her cabin door, her hand upon the key. She had breakfast to get in another part of the town. She had no time to waste upon "low flung niggers what furgits ter fotch deir manners long wid 'em." She was not afraid of the magistrate; they were acquaintances of long standing, he and she. She regarded her irate visitor in silence for a moment, then slowly lifted her smooth, fat black arm, and "Cl'ar out!" she commanded. She was as black as the oft-quoted ace of spades, and glossy as a freshly peeled onion. Her face was shrewd, sharp and jolly — not a trace of ill humor about it. Even when she issued the stern command to "cl'ar out," her long brass earrings dangled about her white head kerchief and her little round fat jaws in a way that was altogether too jolly to suggest anything on top of this earth more formidable than a monkey or a Christmas breakdown with 'possum and cider between whiles.

"Cl'ar out? Who dat gwine cl'ar out, I lack ter know," declared the visitor. "You nasty ole witch; you black wench, et ain't got no mo' business in de chu'ch den a horse thief am; you tell *me* ter cl'ar out? Fo' God if I don' bus' yo' black mouf fur ye. Come out o' dar, yur nigger wench, en tell me to 'cl'ar out,' ef you dar'. Tell me out here in de street, wid plenty o' rocks en sticks handy. You nasty thief! tell a decent 'oman ter cl'ar out. Cl'ar out! I wouldn't set my foot inside yo' gate, you ole rogue, not ef't you wuz ter gimme all de money in dis town; hit's de God's troof. Cl'ar out! Yo' better wait tell some decent 'oman cl'ars in, fo' you invites ob 'em ter cl'ar out; *dat* you had. God knows I ain' gwine put *my* foot in yo' nasty den ob thieves. I's gwine up ter Brudder Bolin's house en fetch my boy Joe long ter tell him 'bout'n you stealin' my money off my knee, an' git him ter hab you up in de meet'n', dat's what I's gwine do. You ole sneak-thief-nigger-wench-you."

Now Aunt Angeline was not a coward, neither was she quarrelsome. If she was possessed of the weakness of Achan she was not without a touch of the chief virtue of the man of Uz as well. And she was proud, she was that nigh of kin to Lucifer. Verily she had royal examples to offer in apology. She was proud of her position in the church. It was a small matter to face a magistrate, a constable, or even, as she had once been called upon to do, to come before a jury. It wasn't any great disgrace to spend a day or two in jail. But to be "brought up in meet'n"! That was the sin unpardonable, the stain past the power of the sweets of Araby. Any other threat would have

passed over her head like drops of rain upon a duck's back. But this one — she hesitated, scowled, gave her brass earrings a toss, and — shot up a white flag. This called for capitulation. In an instant the shrewd old sinner had laid her plans and set her trap. She removed the key from the door and stepped majestically down to the gate.

"Sist' Long," she said, "I ain' got no time ter stan' here quallin', wid de whi' folks waitin' en hungry fur dey's bre'kfus'. You jes' come up here ternight en tek a bite o' late supper wid me, en we ull talk 'bout dat mistake o' dat nice little boy o' yo'n whilst we's eatin' a tender young pullet what I's been a-savin' fur some fine comf'ny. I dunno but I might scrouge roun' a bit en fin' a moufful o' fruit cake en a little taste o' wine ter he'p it down. You jes' be here 'bout nine erclock. En fetch yo' ole man long wid yer. Dey's plenty ob de cake en chick'n fixin's fur de hull o' we-alls."

The invitation was tempting; what was one poor little dime as compared with a supper of young pullet and fruit cake? — fruit cake saved from last Christmas, too, without a doubt. And after all, the poor got the dime just as surely as though her hand instead of Sister Sims' had dropped it into the hat. It had been a long time since she had sat down to a dinner of chicken and cake; while as to *wine* — well, she had a drop at sacrament; that was all. The scent of it filled her nostrils; she belonged to the Methodists and knew the influence of chicken upon the Methodist heart. She felt her anger bubbling off in a hiss of sputtering yellow gravy in which was swimming a nicely toasted fowl stuffed with the fattest of "patty bread." Mrs. Sims was cook for her old master's oldest son; he was rich, and bought the best of everything. Every darkey in that alley knew the feel of Squire Goodloe's chickens.

It was quite too much for the tottering resistance of Sister Long. She smoothed the wrinkles of her white apron and adjusted her bonnet anew.

"Sist' Sims," she said in her best church voice, "I'll come, yessum; an' we'll talk ober dis matter quiet, all ter ourse'ves. An' ef you tells me dat boy o' mine hab lied ter me 'bout'n dat insigni'cant ten-cent piece, I'll take de hide plumb off'n his back, I sholy will. I won't leave ha'r nor hide ter him. En I'll take yo' word fur it, Sist' Sims; I ain' gwine let no bad chil' o' min' put his word ag'inst de word ob a sister in de chu'ch, I sholy ain't. You kin jes' tek my word fer dat, Sist' Sims."

And as old Angeline hobbled off to get the breakfast for the squire's family, her face wore a mingled expression of victory and of defeat. The dime was settled; she had put down a church trial. It would never do for them to drag her into a

church trial; there were too many things that *might* come up. She must keep out of church fusses, she told herself, "else dey might be a scan'le."

But that supper — she would "haf ter hab a little flour," "a spoonful o' lard," "a spat o' bac'n," "a pinch o' sugar," "a mouffful o' coffee," "a little piece o' butter no bigger'n a hen aig," "a bottle o' wine out'n de cellar, *en* — de chickin." The fruit cake had been in a box on the mantel, with Aunt Angeline's Sunday shoes on the box, for more than a month. It would have to be eaten now, "An' all fur a measley little dime," said Angeline.

When she went in the squire's gate her plans were all laid. In the coop there was a great bronze gobbler, bought and put to fatten against the master's birthday, which would be in a week. As Aunt Angeline passed the coop the big, fat beauty rammed his head between the bars and called out with fatal impudence, "Oodle? Oodle? Owdle?" Angeline stopped; a pullet was small for three people — for six, indeed, since she had suddenly remembered that old Luther and his wife might as well be cultivated as not. Then there was another man she had in her mind. Old Angeline usually had some man or another in her mind. In a moment she was in the pantry with her mistress, who had slipped out in wrapper and with bare feet to give out the breakfast.

When Aunt Angeline passed the coop again, on her way to the kitchen, she came to a sudden stop, gave a fierce little shout of alarm, dropped the tray of flour and lard (she was careful that it dropped upon the well kept pavement), and went rushing back to the house. "Ole Mis'!" she exclaimed, at the top of her lungs, "O Lord, ole Mis', *ef* somebody ain' gone en stole ole marster's bufday tuckey."

The gobbler was gone. Aunt Angeline led the lamentations, after which she carefully scooped up the spilled flour and set it aside with the lard, before she went to the pantry again for a fresh supply with which to prepare the master's breakfast. She heard the family at breakfast laughing while they told each other how finding the gobbler gone had "so shocked poor Aunt Angie that she dropped the biscuit tray on the pavement and screamed." While they were enjoying the recital "poor Aunt Angie" quietly took the keys from the basket on the table behind "old Mis'" and went down to the cellar and helped herself to the bottle of wine that was "ter keep down a church scan'le, en no sin ter tek it."

The supper was a great success. The biscuit were as light and as white as ever adorned the table of old Mis' herself. The coffee was strongly akin to that which had been served at the squire's table at breakfast, dinner and supper, and of which the

mistress had remarked, "Three times to-day has the coffee failed to go around." The fruit cake ought to have been as good as the best: "Tuk ole Mis' fo' level hours ter mek it," said Angeline, as with a proudly sad regret she placed the stolen chunk upon the sacrificial board.

Her crowning act, however, was when, an hour later, she rose in her place, carving knife in hand, head gracefully a-tilt, and said, "Brudder Ellis, kin I he'p you to a moufful o' dis tuckey?"

Later still, when she laid her wickedly sharp old head upon her pillow, she promptly proceeded to set aside the threatened tilt with conscience after her own self-satisfying if not strictly logical manner of reasoning: "Old marse's tuckey? What if't am? Jail me fur stealin'? Heh! I wuck fur dat man's pappy thirty years good en faithful. An' now fur one po' ole tuckey gobbler talk 'bout putt'n' o' me in jail? De *in*surance ob some folks."

SOCIAL CONDITIONS AS FEEDERS OF IMMORALITY.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

These burdened ones are hungry and cold. Their indelicate flesh appears through their tatters. Who makes those tatters? The purple? The nakedness of virgins comes from the nudity of odalisques. From the twisted rags of the people fall the pearls of the Fontanges and the Chateauroux. It is famine that gilds Versailles. . . . The pallet of the poor girl is suddenly covered with lace. And in that is the worst misery — by the side of misfortune there is vice, the one urging on the other. Such a society requires prompt succor. — *Victor Hugo.*

The humanitarian who would intelligently discuss the various factors which contribute to present-day degradation must not overlook unjust social conditions, as they must be classed among the major sources of prostitution. Heredity, prenatal causes, early environment, immoral legislation and other potent influences play their terrible part in the degradation of the race, and they must neither be ignored nor their influence minified by the student of social problems. But the influence of unjust conditions envelops all these, permeating the whole social body, as the subtle infection of a plague permeates the atmosphere of a stricken region, contributing largely to the sting of heredity, producing prenatal and post-natal conditions which darken the soul while it is yet in the bud, and subtly erasing the lines of demarcation between honor and dishonor, virtue and vice, simple naturalism and unhealthy artificiality, in the seething maelstrom of life.

One of the most impressive lessons of history, and one which humanity blinded by selfishness is slowest to learn, is found in the proposition that where extreme wealth exists side by side with extreme poverty, the one being concentrated and the other diffused, we have a condition in which immorality becomes rank in growth, unmanageable in proportions and so general in the spread of its subtle poison throughout society, that the very ideals of right and wrong, justice and injustice, morality and vice, are transferred to artificial foundations, governed by political rank, social station, and above all by the possession of wealth. Such was precisely the condition in ancient Rome when Seneca penned this startling picture of the society in which he lived: —

All things are full of iniquity and vice. We struggle in a huge contest of criminality. Daily the passion for sin is greater and the shame

in committing it less. Wickedness is no longer committed in secret; it flaunts itself before our eyes and has been set forth so openly into public sight, has prevailed so completely in the hearts of the people, that innocence is not rare, but non-existent.

These words, it must be remembered, were written when Rome was given over to sensuality under the most depraved of her emperors, *when the ennui of the rich was only eclipsed by the wretchedness of the poor.*

While such a state does not prevail as yet with us, no thoughtful, unprejudiced investigator of present-day conditions can escape the conclusion that the extremes in wealth and poverty, growing more and more alarming with each succeeding year, are exerting a deadly influence upon the virtue of our people. It is not necessary to go to the London revealed by Mr. Stead to find confirmation of this fact. The fruits of unjust social conditions are very marked in the licentiousness at the zenith and the immorality at the nadir of society in the New World as well as throughout Europe. And what is more, every month that these conditions remain, the outlook for sturdy morality becomes more hopeless; for the reason that the foundations of right and wrong having been transferred from justice and purity to those of wealth or necessity, life is polluted from its inception to its exit from the world.

Few persons realize how much unjust social conditions have to do with social purity. The slothful dilettanteism, the vicious epicurianism and the subserviency to wealth, of our time hold in their fatal grasp so many time-serving clergymen, teachers and editors, that at times one almost despairs when contemplating the extensive ramifications of soulless conventionalism. The servants of commercial feudalism, when confronted by facts relating to unjust conditions, at first deny them; next they try to explain them away; lastly they apologize for them, while they add insult to injury by gravely admonishing the unfortunates who have fallen under the wheel that their fate would have been different if they had pursued other courses; as if the slave of conditions and poverty was all-wise and all-powerful.

At the present time I wish to notice how unjust social conditions are working an incalculable evil to society by lowering the standard of morals and driving maidens to sacrifice virginity or starve. Miss Alice S. Woodbridge of New York, who has accomplished much good by her persistent efforts in behalf of the working woman, makes the following statement in regard to conditions in New York, which should appeal to all thinking people: —

The wages paid to women average between four and four and one-half dollars per week, and are often reduced by unreasonable and excessive fines. The little cash girls do not average two dollars a week. In

one large house the average wages for saleswomen and cash girls is two dollars and forty cents a week. In many fashionable houses the saleswomen are not allowed to leave the counter between the hours of 11 A. M. and 3 P. M., except for lunch, and if a saleswoman has a customer when the lunch hour arrives, she is obliged to remain and wait on the customer, and the time so consumed is deducted from lunch time.

If mistakes are made, they are charged to the saleswomen and cash girls. Generally, the goods are placed in a bin and slide down to the floor below. If a check is lost, the goods are charged to the saleswoman, though it may be the fault of the shipping clerk. In some stores the fines are divided between the superintendent and the time keeper. In one store where these fines amounted to three thousand dollars, the superintendent was heard to reproach the time keeper with not being strict enough. Men's wages are very low, but it seems that they cannot fall below the point where existence is possible. Women's wages, however, have no low limit, since the paths of shame are always open to them. Cases might be cited where frail, delicate women, unable to exist on the salaries they earn, are forced to crime or suicide. The story of Mrs. Henderson, who threw herself from the attic window of a lodging house some time ago, is the story of many another. There have been many such instances in the last two weeks. Mrs. Henderson could not live on the salaries offered her. She could live if she accepted the "propositions" of her employers. The hope of an easier life, the fear of death, and the natural clinging to life, turn many working women into the paths of shame.

We have opened the windows of woman's soul by teaching her to read, think and aspire. We have awakened in her a deathless thirst for knowledge; we have taught her to appreciate music and acting, and have pointed out the beauty of flower and tree; we have opened the highways of life to her, but have thrown around her few safeguards, while we have tolerated as respectable the sons of the rich and the employers of the poor who regard virginity as legitimate prey, and too frequently make the sacrifice of a girl's honor the price of her position. Extreme wealth overshadowing extreme poverty will be invariably accompanied by immorality at the zenith and vice at the nadir of society. And be it remembered that immorality acts precisely as an infectious disease. Its baleful curse will work downward and upward until it meets in the once sturdy middle class, and we see a nation like Rome in her awful degradation, an appalling, loathsome moral wreck. The hope of civilization lies in appealing to the convictions of men and women of conscience in such a way that the siren voice of conventional dilettanteism or the bogies regularly employed by political demagogues and charlatans will have no influence in turning them from the great work of social regeneration.

In discussing social problems, generalization fails to impress the mind with the force of special cases which are typical. When we see the fate of a particular individual, we are apt to think that possibly such a tragedy may come within the charmed circle of our home, if the conditions which produced it continue,

and this oftentimes arouses us more than the most impressive generalization of facts on a gigantic scale. Thus how many who read that there are between forty and fifty thousand women in New York City who are leading the lives of prostitutes pause long enough to appreciate the meaning of that startling record in all its bearings — the sum of misery experienced; the future which confronts this great army; the moral lepers who are supporting them, and at the same time bringing into the world tens of thousands of lives, children of lust, who, in turn, will in many cases be dowered with passions which will lead them to prey upon virginity or make them the easy victims of other children of lust. How many of us ever pause when reading the appalling generalizations of social conditions to consider the effect upon civilization to-day and upon the civilization of to-morrow implied in the revelations set forth.

When, however, we are brought face to face with special cases we seem better able to appreciate their real significance. And for this reason I wish to give some illustrations of typical cases which will show how maidens are being driven to ruin by present social conditions; for I believe that the hope of a brighter to-morrow lies in burning the horrible truths revealed by present-day tragedies into the brains of those who hitherto have been so thoroughly engrossed in the mad battle for wealth, that they have not paused long enough to hear the most profoundly touching cry that ever escaped from human lips — *the cry of a maiden for the protection of her honor*. The facts which I shall give are not pleasant to write. They have to do with tragedies in the truest sense of the word; but they are stories which must be told before a sleeping community will shake off its Stygian drowsiness and nerve itself to a conflict in which all the moral energies of society will be required to overpower an evil entrenched behind wealth and conventionalism, which are ever quick to discredit and to seek the destruction of all who demand radical or basic reformative measures.

On the fifth day of May, 1894, while at the Florence Crittenden Mission, I met Mrs. Stephen Matthews, national organizer of the British Temperance Association. She had recently returned from Chicago, and during our conversation she gave me the following story of the fall of a New England girl. The statements made by the unfortunate girl were found to be strictly true so far as Mrs. Matthews was able to verify them. I will give the story of this ruined life as related to me, condensing it as much as possible.

The girl, whom we will call Mary, had been a Sunday school worker in New England. She was a member of the King's Daughters' Association; a bright, attractive, proud-spirited and

somewhat headstrong girl. She was a wage-earner and had to depend entirely upon her own exertions for food, raiment, books and the little pleasures of life which are so much to joyous maidenhood. She conceived the idea of going to the World's Fair, obtaining a place in some shop, hotel or restaurant, and thus while earning her expenses being enabled to see the World's Fair. It seems her friends opposed the project, but she believed in her ability to make her way, and gain the wonderful fund of information to be gathered at the Fair. When she reached Chicago she found that thousands of other girls had come to the city with the same expectations that she had cherished, and it was only after a long search that she was able to secure a place, and then only at such wages as left her barely enough to subsist on.

She found a cheap room and patronized an eating house whose chief attraction was the comparatively low price charged. While here a young woman seemed to take an interest in her and the two often exchanged pleasant words. Indeed, this young woman was the only person who appeared to take time to consider the lonely and forlorn New England girl. As time passed by they became somewhat confidential, until one day Mary asked her friend how she made her living, and the girl replied that she was employed to secure girls for one of the most fashionable houses of ill repute in Chicago. Mary was dazed. A thrill of horror passed through her, and after that she avoided the young woman whenever possible. The employee of this house, however, did not at this time in any way seek to induce Mary to turn aside from the path of honest work. She was probably too shrewd a reader of character for that, or perhaps she saw that the moment had not come. Indeed, Mary had only been able to wring a confession of the nature of her business from the young woman in strict confidence.

The weary weeks wore on and the World's Fair closed. Mary had not been able to save anything to speak of, and the little she had saved was soon reduced to almost nothing. She tried in every way possible to obtain work, even expending a portion of her little store in advertising. She walked the streets searching for a place, but Chicago was full. More than once her face burned at the insulting propositions made to the homeless little girl. Her friends at home were poor and they had opposed her going West. There was no one with whom she felt on sufficiently intimate terms to ask for aid or who could raise the money necessary to take her back to New England. And still the weary days went by. Each morning found her hoping and seeking, each night tired and despairing. For more than a week before Thanksgiving Day she lived on one meal a day, which

cost twelve cents. On Thanksgiving Day her last twelve cents was spent. Her landlady had been good to her, but she told her she must find another room, as she could not afford to lodge her longer.

All this time her nervous system had been giving way. The notice that she must leave and the lack of money for food overpowered the girl; she was in a state verging on hysteria. She decided to go to the river. Other girls had done so before her, and it seemed the only place for her. Still the natural buoyancy of young life and the horror of the cold water, together with the fear of punishment after death for self-destruction, harassed her soul. She had, however, determined that it was the only course left to her, when she met the young woman of whom I have already spoken.

"Why, Mary, what is the matter? You look ill."

"I am ill," muttered the poor child. And then she poured out the whole story of her struggles to this woman who had made a confidant of her on a former occasion, and who had always treated her kindly.

"Now Mary, don't be a fool," said her companion, "come with me to ———. There, in a week, you can make over a hundred dollars, and then you can go home and no one will be the wiser. ——— will charge you twenty-five dollars a week for board and take it out of what you make."

"Is that true, and can I leave in a week?" asked the girl, clinging as a drowning man to a straw.

"Why, yes, but don't say anything to ——— about leaving so soon, as she might not take you. It is better than the river, Mary."

The girl faltered. The horror of such a life even for a night overpowered her. Still, she had been taught that if she committed suicide she would be lost; she might live and atone for her sin if she went to this place. The woman urged, and Mary at last consented. They reached the palatial home of shame at supper time and Mary was ushered into a parlor luxuriously furnished. She met the madam, who treated her with great deference, giving her a beautiful room and escorting her to the dining room, where a vision of plenty met her gaze. The table was laden with tempting viands, and the girl was starving. The other girls treated her kindly, but she almost choked as she tried to eat her supper, and had the pangs of hunger been less poignant she would not have been able to eat. And yet in a sense this seemed a haven of rest to this girl even while she loathed the place and herself; for she had suffered so much and had stood on the brink of the suicide's grave. After supper the proprietress took her to her room, explaining that her clothes were not fit for

her to appear in downstairs. She also wished her to have a good night's sleep.

In the morning a book was brought her to sign. In this she agreed to let the proprietress keep twenty-five dollars a week board, and also to retain the price of her clothing from what she earned. Here Mary hesitated, but the madam, who had showered kindness upon her, assured her that her face and form would make her fortune in a little while, and intimated that it would be madness to go back. She yielded and went to the dressmaking and furnishing department of this brothel, which is said to be one of the most magnificent in the West. She was measured for clothing such as is worn by these poor slaves of masculine lust — rich goods, silk underwear, everything of the best. Mary's heart sank within her, and one of the girls said: "Take something to drink, Mary, it will make you feel like another person. You need something to put heart and life into you." She drank some wine, and the bridge was crossed.

Still she loathed her life and loathed herself, even while in the hope of flying from the accursed spot, she acted with something of the reckless abandon which was expected and desired, that she might get the necessary means for flight. When the week ended she called for a settlement. She found that though she had something over a hundred dollars to her credit she was more than a hundred dollars in debt for clothing and board. This filled her with rage, but she felt helpless. She drank to drown her sense of shame, and hoping by the next Saturday to have something more than debts to show for the horrible degradation to which she had submitted, she entered another week of soul-debauching life, at the end of which she was again confronted by debt, as when under the influence of liquor the madam had forced some additional clothing on her on the pretence that her present clothing was too soiled for her to wear. The madam also threatened to have her arrested, if she left, for the money she owed.

One day a man who seemed to have some heart came to the house. To him Mary told her story, and he appeared inclined to help her. An officer in the Young Men's Christian Association received a message the next day, giving the story as related by Mary. The fact that a King's Daughter was imprisoned in a brothel, and that she was vainly trying to get away, was sufficient for this noble-hearted man; he exhibited superb courage by going at once to the brothel and calling for Mary (using the name she had assumed on entering her life of shame) and from her lips he heard the story of her fearful fate. She implored him to save her. He promised to do so, but when he left, the cashier at the door scowled upon him. He did not know why.

It was because he had not purchased any wine. The next day he brought a carriage to within a square of the place. From thence he walked to the house, and asked if Mary might not take a little walk with him. There was some hesitation, but some one suggested that he might make a good customer if he were not offended, so Mary was permitted to go. They went out together and drove direct to the "Anchorage"; and there it was that Mrs. Matthews learned from the girl's lips the story which I have given above, and which as I have observed, so far as Mrs. Matthews was able to find out, was strictly true. But what a commentary on civilization, when a girl must sell her body before she can find an "Anchorage"!

Here is another tragic tale. The facts were brought to light early in October, 1894, on the death of the poor girl who latterly was known as Eva Garland. This young woman five years earlier left her farm home near a well-known New England town to try her fortune in Boston. She had been a great reader, and the life in the old home had grown monotonous. She found work in a dry goods store, but the pay she received was too small to enable her to live comfortably or dress decently. She often suffered hunger. She possessed a pretty face and beautiful eyes. After hunger came temptation, offered by her companions. For a while she bravely withstood all the alluring pictures presented. She had ambition. She wanted to succeed and become an honored wife, but her ambition and hopes did not put food in her stomach and clothes on her shivering body. Finally she yielded to temptation; later her life became quite fast; five years from the time this beautiful, bright-eyed girl reached Boston, buoyant with hope, and with a strong, courageous heart, she was a corpse — she had added one more to the army of maidens yearly sacrificed to the modern Moloch.

About a year ago a lady physician, when discussing the struggles of poor girls, said to me: "Two girls were at my office last night. They room together, and one had a severe cough for which she wanted treatment. It was not their first visit, and I felt impelled to question the invalid, as I feared she was living a life which would render any hope of a cure illusive, if indeed a cure was to be desired. At length the girl broke down, and in a burst of confidence told me the story of her life. She had secured a position in a large store. Her salary was too low to admit of her paying board and dressing as neatly as the floor walker wished the girls in this store to dress." (I think this girl also tried to send home a small pittance to an invalid parent in the country, but I am not positive on this point.) "One day the floor walker said, 'You must dress better or you will have to leave.' She replied she could not dress any better on the wages

she was receiving. He then said, 'I can introduce you to a young man who will see that you are well clothed. But if you stay here you must dress better.'" It was a long story of struggle for virtue and life, but at last the girl succumbed. The young man ruined her, as he had ruined the girl who was her roommate at the time of her visit to the physician.

It is exceedingly difficult to obtain the facts regarding the traffic in girls carried on in the business world, for the obvious reason that, save as they are revealed in confidence, or are told to physicians, they are carefully covered up by the victims as well as by the human hyenas who prey upon the necessity of the unfortunate. In the chapter on "The Relation of Wages to Morals," in "White Slaves of Boston," Rev. Louis Albert Banks says: —

During this past week a thoroughly respectable young married woman, whose evidence is indisputable, and who, prior to her marriage, had worked for several years as a saleswoman in the Boston stores, told me that at one time her employer told her that, on account of the dull season, he would have to discharge her, but that he would give her a good recommendation, and if she would take it to another prominent dry-goods house, which he named, he thought she would at once secure employment. She took the letter of commendation, and went as directed. The employing agent of the firm to which she was sent asked her how much salary she had been receiving, and she answered, "Five dollars a week." He replied, "I cannot pay you that much, I can only give you three dollars a week"; to which she answered, "I can hardly live on what I have now, and I could not possibly live on three dollars a week." He replied, with an insulting and meaning smile, "You would have to depend on the outside friend for that." She looked him in the eye, and said, "I want to earn an honest living, and I don't want any outside friend," and at that walked away. She told her employer of her reception; and he said he did not intend to discharge her, but had heard that this firm was in the habit of doing this sort of thing, and was determined to find out if it were true.

I received a letter from a gentleman in Conway, N. H., this week, who writes: "Can you not take up the question of the girls in the big stores? I have just heard a well-authenticated account of a man high in authority in one of the largest stores, suggesting the way to ruin to a young girl from the country, who said, when she learned what her wages were to be, that they would not be sufficient to give her a bare support. This not only shows the attitude of these wealthy merchants to the souls of their working girls, but it shows that they are conscious of their attitude, and have deliberately chosen to take it." I am told, upon undoubtedly credible testimony, that another young woman who came to Boston from the country, and sought work in several stores, was so outraged at the vile suggestions which were made to her about means of adding to her salary, that she went back to the house of her friend — a lady of as high standing as any in the city — and cried and sobbed all night long. She said she would beg or starve before she would submit herself to such outrage again.

It is impossible to turn these incidents aside as exaggerations. They are horrible, I know; but the most horrible thing about them is, that they are true.

The millionnaire merchants, who have mercilessly driven scores upon scores of smaller shop keepers to the wall, by underselling them, and who, under one roof, reap the profits of a dozen departments which a few years ago gave support to scores of merchants and their employees, have a fearful responsibilty on their souls. Insane with lust for gold they are reaping millions by their pay-as-little-as-possible policy, which is forcing many maidens to sacrifice their virtue, especially when the poor little workers are compelled to support others; as for example in the following instance given by Mr. Stead in "If Christ Came to Chicago": —

"I lived at home," said a girl in a house of ill fame, "and had a mother and a sister to support on five dollars a week. One time, however, my mother got ill and I could not get the necessary medicine for her. Then some young man whom I knew in the street and who came quite frequently to my counter to buy goods, offered me a good deal of money if I would go with him to an assignation house. I wanted the money for my mother and so I went. Having gone once I went again until I gradually drifted into a house of prostitution."

Here is a typical tragedy of the common life, related by Charlton Edholm in "Traffic in Girls." Annie Gray was a girl of more than ordinary beauty, who before she had finished her common school education was forced to earn bread for herself, her mother and her younger brothers and sisters. Her father was a drunkard.

She applied for a position in a great store owned by a millionnaire, who was also a Christian — I beg pardon, a church member — *who occupied the highest-priced pew and paid largely to foreign and home missions.* She secured the place, but when told that the wages would be only four dollars per week, she said, "But I can hardly pay my board on that. What shall I do for my clothes?" "Oh, some friend will provide those for you; you are a good-looking girl," and the leer that accompanied the words showed that he was willing to be the friend.*

The rest may easily be imagined. The millionnaire merchant, however, did not personally compass her ruin; that was brought about by one of the clerks who pretended to be deeply in love with the beautiful girl. Annie, little confiding Annie, ignorant of the wiles of men or the ways of the world, believed the protestations of this young man. He insisted on aiding her in the support of her mother and the little ones who at that time sorely needed help. Next he wished his sweetheart to dress well and provided her with money for pretty dresses. Thus she became obligated to her lover, who took her to restaurants for supper, and occasionally to places of amusement. One night, when they were eating at a restaurant, he drugged her coffee, and "she awoke a pariah."

Edgar Fawcett, in his powerful story, "The Evil that Men

* "Traffic in Girls," by Charlton Edholm, p. 150.

Do," vividly portrays the manner in which a poor girl, cursed by a beautiful face, was hounded from pillar to post, in shop, in sewing room, in a private family; everywhere this poor child went she was pursued. And here is an appeal published some time since in the New York *World*. The writer, the editor of that daily observed, was a young man who had lost his position, on account of protracted sickness, and who found it impossible to protect and aid the young girl who was the object of his attachment. This is the cry for help sent in by the young man: —

> In the interests of humanity I beg you will find space for this appeal — an appeal for protection for a young girl struggling against heavy odds in the battle of life — an appeal for some one to show her that vice is not always triumphant over virtue; for some one to prove that it is not always necessary for a penniless girl to sacrifice purity and honor to gain a livelihood in this "modern Babylon."
>
> I seek only the protection of some Christian family or home for one who will not be a burden, for one whose own life has become burdensome to herself from the continual persecutions she has had to resist even in private houses and other places where her lot has been cast while striving to earn a living, and who even now is in daily peril of contamination under circumstances where the word of a defenceless girl would be powerless against the machinations of conscienceless fiends. What mother will stretch out her hand to save this unprotected daughter, not for charity's but for mercy's sake?

The editorial in the *World*, commenting on this appeal, says: —

> It is a cry of distress from one of the humble orders of life, and is the more moving and instructive because such cries are usually suppressed by the conditions which cause them. There are doubtless thousands of similar cases — of young girls driven by the stress of poverty to hold perilous positions and to continually expose themselves to repeated temptations of their remorseless employers. It is small wonder that under the prolonged strain, subjected to all forms of enticement and even intimidation, human nature often wearies of the protracted efforts of resistance, and the victim falls at last a prey to the crafts and assaults of a treacherous sensuality.

Some girls prefer death to loss of honor, and after bravely battling until the body becomes emaciated, the mind wearied and the nervous system shattered, seek oblivion in suicide. Such was the choice of little Jessie Adamson, who took her life in New York some time ago. She was a brave little soul, and had worked her way into a fairly good position in a store in New York. But one day she fainted at her desk and was carried to her lodging house. A long illness followed. When she recovered her little savings were all gone and her position was occupied by another. She searched vainly for work. Footsore, heartbroken, hungry and cold, she at last gave up the struggle, took poison and died. It was a most pathetic case, but the money-mad world soon forgot it.

Nor are the terrible temptations and struggles of maidenhood

confined to those in the humbler walks of life. I have known cases, and have had others brought to my attention, where young ladies, upon whom parents had spent almost all their resources to give them fine professional educations, ladies of superior ability, of fine culture and great refinement, have gone forth to secure positions which they were eminently capable of filling most creditably, only to meet with gross insults from base and sensual-minded men. Neither culture, refinement nor superior talent, developed by long years of patient, unremitting toil, protected them from the revolting insults of the moral lepers to whom they appealed for positions. Had they been rich their treatment would have been far different. Virtue, if poor, is no longer her own protector.

In this paper it will be observed that I have not touched in a direct way upon the demoralizing effects of unjust social conditions as revealed among the very rich, a large proportion of whom have acquired vast fortunes through special privileges, speculation and unearned increment. Nor have I touched upon the appalling spectacles of moral obliquity which I have witnessed time and again in the slums of Boston, where great numbers are compelled to live huddled together in squalor and misery. I have merely endeavored to give a glimpse of some of the consequences resulting primarily from unjust social conditions, as seen in one stratum of life, between the froth and the dregs of society.

The illustrations I have cited are as typical as they are tragic. They constitute in themselves a terrible item in the indictment of modern civilization; and were I the pessimist which some of my easy-going, *dilettante* critics seem to imagine me to be, I should remain silent, saying, as do so many, No good can come from thus relating tragedies as terrible as any woven from the thought world of an Æschylus or a Shakespeare. But I am an optimist; I believe a better dawn will come; I believe it is in the power of every man and woman to hasten that holier and juster time. I believe that in so far as you and I heed the voice of slothful conventionalism and remain silent, we are culpable before the bar of eternity. I believe that the conscience of the people can be awakened, and I cite these few typical tragedies, out of thousands which might be placed in evidence, for the purpose of forcing home to the minds of men and women of conviction a terrible fact, which must be faced. The sacrifice of maidens on the altar of the modern Moloch will continue until radical social or economic changes are brought about. It is idle to talk of palliatives as ultimates, or charity as a solution for present-day conditions. The mask of selfishness must be torn from the soul of man, that the sleeping conscience may awaken.

Two words blaze in the intellectual heaven of the present — KNOWLEDGE and JUSTICE. They are the beacons of civilization, pointing to a better day. Sow the mind of man with facts; make the landlord and the bread winner see that the increased value which *society creates* in property properly belongs to society; make every man, woman and child understand that class legislation which enables a favored few to become immensely rich at the expense of the millions *is robbery by government*, and if persisted in will in time change any republic into an oligarchy, wherein the despotism of capital will rule through pliant tools in the law-making and executive branches of government, aided by minions robed in ermine.

We must compel the wealth producers of America to see that the lotteries and the gambling of the race course, while essentially evil, are mere kindergarten affairs when compared with Wall Street, where a group of skilled speculators holding control of a certain stock may map out the plan of a campaign of plunder, and, after deliberately deceiving the public by false reports, proceed to play their game with loaded dice. The conscience of civilization must be made to feel that Wall Street is a cancer on the body of productive life. We must point out to the people the vital fact that *unearned increment*, *special privileges* and *gambling*, are essentially immoral in character and effect, *transferring as they do the rightful earnings of the wealth producers to the pockets of the parasites who prey upon society.* The incarnation of injustice found in this unholy trinity, like all manifestations of triumphant selfishness, poisons society throughout all its ramifications.

The immorality and degradation of rapid life among the mushroom aristocracy is matched by the grosser manifestations of immorality in the social cellar, while the great middle classes absorb the contagion from above and below. The dulling of moral sensibilities goes on with appalling rapidity; the line of demarcation between right and wrong grows less discernible; the commission of unholy deeds concerns men less than the fear of being detected; the high moral teaching of Jesus, that the thought which prompts the wrong deed is evil, is forgotten, while the growing dependence of the wealth producers upon the wealth acquirers, places maidenhood, as we have seen, at a terrible disadvantage in the struggle for life.

A clear comprehension of these facts on the part of the people is imperative. *Knowledge* is needed, that men may cease to be duped by hirelings and demagogues — that industry may cease to be the slave of cunning; this is the John the Baptist which must precede the reign of justice. Once let the people understand how morality and happiness hinge on just conditions, and

the dawn will be seen stealing over the brow of saddened humanity, for then the sleeping conscience of civilization will have been awakened by the voice of reason.

The dawn is coming, O friends of humanity! For ages man has been slowly rising; the future is with the servants of justice; they fight in a winning cause; but the work of hastening the glad day is the duty of every man, woman and child who loves, hopes and aspires. We cannot evade our responsibility. The cause of morality, growth, progress and human happiness, calls for the consecration of hand, heart and brain.

To every man and woman of conviction, who feels with those who suffer and who is appalled at the sight of struggling virtue in the arms of gilded sensuality, comes this lofty appeal from one of the greatest prophets of the people who has spoken in modern times*: —

> Courage! Let us consecrate ourselves. The task of doing one's duty is worth undertaking. Truth, honesty, the instruction of the masses, human liberty, manly virtue, conscience, are not things to disdain. Indignation and compassion for the mournful slavery of man are but two sides of the same faculty. Those who are capable of wrath are capable of love. To level the tyrant and the slave — what a magnificent endeavor! Now the whole of one side of actual society is tyrant, the other side is slave. A grim settlement is impending, and it will be accomplished. All thinkers must work with that end in view.

* Victor Hugo, in his work on Shakespeare.

GAMBLING AND SPECULATION: A SYMPOSIUM.

I. Gambling, or Theft by Indirection, by Rev. C. H. Hamlin.

Criticism of gambling provokes the inquiry, why gambling is wrong. The best short answer is the remark of Mirabeau, "There are but three ways that I know of to get money, earning, begging or stealing, so-called or not so-called," and gambling is not earning or begging. More particularly it is objected that it is as right to risk money upon the speed of horses as upon the hope of a rise in real estate. Possibly there is more risk in the horses, but either way there is risk, and does the legitimacy of a transaction depend upon the size of the risk involved? It certainly may do so. A borrower of ten per cent upon his capital would be thought honest, as surely as he who borrowed twenty times his capital would be deemed knavish. In such a case the moral difference depends wholly upon the size of the risk. The risks inseparable from real work, from moving the crops and the manufacture of raw material, are right, but a risk which is all risk and no work is gambling. This is the principle which underlies the law of Massachusetts, which enforces all contracts which contemplate an actual exchange of stocks, but denies legal validity to all alleged contracts which do not involve actual values. Risks which do real work are legal, but a risk which is only risk, is illegal, because it puts the ability of men to pay their debts and support themselves and their families to needless hazard. The whole can be summed in the sentence, Necessary hazard is as right as needless hazard is wicked.

Human experience confirms this position, "By their fruits ye shall know them." The evil in the soul tends to be marked by a corresponding evil in the flesh. Gambling habits tend to physical degeneration. A high medical authority writes: "The man who, after being engaged in business all day, sits down regularly at night to play rubbers on rubbers, to stake heavily on his games, to bet on his odd tricks, never, I believe, escapes the effects of (organic) nervous shock. Some of the worst forms of such shock I have ever seen have sprung from this cause." The habitual excessive excitement produces organic changes until gambling becomes as imperious an appetite as alcoholism. Then it destroys individual manhood.

Gambling attempts the integrity of legislatures. When New

York passed the Ives Pool Bill legalizing pool selling upon the grounds of enclosed tracks, it was because the moral reformers of the state had the support, doubtless unsolicited, of Mr. Richard Croker's famous telegram, "All our men must vote for it." The Ives Pool Bill gave the race tracks a monopoly of legalized gambling in the state of New York. It was worth money to horsemen. The following summer Mr. Croker went upon the turf for the first season, and netted in stakes and prizes $92,405. If turfmen took care of him, then that sum represents what went to Mr. Croker for influencing legislation. In the same year in which New York legalized gambling upon race tracks, the legislature of New Jersey did the same, for the alleged sum of $150,000. Only last winter the legislature of Rhode Island legalized gambling upon race tracks, and so lately as the session of '91 the same privilege was requested from the legislature of Massachusetts, but was defeated by the agent of the New England Watch and Ward Society, who with the help of a single minister appeared before the committees to which it was referred and defeated the scheme.

When the law is against them the gamblers try to prevent an appeal to public opinion and to secure the police. If the silence of journalists and the inaction of the local authorities are not always purchased, it is because they are incorruptible, and never because the gamblers are not willing to pay good money for journalistic silence and police "protection."

Of all the varied types of gambling doubtless the most colossal is that of the great stock exchanges, and the success of every rich man's corner is apt to be followed by the dishonesty or suicide, or both, of some of his victims. The evil grows by its success, and seems to aim at succeeding the endowment orders and bond societies of unblest memory in the absorption of humble savings. Circulars permeate the rural districts, with demonstrations, plausible as Euclid, to show the honesty and good hope of speculating upon a margin of three per cent. There is a difficulty in distinguishing legally between "futures" that are legitimate and other "futures" that are illegitimate, in framing a law which shall quell the bucket shop, and allow the manufacturer to borrow upon the security of orders which will require his whole output for months to come, and the farmer to contract in the spring to deliver potatoes to the starch factory in the autumn. All that can be applied at present is the principle already mentioned, which accounts transactions illegal which contemplate no exchange of real values.

When we pass from the stock gambling there remains what the *Century Magazine* calls "the allied gambling industries"—the city pool room, the lottery and the gambling race tracks—

called allied, to emphasize the ease with which men pass from one to another of these forms of gambling. Men do not usually begin to gamble in stocks; the stake required there is too high. Gambling, say the experts, endangers the public in proportion to the smallness of the risks invited, and this evil preëminence undoubtedly belongs to "policy," in which the smallest risk is one cent. In order to give some idea of the extent of the patronage of gambling dens, it may be worth while to state that the officers of the Watch and Ward Society saw seven hundred ten persons enter a pool room in the city of Boston on a day by no means the most favorable to the business.

We pass from city pool rooms and policy to the next of the allied gambling industries, the lottery. It is not many years since the most reliable estimates obtainable indicated that the Louisiana Lottery drew from Boston and vicinity every year about $2,500,000.

The third of the allied gambling industries is "playing the races," and at the present time it seems to thrive by the opposition which has been focused in Eastern Massachusetts upon the city pool rooms and the lottery. More attention than it has ever yet received should be given to the mobility of gambling capital. It is not always easy for a merchant to realize upon his stock, or for a manufacturer to turn his plant into cash. The gambler, however, deals in money. All he needs for removal is a pocket for his draft, and a grip for his tickets. No other so well as he lives up to the apostolic injunction, "When they persecute you in one city flee ye to another." The conservation of force, by which all the force that is not motion is found to be heat or electricity, has its perfect parallel in him. The energy which he does not put into one of these forms of gambling he reserves for the others.

Now that lottery and policy are more difficult the gambler resorts by preference to those race tracks which have not yet been closed to pools, by what he fluently and sometimes brilliantly denounces as hypocrisy and squeamishness. His activity is intensified as his area decreases. Perhaps the most notable result yet reached by the growing strictness against lottery and policy in Eastern Massachusetts has been a development of racing hitherto unparalleled in that quarter. It has been assisted, doubtless, by the closure of Connecticut and New Jersey to the "fraternity," and will be furthered yet more by the *status* of New York state under the new constitutional amendment against gambling. The gambling is so essential to the racing that the races are practically dependent upon it. Managers of race tracks receive so much money from the gambling privileges, that the gambling tracks can and do offer inducements which practically

exclude clean tracks from the competition. Nor are the premiums, large as they are, accounted enough to warrant the heavy expense of training horses for races. The owners must rely, so they say, upon the pool box for a certainty, and whenever the pool box is a certainty the race has been fixed. Here we have well-to-do owners of tracks and horses paying for their amusement not out of their own pockets honestly, but out of gamblers' profits, and that even not out of straight gambling but out of "fixed" races. The stock of racing associations is not "watered" but "blooded" with the blood of the "lambs."

Scientific and impartial testimony can be quoted to the value of races in the development of the horse; but if the improvement of the horse can only proceed by the degradation of men, then how much is a man better than a horse. If we cannot suppress all gambling, is it too much to expect that we can prevent racing associations from partaking in the revenues of crooked gambling? If it is said that the usual fine upon pool sellers, $100 for an offence, is inadequate to suppress transactions whose profits are probably thousands, and that the law as usually applied operates to license what the statute clearly intends to suppress, it can be answered that resolute officers in Springfield and Worcester have stopped pool selling, and that an arrest near Fitchburg caused the pool seller's shed to be torn down and the lumber otherwise applied. If in the Connecticut Valley and Worcester County governments govern, it will be an interesting question why they fail to govern within a radius of ten miles of the gilded dome, if fail they do, in the coming season.

II. Methods and Devices, by Harry C. Vrooman.

There is a popular saying that there are but three ways to acquire wealth — (1) earning it, (2) receiving it as a gift, (3) stealing it. While this classification may lack specificness without a lengthy definition of terms, yet it is very suggestive of the ethical qualities of various business methods. The general consensus of the moral elements of society would class gambling as a refinement of theft; and yet there seems to be no clear-cut line between gambling and legitimate business. Laurence Gronlund says that the essence of the crime of gambling lies in the fact that it is *unsocial* — it does not consider the other's interest. We can readily see that this is the ethical quality of theft. It takes without giving an equivalent; it ignores reciprocity and social uses; it is strength robbing weakness in some form, even though it be but the strength of knowing a trick of cards. In order to understand the various features of the gambling evil and their relation to each other, we have but to study some

specific forms found in nearly every city. The details differ in the various cities, but the leading features remain the same in all. I base my remarks on gambling as found chiefly in the city of Chicago, where under the tutelage of an experienced member of the fraternity, who from years of inside experience knew every turn and trick of the craft, I investigated the haunts and the mysteries of the goddess of chance.

Some of the simplest forms of gambling — including the numerous manipulations of cards, dice and wheels of fortune are, in consequence of the recent action of the Civic Federation and grand jury of Chicago, not running brazenly open to the public. These forms of gambling which most seriously offend the Puritan conscience are only carried on secretly or as they can secure immunity from police interference through bribes or political power. One instance occurring in Chicago a few months ago illustrates what happens in very many cities. Information regarding the location and operation of a large gambling establishment was telegraphed to police headquarters in cipher. Within a few hours the gambling establishment had received word of an intended police raid — and when the police came, a little later, the evidences of actual gambling had been removed. It seems impossible that the information to the gamblers could have come by any other avenue than through the police department itself. This instance, with hundreds of incidents pointing the same way, indicates to the mind of the average citizen that other cities than New York have their police department controlled by organized crime. This side of the evil influence of the vice must appeal to the social and political reformer. It can never be cured by training the individual in personal ethics or caution.

The consideration of the ethical quality will be postponed until we review the gambling elements in business. The *animus* of gaming is all told in a single statement made to the writer by a man whose whole life is identified with this profession. He says that not a game of cards is played in a regular gaming house, in which the game is not expected to be won by some trick. Gamblers never play fair. It is, to use his words, "dog eat dog." Legitimate skill and fair chance have but an unimportant part in the game played by professionals. It is war to beat. It is competition to gain the point. It is in gambling as Senator Ingalls said it is in politics — "The purpose is to defeat the antagonist." Any and all means that accomplish this end are considered legitimate. It is born of a lust for gold and for excitement. The feverish, restless spirit of our time is easily adapted to the sporting world, and its victims, once tasting the excitement of the game, are possessed with it as by a very mania.

It is a passion that takes hold on the life with an all-absorbing intensity, and seems at last be as much a nerve disease as the drink or the morphine habit — which are not infrequently linked with it.

To one not familiar with this evil, it is surprising how many devices are in use to accommodate every class of mind and every size of purse. Not to mention the raffles and chances at church fairs, where under the most sacred auspices is fed the passion for gaining something for nothing, we see provision made for feeding this passion through every grade of respectability and unrespectability. There is a very popular device coming much into use of late called "a nickel in the slot." It consists of a contrivance into which a nickel is dropped, and in case the nickel touches a certain spring it throws out a little shelf containing a handful of nickels. The shelves containing the prize handfuls are in sight under a glass cover, to encourage the player. Some of the machines are large and gorgeous, with the money shelves arranged in a circle which revolves like a wheel of fortune. This contrivance is within reach of the boys, and initiates them into a taste for "trying their luck." It requires but five cents, and there is a chance of winning over a dollar. These machines are most common in saloons, but are not infrequently found in candy stores near schools, where the boys crowd at noontime to take their initial lesson in gambling. Of course, as in every public device of gambling, in which the individual plays against the management of the concern, the game is loaded against them. The device would never exist twenty-four hours except to win money for the management, and the immense profits of the gambling establishments of every sort show how universally the game is, "Heads I win — tails you lose." Perhaps one third of the nickels will be returned as prizes. The remaining two thirds are the winnings of the machine. It is very similar in the nature of its chances to a lottery, where it must be understood that only about half of what goes in comes out. It is vain to warn one possessed of the mania for gambling, never to bet on a man's own game — for the larger proportion of gambling is simply betting in this way.

Another interesting device that requires but a small sum to invest in is called "shooting craps." It is played on a semi-circular table with dice. The point of the game is in certain relations of the dice points to numbers on the board. It seems very trite to describe it, but when money is staked on it it develops into an exciting game. It is a favorite with those with very short purses, especially the negroes. It is a most striking spectacle to see hundreds of negroes gathered in one of these dens awaiting their turn to lose their money, making the night

merry with their characteristic grimaces and striking sayings. At one of the dens in Chicago one of the players as he took up the dice was heard to say, with mock solemnity, "Our Lord in heaven, send us either sevens or elevens" (winning numbers).

Horse racing furnishes a very popular method of gambling on a larger scale. For those who cannot go to the tracks and do their betting there, there are popular resorts, known as "pool rooms," where "the odds" are posted and bets taken just as at the track. The popular name "pool," is a survival from the old French mutual pool system, still in vogue in some places in the South. It is very similar to a "blind pool." That is, each player put in a certain sum against some other player, and the book maker or manager acted merely as a commission agent. The old process was too slow for the ambitious American, and the method now in vogue gives the book maker one side in every play, and is usually so arranged as to give sixty per cent odds in his favor. The "book maker" is the manager of the pool room. He makes a schedule of the horses running and an estimate of the proportion of chances in favor of each, based on the horse's record, the weather, the jockey, etc. This schedule "the book" — most commonly called "the odds" — is posted in the "pool room" twenty minutes before the race occurs, and the betting continues until the telegraph announces, "They're off." The race may occur in New Orleans and the playing in Chicago. The telegraph enables the playing to proceed the same as at the race track.

The betting by the individuals is called "playing the races." The book maker plays against the public. Of course he must be a shrewd, experienced horse man. He arranges the odds on the basis of the patrons playing on a variety of the horses and balances his risks by their variety. The following is an illustration of "the odds": —

Gallop 7-5. Theodore 3-2. Baby Bill 8.

This means that the book maker will stake seven dollars against five dollars on Gallop, three dollars against two dollars on Theodore, and eight dollars against one dollar on Baby Bill. The option is open for the player to take any horse he wishes. The book maker must either know public sentiment in regard to what bets will probably be taken, or he must start rumors afloat to create a sentiment that will turn bets to his advantage. He arranges what is theoretically a balance of chances, giving the patron the option to bet on either horse, and he takes the "field" — that is, the combined chances of all the other horses.

And here is revealed the depth of iniquity of the system. The basest deception is used to create sentiment in favor of the poorest chances. If the races were run with absolute honesty, a

good judge of horses could have a chance to win by his knowledge. But there is scarcely a race that can be trusted to be fairly run. It is intrigue and fraud from beginning to end. To win money is the purpose, and anything that does it without detection is legitimate. It will be interesting to note a few of the methods of swindling connected with this enticement. Gamblers, like other people, very largely follow the crowd. The public opinion on a race is called, in track slang, "the talent." When "the talent" is of one opinion on a favorite horse, the sums staked on him will sometimes rise to a fabulous height. Suppose a case of ten thousand dollars staked on a fast horse that in a fair race is sure to win. Several hundred dollars given by the book maker may bribe the jockey or trainer of a poorer horse to give it whiskey or some powerful stimulant and make it win the race. In the phraseology of the track the ten thousand dollars is "burned up." In a case of this kind if any book maker is not in the secret he becomes a heavy loser. This is called "breaking the book maker."

Another method of "throwing a book maker down," is for the jockey to hold in the fast horse. Some female confederate of the jockey, trainer or owner, whom the book maker will not suspect, takes large bets for him, and thus makes a big haul. One method of checking a fast horse to make it lose the race is to tie a small silken thread around the hind ankle, which cuts the ankle, pulls the cords, and cramps the leg, making him do most of his running on three legs. This has been done so deftly as to defy detection by the best judges. Another method is for the jockey to carry an electric battery, with wires connected with his spurs. When the spurs strike the horse's sides he receives a severe electric shock through the stomach which demoralizes his running. This method was tried on the tracks at Madison, Ill. It is not often resorted to on account of the difficulty of hiding it, the jockey being weighed both just before and just after riding, and the least additional weight being discovered. Another method of slowing a fast horse is to fill him full of water just before the race, having previously fed him liberally on salt. Another trick is to take a fast horse, change his name, and in some way change his marks of identification, by bleaching him or otherwise, and entering him in a race as a "skate," that is, a slow goer. With him they take all the stakes. Canadian horsemen are chief offenders on this line.

It is remarkable how many women "play the races," and what an important function they fill in sustaining the system. A sporting man of thorough information on the subject informed the writer that women are the main support, directly and indirectly, of the race track business. Large numbers of women bet

and sink thousands of dollars annually on the track. They buy up the jockeys for money or special favors to trick the race in their favor. Sometimes it is a success, oftener not. When some one pays him more to trick the race the other way, the jockey accepts both bribes, and as a substitute for fulfilling hers, plays off some excuse and palaver well spiced up to the woman's taste, and promises to do better at the next race he rides. The women are most confiding gamblers, recklessly betting on any "tip" given by men they like, and losing their money on the wildest chances. The easy credulity of this class of bettors makes their ventures no surprise to the book makers, however wild they may seem. This enables them to lend themselves more easily to a conspiracy with the race track frauds, as they can take a large bet on a horse known to be slow without arousing suspicion.

A very large proportion of them are sporting women, but not all. The majority pose as widows. My informant, a man of long acquaintance with them, and intimate through daily contact with them in the chances on the races, gave it as his opinion that in the earlier part of their career, most of them were social outcasts only because they lacked opportunity to regain their financial and social standing. He claims that they are very responsive to better emotions. He cited an instance where at a gathering of these young women several were compelled to leave the room in tears when "Home, Sweet Home" was played on the piano. Those who are most devoted to the races are usually those whose male supporters are men connected with the track. There are, however, women there belonging to families of respectability and social position. I had pointed out to me in one of Chicago's popular pool rooms the wife of a prominent judge, the wife of an army officer of high rank and the wife of a wealthy stock broker. These women come from varying motives. Some who have had too little to do, finding nothing to enlist their affection and energies in this world of need and of hope, have been sent to this gambling by their physicians to relieve their *ennui* and its consequent dyspepsia and other ills. Some indulge only occasionally as a recreation, many seek it for its stimulating excitement, others have a speculative mind and deal in horses and races, and speculate "on 'change," the same as they do in real estate.

One striking feature of gamblers, especially of female gamblers, is their superstition. And here is seen one of the worst uses to which the recent developments of the psychic phenomena have been put. Very many gamblers, in Chicago, at least, particularly women, systematically consult mediums regarding their chances, and blindly follow all they are told. Sometimes they

win, and sometimes they do not. The women hold for the most part the same supernatural reverence for certain elements of the gambling machinery. For instance, "a yellow" — as the telegraph dispatches giving pointers on the races are called — in the hands of a horse man is looked upon as omnipotent authority. They believe anything they read on a telegram, and the horse men, knowing this, unmercifully rob them by manipulating bogus telegrams and leading them to bet on some "dead horse." The hired agents of the book maker who thus circulate false rumors and deceive the women and over-confiding men by means of their pretended private information, are called "touts." From "tips," or suggestions, received from such confidential sources, high hopes are aroused, the player goes and takes a "flyer" — that is, a rash chance — and usually loses. A "newspapered" horse is one similarly boomed for effect in the press. The usual bet of the women is ten dollars, but they often stake more, sometimes as much as five hundred dollars. It is said gamblers never go to the track to win, but to get even with former losses. It is strange, but it is said that the man who makes his first bet usually wins, which fact acts as a magnet to draw him towards future ruin.

Next to the horse racing ranks the "clock" or "tape game," the "bucket shop," the "open board" and the regular "board of trade," — thence on to the subtleties and refinements of general speculative business, such as booming cities to sell real estate, watering stock, manipulating railroads to buy cheap and sell dear, etc. The "clock game" and the "bucket shop" are based on the board of trade methods, only they are gambling pure and simple, never dealing in real commodities at all. The "clock game" is especially barren of any semblance to real business in that the prices quoted do not follow the market but are arbitrarily arranged by the management. There is a central office where a scale of prices is made up every day on fictitious mining stocks and sent out, with the legitimate prices of wheat and corn and the regular board of trade articles, to the various gambling rooms where the little tickers record on the tape the rise and fall in price. These figures are placed as fast as they come in on a vast blackboard on one side of the room, and the crowd buy and sell the artificial margins in regular "'change" style. Some of them do not even go through the form of pretending to receive by telegraph the regular market prices. The manager makes up a schedule of prices purely from his imagination, adapted to trap the gambling public. This is made on a roll of tape, is unwound right before the crowd and the prices of stocks are recorded on the blackboard. The buying or selling of margins goes on, based on the last recorded figure on the board, looking for gain to the chance of a higher or lower figure on the tape,

which had been written there the night before. Fictitious mining stocks are the favorite basis of "speculation" in these clock games. The writer saw one of these rooms in full blast at midday right across the street from the court house in Chicago. The window of the sheriff's office was directly opposite their front window. "Stocks and Bonds" was the sign on the window.

The "bucket shop" is similar to the above, except that the schedule of prices on which the gambling is based is supposed to follow the actual market as quoted in the board of trade. The "open board," as seen in Chicago, is a duplicate of the regular board of trade in form, but is an immense bucket shop in character. The marked difference between the board of trade and the bucket shop is that the speculations on the board of trade have to do with the actual market and heavy buying or selling there is supposed to influence the price of the commodities, while speculation in the bucket shop is gambling pure and simple on how the market is going to turn.

This gambling business is not without its apologies, and the most sacred and alluring facts of life are appealed to by the managers of the business to stir up trade and draw customers. It is invariably called "speculation," and all the ventures of legitimate business are used as a defense of their gambling. I have before me a little booklet, styled "Secrets of Success in Speculation," issued by one of Chicago's "bucket shops" styling itself a "stock exchange." It is an advertisement — an enticing statement of the profits to be gained by dealing "on 'change," particularly through their house. But any reference to losses is carefully omitted. It partakes of all the special flavor of a patent medicine almanac, with its wonderful statements of "before and after taking." Following the introduction it says: —

> Speculation — that magic wand of the commerce of all ages — at whose command cities, governments, and the greatest works of man have been built — that great lubricant of the wheels of commerce, which always has been, and always will be, where brain rises superior to brawn, fostered by hope and encouraged by *success*, is the subject of our "little book." Both sacred and profane history speak of the success attending the speculator and his deals. The first one in our line and probably most successful of all times, was the loading of the *Ark by Noah*, the next one was a deal in Egyptian corn by Joseph which lasted several years. And so on down to the day of our own speculative *princes*, such as Armour, Gould, Rockefeller, Mackay and others too numerous to mention, whose names are quite as familiar and suggestive as Aladdin's of old. Our modern speculators are, without exception, examples of the "mighty oaks from little acorns grow," and our object in this issue is to *increase* the number of "*mighty oaks.*"

Its one philanthropic purpose is to make "mighty oaks" of finance out of the little acorns of gambling invested with them. What a noble humanitarian purpose! Then it goes on to enlarge on "The Profits in Speculation," in a most encouraging way: —

If the inside story of Wall Street could be written, it would indeed read like some grand romance or fairy tale. With the savings of a few months, or weeks even, many a magnate of "the street" laid the foundation of a colossal fortune. Jay Gould was once a book canvasser; Jim Fisk peddled goods throughout the New England states, driving hard bargains with the housewives; Phil. Armour was a butcher; Cyrus Field worked in a dry goods store, and the great head of the biggest telegraph company in the world was once a poor telegraph clerk. Andrew Carnegie, the Pittsburg iron master, was a messenger boy when he came to this country, earning enough to hardly keep him in salt and potatoes. Nobody supposes these men made their many millions, for they are all many times millionnaires, and there are thousands in the United States in the same company, by hard work simply, and by the process of savings banks (excellent and honorable institutions, but too slow for the go-ahead American, who cannot but see that they have the best of the bargain in the use of his money). No; it may as well be told. The great financial kings of the North American continent made their millions in speculation, and presumably they don't care who knows it.

This encouraging document goes on to say: —

There has hardly been a year within my experience, going back more than thirty years, when there have not been two or three squalls in the "street," during the year, when it was possible to purchase stocks below their intrinsic value. The squall usually passes over in a few days, and then the lucky buyers of stocks at panic prices come in for their profits, ranging from five to ten per cent on the entire venture. The question of making money, then, becomes a mere matter of calculation, depending upon the number of squalls that may occur during the year. If the venture is made at the right time — at the lucky moment, so to speak — and each successive venture is fortunate, as happens often to those who use their judgment in the best way, it is possible to realize a net gain of fifty per cent per annum on the aggregate of the year's investments.

After holding out this flattering prospect it then goes on to connect gambling on margins with legitimate business, and, to appease the conscience of any who have been prejudiced against it, adds: —

A speculator has been defined as "one who buys securities or commodities for other than investment purposes." That is to say, a person who has reason to believe that a particular stock is worth more money than its current price in the open market, and who buys the same, not to hold for the income it may bring, in the shape of dividends, etc., but to sell out at the first opportunity which presents a satisfactory profit. The authority quoted adds that the definition applies the same, whether the stock is bought outright or on a margin. It is not easy to see why a dealer in real estate, who is not an investor, is not a speculator, under the same rule; or the shipper of potatoes, who gets his draft, made against his consignment on the Chicago market commission house, discounted at the local bank in Iowa; or the jobber in Fall River prints, who buys by the car-load to anticipate an advance of one-sixteenth of a cent in the market. But the country has said that the dealer in stocks and grain and provisions, no matter how sharp and conservative a trader he may be, is a speculator, and the point may as well be regarded as a settled one.

And if this is so it would be found, if any one had the time to make the investigation, that "all the world and his wife" is a speculator.

Some buy on one per cent margin, some on ten, and some buy outright; but it is safe to say that you could not talk stocks or grain and provisions on the street for half a block, on the cars, in your hotel, or even at a small country sewing bee, but that your words would fall on the ears of one or more interested listeners. You have been in the market, or intend going into it, but your ideas of the methods are too narrow for your safety. Briefly, then, let us give you an outline of the ways and means of making money in speculation on "the street."

Before credit became a regular and recognized factor in the commercial world, business was done within exceedingly narrow limits. The trader who loaded a vessel with goods for a foreign land locked up just so much of his capital until he received his returns. Credit was introduced, and the trader's money power was increased from ten to a thousand fold. Thus credit promoted commerce, and built up prosperous and wealthy towns and cities out of insignificant country hamlets and fishing villages. The same all-powerful machine, and its modern development in the financial world, enables a man to do as much to-day with a hundred dollars as formerly required ten thousand dollars. Marginal transactions in "the street" are synonymous with discounts (credits) in the world of commerce.

There is a very strong case made out connecting the spirit of the "board of trade" and bucket shop methods with that of business generally called legitimate. In its last analysis, the comparison is not so much in favor of gambling "on 'change" as it is unfavorable to the speculative element in business. To the developed ethical sense the comparison but shows how utterly depraved is the mere money-getting passion, through whatever avenue it is exercised. Ethically, striving to get something for nothing is theft. The difference between the contractor who agrees to build a structure to be completed at a certain future time, basing his estimates on the probable cost of iron and lumber and stone and labor, and the speculator "on 'change" who deals in margins on iron, lumber, etc., is very marked, though having many features in common. Both may be ruined or given fabulous profits by a rise or fall in the market. In this sense both are speculators. But on the other hand the contractor is doing a useful service to society — while the dealer "on 'change" is not. With the contractor, the speculative element is merely an incident involved; in the current method of doing business with the dealer "on 'change," to get without giving is the naked purpose. Production for profits in any line of business under the pressure of the competitive system leads all business perilously near the gambling limit, ethically considered. Whoever "plays" business only for profits and to keep respectable — a limit which covers too much of present-day business — is guilty of the spirit of gambling.

To overcome the cruder forms of gambling, the laws should be more inclusive in their reach and more relentless in their execution; but even to approximate an eradication of the disease, the leading features of competitive business must give way to the

scientific ordering of business in something approaching an industrial democracy. The nationalization of the leading trusts and monopolies, including the building of government warehouses and the storage of the grain and cotton crops for the people, would cut the vitals out of nine tenths of the gambling of our large cities which is born and fostered by the influence of the "board of trade." Repressive laws can restrain and are useful, but the Christianization of business on a mutualistic basis is the immediate hope for the final elimination of that monster of "chance" which has ruled the world so long.

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BOOKS OF THE DAY.

At the Old Fogies' Club in Elysium.

A glimmer of wan, ghostly light struggled between the shutters, and one of the company at the table turned uneasily in his chair and shivered. It had flashed into his eyes as he lolled back in a listless abstraction, with his head against the wall and face thrown meditatively upward and the line of his vision above the red luminous mist of the sputtering candles. It seemed less light than a chill gray shadow. It flew like a hunted thing through the shifting gloom that hung about the ceiling and found refuge in the darker shadows of the farthest angle of the room. There as it fluttered restlessly, from wall to ceiling and back again, it seemed like a great gray bird, beating out its life in a baffled passion of torturing fear and hope. One could fancy this — and the present veracious historian has borrowed the picture from the imagination of the man, whose dream-filled head was withdrawn from the circle of wisdom in the candle-light, for this was passing through it at this moment; but, as a fact, the gray shadow grew stronger and larger and more definite as its struggles grew fainter, for this was birth, not death — this was another dawn.

A chill crept into the room, and the man who had been balancing himself against the wall, upon the hind legs of his chair, shivered with a sudden oppression of fatigue, and swung back into the circle of wisdom and red and yellow flame-points, which both struck his chilled imagination as having grown more pale and ungainly and spectral together in the growing light of day. He came down with a force which brought apologies to his lips for the disturbance, and not to hazard their acceptance he wisely forbore from giving tongue to the observation which he had descended from his perch to make. As he came down with a crash, a portly and burly personage, who rolled in his chair in a strangely fantastic and ridiculous manner, and who shook his head so violently that his wig was all awry, started forward and roared in a stentorian voice: —

"How now, Goldy? I have been aware, sir, for some time, that you were withdrawn from this discussion; but, sir, I beg of you, if you desire to interrupt my argument, to do so with pertinence or wit or both, and with less clatter, sir. We are not politicians; there is no need to import the furniture into this discussion. Your tongue will be amply sufficient to meet all the exigencies of this polite society, sir; and we promise you a respectful hearing."

This was Dr. Samuel Johnson, the author of "The Rambler," and the great lexicographer who first brought the English tongue out of anarchy.

Boswell: "The doctor, sir, finding his wit could furnish no retalia-

tion to your crushing answer to his argument that Folly and Good nature are indicative of each other, has been waiting for you in the narrow pass of one of your most empyrean flights, and now he is bringing in his heavy artillery at a moment perilous to the fervor of the logic. He has hit upon this device as a distraction. Finding his wit is silenced he invokes the convincing power of his heels."

GOLDSMITH: "Sir, I own you have made my inadvertent return among you appear such a terrible breach of decorum that, as a man who loves his friends more than his reputation, I am compelled to sacrifice a troop of retorts to make my apologies seasonable. However, I was merely going to remark, when I descended from an oblivion of this gathering, that" —

BOSWELL: "Oblivion, sir; that's pretty, 'pon my word. That's where your wit lurks hid."

DR. JOHNSON: "Oliver, your petulant haste has led you into noises before. I know your wits were wool-gathering, and I bear no malice. It was a miscalculation in physics; you had not properly considered the impulse of falling bodies. Any farther apology from you is unnecessary. We understand each other."

GOLDSMITH: "That's true, sir. Otherwise I might have replied to Bozzy's too swollen satire by dropping your Lexicon on the top of his head. All I was about to remark when I interrupted you was, that it is growing late — or early."

BOSWELL: "It seems the dead weight of Dr. Goldsmith's wit is more disturbing in bulk than when he manages it with good husbandly thrift."

GOLDSMITH: "Oh, I'm something of your kidney, Bozzy: I'm too kind to shine as a wit in promiscuous society."

BOSWELL: "Promiscuous society, sir! Od's bodikins, sir!" —

GOLDSMITH: "There, there. I'm condemned in the Lexicon, but I don't talk by the book. Some men make such poor prisoners of their tongues, it wrings my heart to see them going through their antics. 'Tis piteous, I think, to watch a man slowly masticate his speech. For my part, I give my tongue some license, and if I make a slip now and again 'tis but to pleasure myself. Maybe, too, sir, there's malice in't. Maybe any society is promiscuous which admits such a shadowy, scurrilous knave as you are. I've not forgotten your 'Life of Dr. Johnson,' and the sorry account it gives of me. Yes, sir, there may be occasions when, in some dreadfully tight emergency, my feet can stand me in very good stead, as you have noted with benevolent malice. But still, sir, you may well believe me when I tell you there is more wit in me than always lurks opportunely at my tongue's end. It is often belated, I admit, but I have an aftermath of wit, a rank, luxuriant crop, beside which yours is a famine in Egypt. Give me foolscap enough and my wit, like a flood of the Nile, will deluge your crops entirely. To change the metaphor, give me foolscap enough and I'll build a fool's cap which

will shroud you like a temple — like St. Paul's — like the iridescent dome of Heaven itself. You will dance with a pretty smirk on your face if I can ever find a publisher for *my* version of the sayings and doings of the Literary Club. I'm only sorry, sir, I did not live to write your biography in the other world, but Fortune was always unkind to me. I was like poor Ned Purdon, too little of a clatterer, to make much noise in a world that reckoned men's wit by the music they could make jingling the guineas in their pockets. Some men have a hole in their wits; I had holes in my pockets. Our century's philosophy was too fantastically materialistic to take much account of dreamers and wits with empty pockets, and so I did not cut so much of a figure in the world as men whose wit passed current with the Jews. As for me, mine did not pass current with the baker, much less bankers and money lenders. Why, even the Doctor used to counsel the learned pate to duck to the gilded fool" —

Boswell, interrupting hotly: "By gad, sir, you've quoted wrongly."

Goldsmith: "I know that, but I cannot stop to run after and save one little charge of powder when I'm whipping my horses to drag heavy artillery uphill. This is my moment. I was half asleep a little while ago. Now I am wide awake. I am whipping my top; I am willing you should split it, if your top is made of better boxwood. I've waited for this moment for a tardy revenge for your villainous insinuations, born of your too credulous and dull wits, and now, sir, spin your top and we'll see who can hum the longest. If I turn satirist on your account you'll discover that my humor has more than one set of facets. Men like you think that I, and men of my humor, are to be damned with pity because our humor is too deep for your clumsy and heavy minds to touch bottom; after a struggle and a gurgle or so you crawl to the bank and, saved from drowning, declare the water is dirty and shallow.

"I'm not altogether of my poor Vicar's temper. I tell you, sir, beneath the tranquil humor that distinguished me in polite society there raged a fire eater — but one who had too much philosophy to ruffle his own temper and feathers in a chilly world in which good friends were few, and worth more than mere wit or rubies. I never sacrificed a friend for an epigram in my life; and but few men can hesitate between wit and mercy. It may be I was not a ready wit in every mixed assembly, but I console myself with the reflection that so many wits are completely at the mercy of their wagging tongues. I've known more than one pretty wit who has cut a sorry figure on his knees to save himself from a beating. But, by my manners, sir, I've lived under the imputations of you dull, feathery sages too long. The fact is, I was the wit in a company of dullards and platitudinarians. You've imputed egotism to me, and for once I'll break silence and grow serious enough and egotistical enough to speak the undercurrent of my thought without any confusing comedy.

"It is too late to undeceive the millions who have accepted your ac-

count in good faith, Bozzy, but I intend to expose your impenetrable stupidity here at least. You dull dogs! sit bolt upright in your chairs and listen. My fatal sense of the ludicrous has always misled me and misrepresented me. I trusted to an apprehension of a humorous situation in men whom I should have read better. But a man who is possessed of a humorous idea is too hot to stop and calmly consider the chilly prepossessions of fellows who are congenitally incapable of seeing a joke. I had to out with my quip, although I knew that gravity heard without understanding, and solemnly disapproved. I own I had not an excess of dignity, but there was surely dignity enough in the company, and the truest humorist is too genuine a philosopher to worry about his dignity. After I had vainly tried a gentle witticism — I was never *too* severe upon you — and it had fallen quite flat and all eyes turned in reprobation upon the poor clown, it never occurred to any of you that behind that chop-fallen mask there was a wit still cracking jokes — inwardly, and taking notes. You spent your nights in stringing long platitudes together, end on end, until the moon grew paler and paler and, surfeited with the awful spectacle of such complacent, commonplace inversion of the eternal facts of human life, masquerading as philosophic commentary on life and destiny, fell swooning from God's Heavens; but I sat Stoically upon my bench and listened with a grim smile and cracked my jokes — inwardly. Why, if you had put your heads out o' doors, and had eyes in them, you could have seen that the solemnity of night, the very hum of the city streets, made such poor bourgeois philosophy ridiculous. It was surely of the Devil — but I'm too much of a humorist to tell any tales on ye.

"But, ye gods! was there ever such a spectacle as that crew of sages, preaching a philosophy of fleshpots, of roasts and bakes, for such beefy Britons as belonged to the elect — *de jure* or *de facto!* We are fantastical enough in history, and read amusingly by candle light, but I'm afraid we were grim horrors in our own day — the discouragement of all men with any noble enthusiasms. Oh, the only philosophy for that lower world is laughter — and those who see the humor of it cannot always keep the tears out of their merriment. Go to! — let us hear no more about your gravity and wisdom; let us show our penitence by laughing at such philosophy; for I, too, conspired against my own sense of the ludicrous and bobbed and ducked with the rest, when, for the honor of all poor devils and true humor, I should have been more audacious. But in England one had to be a true believer or rot and die in Grub Street, abandoned by all as one having the leprosy. No contamination is so greatly feared in England, and I'm informed among all the Anglo-Saxon peoples, as the demoralizing contamination of ideas. A cleanly minded, deserving person, with whom respectable people are willing to dine, is a man whose mind is fitted with the usual approved echoes, but is completely empty of ideas. The majority of men have less personal claim upon their ideas than upon their undershirts; they hold them in

common as they do the atmosphere. Their originality only comes into play in their practice, which is rich and fantastic beside the unanimity of respectable opinion. It is so even here; it was more so below. I loved a good dinner too much for any heroic *rôle* — unless you will admit that listening smilingly to you good folk laying the law down was heroism " —

" And you loved good wine, Goldy."

GOLDSMITH: " I confess it. And good company. I suppose we did constitute the most select society in England of our time; and that has potent fascinations for a wit " —

" And a fop."

" If you must have it so, a fop. We good-natured men are always traitors to the highest morality. I suppose, after all, I'm burning with the heat of a fresh penitent — and as a penitent is long winded without wit, I beg your pardon, gentlemen. But I do wonder truly that it never occurred to any of you that, my apparent candor of egotism was often merely a quip at my own expense, out of sheer good humor, and at other times a burlesque of your own complacency, which fairly passed the boundaries of ordinary egotism — but, unhappily, escaped even the speculation of posterity through the sober enthusiasm of this scandalous little Scot. His eyes and ears were wide open for the grand and imposing, and incapable, like the rest of his race, of comprehending, or indeed observing with anything like scientific accuracy, the elements and character of humor. Well, well, he did magnificently with you, Doctor."

DR. JOHNSON: " Yes, sir, I'm not too proud to be under an obligation to any decent man. Boswell did well enough by me; better, I fancy, than he did for himself. A judicious man would have been more reticent and less kind."

GOLDSMITH: " Ah, Bozzy must wait until my Literary History is out to read a really flattering portrait of himself. Longevity in his case was undoubtedly a blessing; it saved him from my gift for veracious portraiture."

BOSWELL: " I think my biography, as I managed to write it, contains quite as much good literature as anything you could do, sir."

GOLDSMITH: " Indeed, sir — there you touch the very quick of my modesty, and make any farther retaliation impossible. I would never forfeit the good will of any of my friends, even our friend Jonathan the tapster, for a mere quibble of literary reputation. I only claim, sir, that you were unfriendly and unjust to me in my private character as a man of — well, of wit and fashion, and an ornament to the highest intellectual society of the capital of the world. Sir, I relent. I honestly believe I have too much wit to do you justice in a full-length biography. I should outdo Nature herself with such latitude — and Nature has touched the limits of caricature. But perhaps I could do a fairly convincing miniature of you,"

BOSWELL: "Another man since our time has done me justice; he has turned Boswell for Boswell."

GOLDSMITH: "And what on earth could the dull rogue make of ye? The man must be another of those desperately industrious Scotchmen who fill the same place in literature as capacious cupboards do in domestic economy; they furnish nothing, but they secrete the spoils of the earth."

DR. JOHNSON: "I fancy I once said that industry was genius."

BOSWELL: "No, sir, your memory is a little treacherous sometimes about your own observations; though it is, as I can testify, abundant and almost infallible in classical quotation. I have had curiosity enough to look into the paternity of that remark, and I find about half a dozen great men have said it. It was recently imputed to one of my compatriots, a man who came after us — Thomas Carlyle."

DR. JOHNSON: "I don't know him."

BOSWELL: "No, sir, he is an unclubable man, and holds Old Fogies in horror. He has a passion for Heroes, and wrote rhapsodical histories."

DR. JOHNSON: "Ah — well, that remark was one which would have fitted admirably into my philosophy. I don't wonder it is credited to so many great thinkers; there is no novelty about the most obvious and pertinent aspects of truth."

The room was now flooded with the gray gloom of dawn, and a gleam of dull purple and saffron was visible between the shutters, tinging the gray of the eastern horizon. The faces about the table assumed a sort of wavering indistinctness, and the light of the candles faded into transparency.

Goldsmith arose from his chair, stretched his limbs and yawned. Then he stepped to the window, and was about to raise the frame and throw the shutters completely back, when Dr. Johnson's stentorian voice arrested him.

"What are you about, rash immortal? Is it not enough for you that we must face an eternity of unbroken millennial content, but your impetuous haste must ruin a night of luxurious squabbling? Put down the window and close the shutters, sir! Shut out the dull, insipid day! Put it down, instanter, sir! We have heard you philosophizing half the night, and yet you do not seem to have learned that all our luxuries are short-lived. Don't you suppose I was aware of the day creeping like a thief into the house to put out the blessed light of the candles and banish wit and merriment — for how can a man be witty in the glare of a millennial day? Shut out the damned thing! I've learned to loathe it. Give me rather a Stygian darkness and a good supply of tallow candles. The night was made to coax men's wits into marriage. What are you staring at, stupid? It is only another day of unceasing popular rejoicings and good temper and merry-makings. The multitude is intolerable in its amusements. I always had the keenest sympathy for the afflictions of the poor and neglected, but I never could understand their

conception of pleasure — it is both noisy and monotonous. Fasten the shutters tight and sit down again. Come, let us hear some more of your comments on Bozzy's *magnum opus*. Davy, oblige me by snuffing the candles. With imagination and economy this night has another good hour of life in it."

GOLDSMITH: "No, doctor, not for me. I'll close the shutters with the greatest alacrity of pleasure; but, sir, I must put my head out of doors. This room has grown stuffy; I want a breath of fresh air. Besides I'm afraid I've disgraced myself with an outburst of choler, and a sight of the dawn will compose my mind and restore that charity of opinion, without which no man dares look serenely into his own mind and character — especially a man who prates about philosophy."

DR. JOHNSON: "I think I've read somewhere that those who talk the most about philosophy usually have but little of it. But for my part, I would rather dine with a genial, disputatious man than with the greatest philosopher. Please remember I said *dine*, gentlemen."

GOLDSMITH: "I can understand that. All philosophers incline to monologue, and you couldn't bear that. Well, I'm off to hail the dawn. Gentlemen, let me thank you for a night in which I have had the hilarious satisfaction of blowing some bubbles of my own."

DR. JOHNSON: "Stay, Goldy, I have a compliment on my tongue's tip, and if you lift the latch the uncompromising truthfulness of daylight will kill it."

GOLDSMITH: "I hesitate — for I never could withstand a lollipop."

DR. JOHNSON: "No man of good sense, sir, does, when it comes from a respectable source. A man whose modesty depreciates your well-considered compliment, depreciates your good sense and discernment; he makes a very ill return for your good-will. I want to say, sir, that I never before saw you so stirred and fired with eloquence. We shall doubtless appreciate your comedy more, sir, now that we are aware that the poker *is really hot!*"

GOLDSMITH, hurriedly, and in some confusion: "After all these years of intimacy I had not learned to expect such magnanimity from you, Doctor — although I always knew you had a big heart. I can't say 'Long life to ye' here, but" — impetuously — "I love you."

Goldsmith throws himself hastily out of doors to cover his confusion.

BOSWELL, sententiously: "Goldy is a generous soul, Doctor — and I think he hit the secret of your fame. I'm told that few in the other world read 'The Rambler' nowadays, and scarcely a soul could quote from 'Irene' or 'Rasselas,' but all the world loves the memory of a great and generous-hearted man."

WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

[*The conclusion of this sketch will be published in the January issue. It will introduce Dr. Holmes to the circle of Wits and Old Fogies in Elysium.*]

"Hypnotism, Its Uses and Its Dangers."*

It is truly refreshing and delightful to read a book, which, while its subject and its matter belong to the realm of science, has a style and manner so simple, so easy and so attractive that the unscientific may read it with both interest and benefit. Dr. Cocke's book on "Hypnotism, Its Uses and its Dangers," is of this type. Because of his direct and simple method, the subject is neither dry nor difficult. There are touches in the book which are both graceful and poetic, and yet they in no way detract from the simple dignity and direct forcefulness of its scientific purpose and spirit.

Chapter X. is a powerful temperance lecture without a trace of the usual maudlin emotionalism of the temperance lecturer. There are, here and there, touches of a more or less grim humor which catch the reader before his interest in the sterner and more technical features of the book has time to flag. It is ability of a somewhat unusual nature which can combine in style technical accuracy and information upon an abstruse topic with dignity and humor. Dr. Cocke also says most refreshingly from time to time, "I do not know." This seems to be a particularly difficult sentence to write or to pronounce, if one may judge by the usual works of professional men. They appear as a rule to feel that it would weaken their influence with the public if they confess the limits of their knowledge — or rather, if they confess that their knowledge has limits. No greater mistake could be made. The very confession gives force to that which they do know. It indicates a sense of proportion, of valuation.

In Chapter XIII., and indeed in many places throughout Dr. Cocke's book, there are strong hints and suggestions in the direction of heredity and of prenatal studies which the students of these subjects will find of much interest and full of "food for reflection." Indeed the book, while it deals primarily and specially with hypnotism and its use as a remedial agent in disease, incidentally touches upon many allied topics with a direct common sense that is truly a pleasing surprise to the general reader, or to the anthropological student, who is forced to wade through so many books and treatises which are often vague in expression, technical in style, and generally heavily stupid in their attempt to appear profound. The old idea seemed to be that in order to be or to appear learned or profound, an author must be stupidly solemn and heavily dull; that he must use long words and technical forms of speech; that he must express himself in such a manner that very few of his readers could possibly grasp his meaning even if they forced themselves to struggle through his involved sentences — which fewer still would do. This type of scientific writer is happily passing away. If we are to have the elements of scientific knowledge popularized (and surely nothing

* "Hypnotism, Its Uses and Its Dangers," by James R. Cocke, M. D. Published only in cloth; pp. 315; price $1.50. Arena Publishing Company, Boston.

could be more vital if the RACE is to grow wiser and healthier and happier) it is of the first importance that scientific writers who possess that happy gift of clear, direct, simple and forceful expression should present to the lay public just such books as this one by Dr. Cocke.

Regarding the facts with which he deals, I am not competent to express an opinion, since I have never made a study of that class of phenomena. Dr. Cocke has spent a number of years testing his facts and gathering others from the literature of the world. His bibliography is full and extensive. He does not permit his enthusiasm to run away with his judgment. He stops short of dogmatizing. All of this gives one faith in the accuracy of his observation, and in the value of his *data*. Therefore to the lay reader as well as to the professional student, the book has a distinct message of worth, and its style and method render it most agreeable reading.

There is a chapter upon "Telepathy." It, also, is interesting, but to me it is not so convincing as are other parts of the book. This, however, may be due to my own mental attitude. To another, I have no doubt that this part of the book will seem as valuable as do the other parts to me. Certainly it is full of suggestion and of food for thought for any one. Throughout the book the author has sought to divest of superstition and of supernaturalism all of the topics of which he treats and to promote an intelligent interest in ill-understood but natural phenomena.

The book is a fine specimen of the art of book-making. It is printed in full, clear type upon fine paper and is bound most attractively. Altogether it is something of a departure in scientific book-making, in that it appeals to the artistic and graceful as well as to the intellectual side of the reader. HELEN H. GARDENER.

FICTION OF PURPOSE.

It has been the fashion to decry the novel with a purpose. Literary critics of conceded good local taste and of undoubted sincerity, imbued with the spirit of their times and governed by the literary atmosphere of their environments, have believed that the novel should have no purpose other than to entertain and amuse; should call attention to no evil nor suggest a remedy for any wrong, but should rather picture a world and its people and times and conditions as the writer imagines these might or should be. This limited and happily waning idea of the field of fiction came naturally from the debased *status* of fictitious compared with poetic, historic, biographic and scientific writings.

The king's jester held markedly lower rank than did the king's poet or singer or the king's biographer. And the king in all ages has set the standard of fashion in literature as in other regards, and in all ages it has been only the epoch-marking minds that have broken away from these standards. It takes many generations of human effort to break entirely away from an attainder, and the king's jester has many times become

the king's counsellor while his wise men have learned from this amuser of the king that

> "'Tis by our follies that so long
> We hold the earth from heaven away."

A sincere disapproval of the novel with a purpose belongs to that age and social condition when it was all but universally conceded that it was the legitimate and bounden duty of the many to clothe and feed and amuse the few; that it was the few — as it were the elect — who need take no thought of what they should eat or drink or wherewithal they should be clothed, since the many — the non-elect — must see to these matters. Under these conditions it was a natural sequence that some odium should attach to the work of providing food, clothing, amusement, etc., and this odium was emphasized and aggravated in all Christian lands when the amusement derived or rendered came through the form of fictitious stories, either written or spoken, and this because of the Christian interpretation of the Mosaic commandment against lying. This dishonor or degradation naturally caused fiction to be only tolerated, and tolerated simply as a means of amusement.

To depart from this restriction and to attempt to instruct or to censure, or even to suggest improvement or the possible need of improvement by the few, who had always made public opinion, and especially to use fiction for this purpose, was held by these few — and their opinion was passively accepted by the many — to be in bad taste, not in good style, of doubtful grammar and questionable rhetoric and false logic — probably immoral.

As man has evolved into a more interrogating and independent if not higher type of thinking animal, both the thoughtful and observant writer and reader, and therefore society in general, have come to recognize the possible utility of fiction, and the realistic school of novelists has developed until to-day — but for the important fact that the greater freedom enjoyed by woman has forced the recognition that the sex must be counted in literature, and the brightest and most progressive women having chosen the form of the novel with a purpose whereby to express themselves, has aggravated the bitterness of certain envious brother writers' attacks on the purposeful novel — aside from these few old-fashioned and hereditarily prejudiced writers and some grandmatronly readers it is at least corroborative evidence of intellectual weakness to read any fiction but that which is written for a high and moral purpose, to call sharp and close attention to some wrong, or to suggest some remedy, some improvement. The purposeful novel is manifestly multiplying, and though it has to contend with the pirated and other cheap productions, it is growing in popularity and in practical utility.

Among the leading writers of this higher kind of fiction is Helen H. Gardener, who, as is well known, is first of all an exceedingly brilliant essayist, noted for her strong, vigorous, concise and pure English.

There have not been recently published by any other author in the

same length of time three such remarkable and popular novels as are the three recently written by Mrs. Gardener and entitled "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" and "An Unofficial Patriot." The first was published in 1891 and is now in its 40th edition, and the second published in 1892 is now in its 13th edition; the third came out last April and its publishers are about getting out the third edition. For vigorous exposé and denunciation of wrong; for eloquent, high, sincere moral purpose; for pure, simple, strong, perfect English; for clean and lofty thought and expression, and for invincible and unanswerable logic and reasoning, these books are not excelled in any language.

It may not be generally known that Mrs. Gardener's "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" has controlled the vote of the legislature of at least one of the states on the infamous age of consent law, and her publisher has been recently asked to supply this winter the members of the legislatures of several of the states with copies of this book and also of her "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" in view of a probable consideration of this same vicious and terrible law.

Her latest novel, "An Unofficial Patriot," while it is in a different vein, is equally realistic and purposeful with her other now famous novels. This book astonished her critics, and a prominent publisher in writing of it said: "It is so different from her other works that one hardly knows what to make of it. It is more in the manner of the popular school of novelists. I can understand that she may have had a natural wish to show that she could meet her rivals on their own ground and surpass them. She is to be congratulated upon having shown this most admirably. Now I hope that when she next writes she will go again to the reform line. There are plenty of mere entertainers and plenty of preachers in the literary field, but there is only one Helen Gardener, and her admirers are best satisfied when they see her doing the work that no one else can do."

CLARENCE PERCIVAL SMITH.

PROFESSOR CURTIS' "BACK TO THE OLD TESTAMENT." *

The relation of the Old and New Testaments is a matter of no small importance in the study of both collections of writings. The New as well as the Old Testament is a production of the Jewish mind under varied religious and ethical conditions, and he who undertakes to understand the one without regard to the other will miss the true meaning of both. Professor Curtis has rendered an important service to students of the Bible in his attempt to place the relation of the two Testaments upon a basis which is sound because it is on the whole rational. This relation, he has rightly apprehended, can never be understood by one

* "Back to the Old Testament for the Message of the New: An Effort to connect more closely the Testaments; to which is added a Series of Papers on Various Old Testament Books and Subjects." By Anson Bartie Curtis, B. D., Ph. D., Instructor in Hebrew in Tufts College Divinity School. Universalist Publishing House, Boston.

who sets out from the presupposition of the "harmonist." The two Testaments cannot be brought into accord by a harmonizing exegesis, because they are not really in accord in the sense assumed by this sort of treatment.

Their relation does not, moreover, show "a progressive revelation," unless a revelation may be supposed to contradict itself. The advance from sacrificial worship to its repudiation by the prophets, and from the law of retaliation to its contradiction by Jesus, does not denote a progressive revelation, but a development of man's moral-religious consciousness. The relation of type and antitype, or of prophecy and fulfilment, is likewise invalid, if these terms are taken in their usual sense. One views the Old Testament without the right historical perspective when one regards it from the point of view of the New Testament writers, who applied violent exegesis to some of its predictions in the interest of making it appear that the Christian history had been foretold in detail. The New Testament was unconsciously contained in the Old, just as a higher order of moral and social life is sometimes implicitly contained in a lower while no one who lives in this latter order clearly apprehends that it is yet to be developed.

Accordingly, Professor Curtis is right in maintaining that the Old Testament is not to be explained out of the New, but rather the New out of the Old, and that "the meaning of a New Testament writer is to be determined by an appeal to the religious notions upon which he was working, and which gave the form, and to a greater or less degree the content, of his thought." How true this is of Paul may be seen by any one who will compare some of his leading doctrines with the Old Testament and later Jewish theology. The attempt to understand him without reference to antecedent thought is like undertaking to comprehend Kant without regard to Locke and Hume. No work is permanent or fruitful which does not strike its roots into the past. If, as Professor Curtis remarks, "not only is Judaism a preparation for Christianity, a stage in the development of the most perfect and complete religion, but it has also certain permanent elements that can never be superseded," it is also true that Christianity is not historically thinkable without its predecessor, and that "the permanent elements" of the two religions are not widely different from one another.

Professor Curtis' chapter entitled "Back to the Old Testament for a New Conception of the Messiah," in which he gives a brief sketch of the Messianic idea as expressed in the Jewish canonical and apocryphal literature, shows clearly the futility of the traditional exegesis which finds the Old Testament burdened with New Testament and modern dogmatic conceptions of Christ. The history of the Messianic hope in the Old Testament and the later Jewish literature shows a development in which the idea of the Messiah is transformed almost beyond recognition. But we look in vain through the entire course of this development for a representation of the Jesus of the synoptics, while the Jesus

of the fourth evangelist or of Paul would not have been recognized by any one of the earlier writers. Professor Curtis' statement is certainly moderate enough that "the impartial exegete will promptly admit that the best parts of the Hebrew Scriptures fail to apprehend clearly and in all its details the mission of Jesus of Nazareth who is called Christ. And, indeed, the best parts of the Old Testament recognize the fact that there is a certain justice in interpreting their prophecies by their fulfilment, *whatever that may be.*" The position is also well taken that "it would be to tear the Testaments completely asunder to say that the New Testament Messiah was to save the world by his blood, to become righteousness for his people, to ransom their lives with his. In the sense in which these words are usually understood they imply a total departure from the Old Testament circle of ideas."

The remark is, however, somewhat hazardous that "presumably the New Testament writers, building as they did on the Old Testament, would not have advocated such doctrines." The Pauline doctrine of the atonement, which the exegesis of Ritschl and his followers has not succeeded in explaining away, may be placed against this presumption. It is hardly "presumable" in the light of the facts that a New Testament writer should not depart from the Messianic conceptions of the Old Testament. The Messianic conception of Christ himself is a departure from most of those in the Old Testament, and those of the fourth evangelist and Paul would not have been accepted by him.

Of especial interest is Professor Curtis' carefully written chapter on "Back to the Old Testament for the Suffering Messiah," in which the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah is discussed with great fairness and force. The conclusion is reached that the author of this section of the prophecy meant by "the servant of Jahveh" not an individual Messiah but "the Israelitish nation or the pious kernel in the nation." It is, however, not a little surprising that he should appeal to the fourth gospel for evidence that Jesus understood the atonement referred to in Isaiah in a "spiritualized," that is to say rationalized, sense. It may be regarded as a pretty well settled canon of criticism that a discrimination must be made between the ideas of the fourth evangelist and the real teachings of Jesus.

In his chapter on "Evolution and the Old Testament" it is to be regretted that Professor Curtis does not more clearly define his attitude toward the fallacy which lies in the conception of a "progressive revelation." Or would he resolve the difficulty by making "progressive revelation" synonymous with progressive discovery? We can hardly believe that he would thus play with words.

The reader cannot but be deeply interested in the chapter entitled "Leisurely Rambles in the Old Testament with some of its Friends and Admirers." The work is very able, interesting and suggestive, shows wide reading and careful study, and is written in a very engaging style.

ORELLO CONE.

A Great Mother.*

One of the brightest and most hopeful signs of our times is seen in the increased regard and deference being paid to woman, and above all to motherhood. For centuries upon centuries childhood has been regaled with stories of blood and carnage, wrought by brutal and conscienceless men who have been held up as the *beau ideal* of heroism; but motherhood has had small notice. The supreme influences in shaping the finest and best impulses during the early years of childhood have been ignored. The time has not so long vanished but that youth may remember that the epithet "mother's boy" and the term "womanish" were used as expressions of contempt. These were survivals of deeds of savagery which trampled women into characterless nonentities, while cajoling the mistress and lording over the wife. But the world has taken some very rapid strides during recent years; woman has felt her dignity; she is beginning to scorn that so-called chivalrous attention from men which she is wont to bestow upon her poodle dog. She demands a place in the great world of thought and action. She is fast rising to the dignity of that freedom which calls forth the noblest instincts latent in the arisen soul, as sun and shower call forth the sleeping flowers.

The woman above all other women who has exerted the greatest power over millions of Christian women in the English-speaking world to-day, for their high and wholesome freedom, is Frances E. Willard. No voice has proved so potent in rallying Christian motherhood to defend the home from the encroachments of impurity and intemperance. No one can estimate the influence this great woman has exerted in arousing the young women of our age to a sensible realization of the fact that they have missions other than that of echoing the ideas of others, or thoughtlessly parroting opinions, which in too many instances are the expression of twaddle given forth by a prostituted press or soulless and slavish politicians at the behest of organized immorality, corporate power or conscienceless greed.

To Miss Willard also, more than to any hundred ministers, is due the honor of breaking the deadly spell of the Paulist doctrine, which like a Stygian vapor held in its dread grasp the soul of womanhood, which would otherwise, long before, have rallied to the front in defence of the honor and the elevation of higher morality in state, school and home.

Any work written by this gifted woman will be read with interest by millions who love and admire her. But when one picks up her last and, in some particulars, her most noticeable volume, he will feel a peculiar interest, for within its pages Frances Willard has given the story of her mother's life. It would be well for parents to place this volume in the hands of their children, or, better still, to read it aloud at eventide and converse upon its absorbing contents; not merely because of its interest

* "A Great Mother," by Frances E. Willard. Cloth; pp. 297; price $1.50. Woman's Temperance Publishing Association, Chicago.

as a biography, nor yet because it lifts the sacred curtain and lets us see the life and home of the noble mother of the great head of the W. C. T. U. and world-wide White Ribbon movement, but because it helps shift the ideals of childhood from the tales of blood and the *pseudo* heroism of blood-shedding characters to the sweet ideal of the true heroism, in which peace and moral rectitude replace the brutal deeds of the heroes of a more savage past.

This volume comprises 297 pages. It is handsomely illustrated with twenty-one photogravures, and should have a wide sale. Of course the author is intensely orthodox in many of her views, and the character with whom she so lovingly and beautifully deals was still more orthodox; but few among our readers who may dissent from many convictions held true by Miss Willard because of different conceptions honestly entertained, will fail to enjoy a work at once noble, inspiring and transparently sincere? B. O. Flower.

Economic Principles.*

Any one who has ever heard Mrs. Twitchell plead the cause of the single tax, must have realized that she infused into her subject something that is new, that is spiritual. It is her principal merit to supply a certain feminine sensitiveness, a sort of delicate exaltation, to the study of political economy. This is the right note to use in addressing women, for they need a stimulus of this sort, at present, before their attention can be fixed upon economic questions.

At the same time there is no trace of vagueness in Mrs. Twitchell's statement of principles or in her use of illustrations. She is simple and direct at all times. Take for example the opening paragraph of her little pamphlet: —

> What is production? A man with a sharp stick is digging clams on the beach. He is producing clams. The *beach*, his *labor* and the *stick* are the three factors in production. This most simple mode in no way differs in principle from the most complex form of production, with its boss, its army of wage earners and its modern machinery. Each has three, and only three, factors: land, labor and capital.

Here is a fundamental principle stated with accuracy and conviction. Upon it Mrs. Twitchell can build her pamphlet, passing in review the subjects of "Production," "Distribution," and "The Law of Rent," and finally reaching, as the natural outcome and solution, "The Single Tax" with all that that implies.

We commend pp. 36, 37 and 38 as a clear description of the position occupied by single taxers between the two extremes of state socialism and philosophical anarchism. The truth is the single tax gives full play to the two great principles that man is part of a social organism and yet is in himself an individual. Any system of social reform which attempts to disregard one or the other of these principles must inevitably fail. W. D. McCrackan.

* "Economic Principles, or How Wealth is Produced and How it is Distributed," by Eliza Stowe Twitchell. Pamphlet; price 15 cents. Published by the author at Wollaston, Mass.

The Other World and This.*

For the many who are a trifle weary of mere speculation as to the other world and who are indifferent to much of the work in this direction, it may be said at once that "The Other World and This" limits itself in great degree to the ethical side of the subject, and that Mrs. Fletcher has sought to present not speculations but the result of long experience and observation. Accepting the spiritual philosophy as one deserving the respectful attention of the investigator, she gives here her own conclusions in this direction. Between thirty and forty short essays make up the volume, in which in simple and straightforward fashion the writer outlines her conception of spiritual philosophy.

She especially disclaims any right to be judged merely from the literary standpoint. Her business is with thoughts and not with care for the form of their presentation. In the simplicity which is not always the result of this theory of composition, Mrs. Fletcher's natural good sense and the fact that she has had some training in expression, serve her in good stead. The book cannot hold attention in the same fashion as the work of Prentice Mulford, whose series entitled the "White Cross Library" it is designed to supplement. It is marked by a dispassionate quality, which may come from Mrs. Fletcher's training as a physician, and her comments on methods of healing, the Keeley cure, etc., are full of common sense no less than the chapters relating to crime, in which she treats of "Crime by Inheritance," "Conditions Producing Crime," and "Idiocy." Her view of theosophy as a species of bastard spiritualism will undoubtedly bring upon her the wrath of theosophic readers, and she is equally severe upon those who investigate and believe but do not dare to state their convictions. In short, as a simple and direct statement of a faith held in this country by more than eleven millions of people, the book deserves the place it will undoubtedly gain, and is commended to the student in these lines.

Helen Campbell.

Mother, Will and I.†

Not only are there books and books, but there are also titles and titles. A varied experience has forced upon us all the former fact; the latter, though patent enough, may have escaped the particular attention of some readers of this page. Among numerous varieties which are well known may be noted the title direct and the title indirect, the sensational title and the matter-of-fact title, the two-story-and-a-half-with-a-French-roof title and the title monosyllabic, the title you can't remember and the one you can't forget; there is the title which tells

* "The Other World and This: A Compendium of Spiritual Laws," by Augusta W. Fletcher, M. D., New White Cross Literature. Cloth; 12mo; pp. 278; price $1. Charles B. Reed, 164 Fulton Street, New York.

† "Mother, Will and I," by Milton Coit. Pp. 390; price, paper 50 cents; cloth $1.25. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

the whole story, and that which tells nothing, or less. One may learn something of the characteristics of many authors in twenty minutes' study of a library catalogue. In fact the title quite as frequently describes the writer as the book.

There is the author with a long list of works, each titled with a proper name — "Sara Sillenger," "Dora Ludlow," "Roy Rantoul," etc. This author probably appeals to personal feelings, to basic human passions — or tries to; or else aims at the production of striking portraitures, with still more doubtful success. There are honored names among the writers of fiction who have christened many of their books in this way; while the list of their would-be imitators is simply legion.

The concocter of "Billy the Biped," "Sierra Sam the Slugger, "Ned the Know Nothing," etc., *etc.*, ETC., has evidently studied the art of apt alliteration to good purpose; but of course ARENA readers never come in contact with his works, and it would therefore be a waste of space to remark further on them here, even if the present reviewer were duly qualified for the undertaking.

The analytical author is likely to strive for descriptive titles, the ambitious author for brilliant ones; and not a few instances of achievement in each of these lines will probably occur to any well posted devourer of novels. The man or woman who has written half a dozen books in the titles of which you can trace no general resemblance, is at least rare. If the six titles are not only diverse, but separately and individually clever, the author must be either a genius or a miraculously good blunderer.

What I have to say first about the volume under review is that it has a good title — not an adventurously striking one, but a title to fasten attention by its definiteness and simplicity. In this crucial point of his initial venture (the volume contains an amount of *naivete*, not to say — occasionally — crudity, which convinces me that it is a first book) the author has achieved success. Yet the people who will be most attracted by the title — those who love a quiet, homey, possible, probable piece of fiction — will be disappointed in the story. It does contain many pages of just the material which its name will lead them to forecast for it; there are pictures of family affection, playful sketches of home life, the portrayal of disinterested devotion; but its main trend is in a different direction, its prevailing theme is keyed to a dissonant pitch. It is not so much a novel for the divertisement of the ordinary reader, as a text-book for the student of social science.

The reflecting reader of "Mother, Will and I" lays down the book with the conviction, "Either this is hideously powerful fiction — or it is not fiction at all." A normally constituted mortal will add, "If it be fiction, I want no more of the kind; if it be fact, society should consider well its import."

That it is fact the author evidently means us to understand from his introduction, where he speaks of it as a "true story," and says, "I

merely describe as truthfully as I can a rehearsal that I chanced to witness." There are many passages and incidents whose reality will so impress themselves upon the reader's mind as to powerfully reënforce the claim thus made for the book.

It is a very beautiful picture which is given us of the hero in the days of his boyhood and early manhood. His passionate love for his mother, his generous fraternal affection, his enthusiastic altruism, are drawn with a tender touch, and our good regards are most willingly won by the portraiture. The family misfortunes enlist our sympathies still more deeply; but here the disagreeable part of the story begins. The gradual change in Will Coit, from the would-be preacher, full of true impulses and holy affections, to the insanely desperate avenger of his mother's sufferings, is likely to strike us with horror as well as with disappointment; it seems a change too violent for the reader to accept with a proper resignation to the demands of the plot. Yet if we will but do the author the justice to follow his narrative with attention, we shall see that the metamorphosis is not arbitrary or baseless; but that, considering the difficulties of the situation, it has been accomplished consistently and with not a little skill. We had reason to admire many characteristics of the boy hero; we might also have found equal reason to fear for his future. In our fragmentary and inconsequent world, such rose-hued hopes as his must, at least partially, fail of fruition; and to his keenly sensitive spirit, the natural reaction would be in the direction of misanthropy. His intense egoism, his overmastering will, might as readily go toward the composition of an arch fiend as of an archangel, if once the current of his being were turned downward. This downward turn is given by the circumstances which thwart his persistent attempts to replace his mother in a position of affluence, or at least of comfort.

But how comes it that he loses his trust in God? That is the beacon light which he needs to guide his course in this soul-testing storm; and even after so many of his hopes have been blighted, that should enable him to fulfil the dying behest of his mother. Ought not faith to be sufficient to sustain him, as it does his parents? Yes, if it were an equally genuine thing, rooted in definite conviction and personal experience; but he himself acknowledges that it was only a parasite, nourished for a time by his mother's trust; hence it proves not able, like an independent growth, to weather the assaults of misfortune and doubt. From this time darkness envelops all his thought.

I said that we could account for the change in Will Coit; but I do not admit that his mind, in the second stage of its development, was a normal one. His sense of personal grievance develops into acute mania. There is method in his madness, but madness it is, nevertheless. His best-spun theories are based on the fatal error that hate can combat hate and win a victory of love. It does not require a man great in either mind or heart to hate social injustice — when it touches him; the

great man is he who, while hating the injustice, pities the doer of it for his sin, as well as the victim for his suffering, and works to save both, if possible, at the same time. No man can truly love one part of the race who hates, vindictively, the rest. Some of Will's old boyish dreams of a career were infinitely wiser as well as gentler than the man's machinations. He who would help humanity should remember that the uplift needs to be a moral one all along the line. The man who is poor and selfish is not superior to him who is rich and selfish, for the former would only emulate the behavior of the latter if given an opportunity; the fact wants no louder proof than the character of many a rich man who was himself a nursling of poverty.

The most significant part of the book is that wherein are sketched the careers of the little band of anarchists who were associated under Will's leadership. It behooves both patriots and plutocrats to give a thought to the processes which produce revolutionists; and the history of the development of these several characters is given with a directness and power that lead us instinctively to credit the narrative with absolute fidelity to fact. It is not so much a question for us — since we have no police jurisdiction in the matter — whether these men were reasonable or not, whether they were treasonable or not; but rather we should address ourselves to discovering whether or not they had just cause for complaint against the social organism which had won their resentment. I do not attempt to solve the enigmas connected with the answer to this query; I simply emphasize the questions which are inevitably raised by such a story — "Where is the wrong?" and "How can it be righted?"

The characters delineated, aside from the hero, deserve at least a passing notice. The portrait of the beloved mother is sketchily rather than strongly drawn. She seems quite as often an abstraction as a living personality — a name and a nucleus about which to concentrate the beautiful devotion of her sons, but scarcely a living factor in the book otherwise. The same indefiniteness applies to the characterization of Judge Coit in the earlier part of the volume; but after he receives a new lease of life by being put in possession of a farm, he suddenly becomes genuine flesh and blood.

A frank and unconventional, in fact rather new, specimen of young womanhood is given us in the warm-hearted Julia, who is by no means uninteresting as a contrast to the familiar tailor-made heroines of books innumerable. Originality, which hides a multitude of sins, is a merit that "Mother, Will and I" may distinctly claim.

As for the other girl character of the book, the loving but luckless Fanny, we can only say that she was in many respects worthy of a happier fate than that which she so gladly accepted. Alas that the man who makes shipwreck of his own life should almost invariably involve some innocent woman in the same ruin!

We cannot help the impression that the author allows the supposed narrator of the story more than a deserved amount of good fortune;

though a ray of sunshine at the close of the book is really needed, from an artistic point of view, to relieve the intense gloom which pervades, for the most part, the later chapters. Milton Coit is purely a nonentity — except in his love affairs; but this is a fate almost necessarily allotted to the first person singular in any novel where the interest is focused on another character. Examples would be easy to multiply, from Phineas Fletcher in "John Halifax, Gentleman," down through a host of lesser books; and I do not now recall any very conspicuous exceptions to the rule.

It is in accordance with my theory of a first book that there should be in it passages which would bear some literary sandpapering, so to speak; nevertheless the story contains more than a little good writing — terse, tense English; words edged like fine tools for their special purpose. One of the most striking instances of the author's power in the use of language is to be found in the vividly grewsome circular addressed to suicides; it may be described as a splendid specimen of pure horribleness.

I have scarcely outlined the story, I have not even summarized in a thorough manner the impressions produced by its reading, or indicated all the trains of thought which its perusal might start; I have simply sketched some salient points here and there, leaving an exhaustive review to some other pen. CLARA L. SHATTUCK.

How to Get Well and How to Keep Well.*

Dr. Thomas A. Bland, president of the Eclectic Medical Society of the District of Columbia, has written a little work which will doubtless prove very popular, as it contains simple directions for home treatment of common diseases and several admirable chapters on "How to Keep Well." Dr. Bland believes in medicine, and his treatment is along the lines of the Eclectic school. With this thought in view, the reader will gain a fair idea of the first half of the volume by the following extracts from its Table of Contents: —

The Causes of Disease. — Eating and Drinking; Tobacco; Indolence; Labor; Dissipation; Poisons, etc.

How Medicines Act. — Dr. Eberly Says Doctors Don't Know; Positive Inferior to Inferential Knowledge; Action of Medicine Illustrated.

Forms of Disease and Modes of Treatment. — Malarial or Bilious Fever; Ague; Typhoid Fever; Pneumonia; Pleurisy; Quinsy; Croup; Consumption; Diphtheria; Scarlet Fever; Measles; Influenza; La Grippe; Small-pox; Asthma; Rheumatism; Neuralgia; Apoplexy; Dropsy; Cholera Morbus; Heartburn; Colic; Catarrh; Headache; Dyspepsia; Piles; Scrofula; White Swelling; Disease of the Heart; Epilepsy; St. Vitus' Dance; Insanity.

Description of Leading Medicines. — Lobelia; Podophyllum; Dandelion; Black Root; Butternut; Peruvian Bark; Salicin; Dogwood; Boneset; Cayenne Pepper; Ginger; Pleurisy Root; Elecampane; Skunk Cabbage; Spikenard; Hoarhound; Blood-

* "How To Get Well and How To Keep Well: A Family Physician and Guide to Health," by Thomas A. Bland, M. D. Cloth; pp. 202; price $1. Plymouth Publishing Company.

root; Yellow Dock; Burdock; Queen's Root; Yellow Root; Prickly Ash; Gentian; Yellow Poplar.

Medical Compounds. — Pulmonic Balsam; Stomach Bitters; Tonic Bitters; Alterative Syrup; Neutralizing Cordial; Woman's Cordial; Kidney Compound; Medicamentum; Vermifuge; Tapeworm Syrup; Expectorant Syrup; Anti-Bilious Pills; Tonic Pills; Neuralgia Pills; Healing Salve; Ointment for Skin Disease; Liniment.

Water as a Medicine. — Water-Cure Systems Reviewed; Wet-Sheet Pack; Vapor Bath; Sitz Bath; Fomentations and Compresses.

Electricity and Magnetism. — Definition of Electricity; Magnetism Defined and Its Use as a Healing Agent Commended; How To Apply It.

Part Second deals with Food and How to Prepare It, Pure Air, Pure Water, Physical Exercise, Rest, Climatic Influences, and The Power of Mind in Disease. These chapters are excellent, and, while one may not agree with all the doctor's views, the work will be helpful to those who believe in medicine, and those who have little faith in drugs can derive much profit from the sensible observations found in the second part.

The work is neatly bound and contains an excellent portrait of the author.

LITERARY GOSSIP FOR DECEMBER.

A Sumptuous Edition of Paul and Virginia.*

One of the most attractive holiday books we have seen is the new edition of "Paul and Virginia" just published by D. Appleton & Co. Admirable illustrations are found on almost every page, the type is large and inviting, and the book is handsomely bound in ornamental cloth. Not the least interesting feature of this work is the carefully prepared biographical sketch of Bernardin de Saint Pierre. It is a book which merits a wide sale, and it is difficult to see how the publishers are able to bring out so handsome a volume at so small a price.

Three Juvenile Books from Roberts Brothers.

Two Excellent Books for Children.†

"Penelope Prig and Other Stories," is a book of admirable stories for children of from ten to fourteen years of age. Handsomely illustrated and beautifully bound. An excellent gift book.

Another beautifully bound work published by the same house is, "Not Quite Eighteen," a title which probably refers to the number of stories in the book, which contains sixteen. The author, Susan Coolidge, is well known as a writer of wholesome stories for little ones. This volume is suitable for children from six to ten years of age; its atmosphere is good, and the stories are told in a way to interest the children. It is a *good book.* Both these works are specially suited for girls.

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* "Paul and Virginia," by Bernardin de Saint Pierre. Ornamental cloth stamped in gold, profusely illustrated; price $1.50. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

† "Penelope Prig and Other Stories," by A. G. Plympton. Illustrated by the author; cloth; pp. 194; price $1. Published by Roberts Brothers.

"Not Quite Eighteen," by Susan Coolidge. Cloth; pp. 284; price $1.25. Boston, Roberts Brothers.

*The Voyage of the Liberdade.**

This is a book of travel, or rather the straightforward story of a cruise in a little boat around the east coast of South America. The book is not particularly well written, but the adventures described will give it interest for boys, and the descriptions of the lands visited and the customs of the various peoples give the volume a value not possessed by mere stories.

SELECTIONS FROM ADDISON'S ESSAYS.†

Addison is the founder of the modern popular English prose style, at once familiar and elegant, and to read his best papers is to take a lesson in good manners as well as in good literature. In a delightful variety of social satire he shows a grace, urbanity and humor never since surpassed, and he has given us at least one character, Sir Roger de Coverley, as familiar to us as any other in fiction. This is the high praise that posterity accords to Joseph Addison, author, poet and politician; born in 1672; died in 1719. In this attractive volume we have the following selected essays from among his best writings: "Sir Roger de Coverley"; "Society, Fashions, Minor Morals"; "Mr. Spectator and His Paper"; "Literary and Critical Topics"; "Morals and Religion." The introduction is by Prof. C. T. Winchester, English Literature Department of Wesleyan University. This is a book to which none are apt to take exception and which supplies pleasing and helpful reading for all.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.‡

The mission of Goldsmith seems to have been fully accomplished in his work — namely, that of making life more pleasant and happy, of cheering homes otherwise sad, or making long hours short, or lonely days cheerful. Oliver Goldsmith is read wherever men read English; and, where he is read, he is almost always loved. No home library can be complete without this author. In this inviting volume we have the following selections: "The Traveller," "The Deserted Village," "Retaliation," "Pictures of Life," "The Man in Black," "Books and Authors," "The Eccentricities of Fashion," "Literature and Taste," "Various Matters," and "Extracts from the Life of Richard Nash, Esq." In the introduction Edward Everett Hale gives, in characteristic felicity of style, a charming sketch of the author's life.

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* "The Voyage of the Liberdade," by Captain Joshua Slocum. Illustrated; cloth; pp. 162; price $1. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

† Joseph Addison: Selected Essays. Cloth; 12mo; price 75 cents. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

‡ Selections from the Works of Oliver Goldsmith. Cloth; 12mo; price 75 cents. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

NEW WORKS FROM LEE & SHEPARD.

*A Valuable Work on Mental Healing.**

"I Am Well" is the title of a suggestive and in many ways very valuable work by C. W. Post. It is a very thorough and exhaustive treatise, both upon the theory and practice of the system of cure by natural suggestion. It explains the principles of mental healing as founded upon the fundamental premise that man, by the development of his intelligence, secures a "marvellous control over material by the power of his mentality, and proves it by curing his physical ailments and preserving bodily health solely by the skilful exercise of mind." Vitality and strength are shown to be the instantaneous results of the process of mental healing, when man "discovers his true connection with eternal energy, and that knowledge brings with it a portion of the power of the Supreme."

The book is written in an attractive and lucid style, and, whatever may be one's opinion as to the system advocated, it merits regard as an able and full exposition of the views concerning the true nature of health and disease advocated by the author. It is entitled to be regarded as a vade mecum of the methods adopted in that treatment, as well as a compendium of the arguments which are used for its support, presented in a truly original and vigorous way. It will undoubtedly reach a wide circulation as an authoritative exponent of the science of life which it presents and champions.

Back Country Poems.†

"Back Country Poems" by Sam Walter Foss, comes like a sunbeam athwart the dreary waste of current versification, with its genial jingles filled with their odd and charming mixture of humor and philosophy. Almost every stanza written by Mr. Foss has a comical twist in it somewhere, and his poems abound in humor — real humor — the kind that will force even a dyspeptic to laugh and which yet never leaves a sting behind.

He has a peculiar knack of combining healthy humor with sound and homely philosophy. He always gives a philosophical turn to his fun, and a funny twist to his philosophy, in a way that is peculiarly his own and which is as wholesome as it is delightful and popular. Mr. Foss' poetry is quite well known to the newspaper readers of the country, for many waifs from his pen are even now drifting about, some of them credited with his name and some long ago orphaned, but still finding a place in corners of backwoods papers and of backwoods hearts.

There is in these poems a naturalness, a love of humanity and an insight into human and inanimate nature that one likes at first sight.

* "I Am Well." Cloth; price $1.25. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

† "Back Country Poems," by Sam Walter Foss. Handsome cloth; price $1.50. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Their strongest point, after their all-pervading humor, is to be found in the fact that they all contain something for every degree of intelligence; their logic is sometimes ludicrously deep for the backwoods dialect in which they are written, but the mind that can take only a dipperful will go away satisfied as well as that which can take a pailful.

There is a certain pliability about dialect language that especially fits it for versification, and Mr. Foss, like James Whitcomb Riley, has made the most of this fact. The theorist who dogmatically asserts that the day of the dialect is past must mend his theory upon reading poems like these. The fact is that dialect is a dead language nowadays for the novelist and story writer, but not for the poet. The truth that the readers of this rushing age will not spare the time to spell out a dialect novel does not apply to the short poem of three or four stanzas, in which the capability of the words to be twisted in all sorts of ways adds in rhythm and jingle much more than it takes away in legibility.

*Because I Love You.**

This is one of the daintiest and, were it not for the black fly leaves, would be one of the handsomest bound volumes of this season. It requires good taste to make a choice selection of poems even from the rich mine of published poetry, but the compiler has succeeded most admirably. She has given an excellent work from which to select sentiments to accompany a gift of flowers. It is just the book also to present to the "nearer one, dearer one yet than all others," who has given comfort and encouragement to the rough ways and steep ways of life, or to the aged friend, or the bereaved one, cherishing yet the memory of days of love, and remembering that love is still the promise of the future. No taste merely, but spiritual insight has directed this grouping of the best thoughts of the best poets, and it is a veritable casket of gems.

Sirs, Only Seventeen.†

Miss Virginia Townsend has many admirers, and anything new from her pen will be received by them with great pleasure and interest. She always introduces us to characters that we like to associate with. She does not seem to expend much energy in giving us psychological analysis, but manages to call out our hearts to them. She throws upon our senses the charm of youth and beauty without diminishing our reverence for the soul within it, or permitting us to forget that it is a blossom of Divine Thought. Her plots are always ingenious and full of interest, and incidents and situations follow swiftly in her stories. Her books are always pure. She has marked descriptive and imaginative powers, which are displayed at their best in this new story. In it she

* "Because I Love You." Cloth; white and gold ornamental binding; pp. 228; price $1.50. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

† "Sirs, Only Seventeen," by Virginia F. Townsend. Cloth; pp. 324; price $1.50. Lee & Shepard.

pictures the lives of some very interesting people, prominent among whom are Dorothy Draycott and her brother Tom, a Harvard student, two very strong and attractive characters.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS, LEE & SHEPARD.

"*Miss Jerome's Banners.*" Lee & Shepard have issued for the holiday trade four original banners, in colors and gold. They are entitled "Joy Banner," "Rest Banner," "Every Day Banner," and "What Will the Violets Be?" The selections are excellent, but we doubt if the banners will prove popular at the price — fifty cents each. They do not impress us as being worth that amount. Besides, we think persons who would pay that price for a banner would want something handsomer if it were to be hung in the house.

"*Wee Lucy.*" A charming book for wee ones from the ever popular pen of Sophie May. This little work ought to have a very wide sale. It is a book we can recommend for the little tots. The price in cloth, illustrated, is 75 cents. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

"*Mollie Miller.*" Another wholesome child's book for little ones somewhat older than those who would enjoy "Wee Lucy" is "Mollie Miller," by Effie W. Merriman. It is an excellent child's story, published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. Price $1.25.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"TENURE AND TOIL," by John Gibbons, LL. D. Cloth; pp. 316. Published by Law Journal Print, Chicago, Ill.

"THE BETTER WORLD," by B. B. Southwick, M. D. Cloth, pp. 375. Published by Truth Seeker Company, New York.

"RELIGION AND THE BIBLE," by F. D. Cummings. Cloth; pp. 314. Published by Truth Seeker Company, New York.

"THE MEETING PLACE OF GEOLOGY AND HISTORY," by Sir William Dawson, LL. D., F. R. S. Cloth; pp. 223. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

"THE ROBB'S ISLAND WRECK," by Lynn R. Meekins. Cloth; pp. 192. Published by Stone & Kimball, Chicago and Cambridge.

"ANIMALS' RIGHTS," by Henry S. Salt. Cloth; pp. 176; price 75 cents. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York and London.

"THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT," by Jules Verne. Cloth; pp. 276. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.

"THE RIGHTS OF LABOR," by W. J. Paper; pp. 117; price 25 cents. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

"A MODERN DESPOTISM," by Marcus Petersen. Pp. 312; price, cloth $1.25, paper 50 cents. Published by Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Schools and Masters of Sculpture," by A. G. Radcliffe. Cloth; pp. 593. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"Systematic Science Teaching," by Edward Gardiner Howe. Cloth; pp. 326. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"St. Luke," by A Daughter of the Church. Cloth; pp. 48; price 50 cents. Published by Crothers & Korth, 246 Fourth Avenue, New York.

"The Evolution of Woman," by Eliza Burt Gamble. Cloth; pp. 356. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"Justice and Mercy," by Marion D. Shutter. Cloth; pp. 276. Published by the Universalist Publishing House, Boston.

"As Natural as Life," by Charles G. Ames. Cloth; pp. 109. Published by James H. West, 174 High Street, Boston.

"In Love with Love," by James H. West. Cloth; pp. 109. Published by James H. West, 174 High Street, Boston.

"A Treatise of Natal Astrology," by G. Wilde and J. Dodson. Cloth; pp. 194. Published by the Occult Book Company, 6 Central Street, Halifax, Yorks.

"Penelope Prig," by A. G. Plympton. Cloth; pp. 194; price $1. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

"Voyage of The Liberdade," by Captain Joshua Slocum. Cloth; pp. 158; price $1. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

"Not Quite Eighteen," by Susan Coolidge. Cloth; pp. 284; price $1.25. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

"Sorrow and Song," by Coulson Kernahan. Cloth; pp. 156. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Penn.

"Back Country Poems," by Sam Walter Foss. Cloth; pp. 258; price $1.50. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

"Wee Lucy," by Sophie May. Cloth; pp. 164; price 75 cents. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

"Sirs, Only Seventeen," by Virginia F. Townsend. Cloth; pp. 322; price $1.50. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

"A Hilltop Summer," by Alyn Yates Keith. Cloth; pp. 110. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

"I Am Well," by C. W. Post. Cloth; pp. 147; price $1.25. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

"Asiatic Breezes," by Oliver Optic. Cloth; pp. 361; price $1.25. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

"Mollie Miller," by Effie W. Merriman. Cloth; pp. 280; price $1.50. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

"Christian Creeds and Confessions," by G. A. Gumlich, Ph. D. Cloth; pp. 136; price $1. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

"EQUILIBRATION OF HUMAN APTITUDES," by C. Osborne Ward. Cloth; pp. 333; price $1.25. Published by National Watchman Company, Washington, D. C.

"CHEIRO'S LANGUAGE OF THE HAND," by Cheiro the Palmist. Cloth; pp. 193. Published by the author, 432 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"SELECTED ESSAYS OF JOSEPH ADDISON," by C. T. Winchester. Cloth; pp. 175; price 75 cents. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH," introduction by E. E. Hale. Cloth; pp. 287; price $1. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

"FOUR MONTHS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE." Paper; pp. 64. Written for and published by the American Humane Educational Society, Boston.

"COIN'S FINANCIAL SCHOOL," by W. H. Harvey. Paper; pp. 149; price 25 cents. Published by Coin Publishing Company, Chicago.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF PLUTOCRACY'S BASTILES.

Do the Plutocrats of the United States Have to "Submit to the Will of the People Constitutionally Expressed"?

Testimony of the Leading Democratic Papers of the United States on this Point.

Thoughtful People who are not Toadies or Hessians View the Present Military Fever with Alarm.

PROBABLY no other paper which has appeared in any review in months has called forth such extended editorial comments as "Plutocracy's Bastiles." A number of organs which are swayed by Wall Street gamblers, the acquirers of wealth and the coupon clippers, have broken their conspiracy of silence. Columns of editorials have appeared which sound so much like the vituperation and calumny which filled the conservative press when speaking of the cause defended by Whittier, Garrison and Phillips prior to the election of Lincoln, that one cannot help thinking the penny-a-liners of the plutocratic press have consulted some oldtime slave-defending prints. In no instance has an attempt been made to disprove a single fact set forth by me, although studied efforts have been made to misrepresent me and my position. One journal thinks it strange that any taxpayer should object to rich men building these feudal castles for crack regiments. The Boston *Herald*, the New York *Tribune*, the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, the Washington *Post*, and some smaller dailies, have felt called upon to discuss this paper in a way which proves that the unmasking of plutocracy's plan has alarmed the minions of the money power.

On the other hand, the wealth producers have, from all sections of the nation, expressed their appreciation. The *Journal of the Knights of Labor* requested permission to reproduce the entire article with cuts, and in an editorial notice referred to it as follows: —

> By kind permission of the editor of THE ARENA, and the loan of the necessary cuts, we are able to republish from THE ARENA for October the masterly article which appears on our first page. The article is one of the best of the series now publishing against the extension of the use and augmenting of the standing army in America. It is a terrible arraignment, and so truthful and pregnant of coming events that every lover of America should carefully peruse and ponder. THE ARENA is doing wonderful work in the field of reform, and it is the best magazine of its character in the country.

The *International Railroader* of Chicago, in its issue of October 22, says: —

> In THE ARENA for October there is an article justly entitled "Plutocracy's Bastiles," written by B. O. Flower, the editor of the magazine. This article has been republished by permission in the *Journal of the Knights of Labor*, with the pictures of ten armories which tower high amid our civilization, casting their dark shadows upon the rights and liberties of the working people. The timely warning of Mr. Flower becomes more significant when you note that the new armories recently erected, in addition to the old, are larger in size and stronger in fortification, and bear that gloomy appearance at the sight of which the statue of liberty seems to

show signs of grewsome melancholy. Erected — doubtless out of fear of growing discontent — by the rich, with the money wrung, stolen and robbed from the poor, these awful citadels of tyranny and oppression are truly named by Mr. Flower "plutocracy's bastiles"! Be it said to his credit, THE ARENA is the champion of justice.

Letters by the score have been received from friends enthusiastically commending the paper, and what is also significant, the editorials assailing it have called forth enthusiastic praise for THE ARENA article from thinking men and women, showing that the people are no longer content to swallow the "echoes of echoes." Here is a letter received from Cambridge, Mass., a few days after the Boston *Herald's* criticism appeared: —

DEAR SIR: Your article in THE ARENA anent "Plutocracy's Bastiles" is correct in every respect. There might be some foundation for the *Herald's* editorial attack on your article last week if Homestead and Pullman, etc., had never existed. Your article is founded on facts, crystallized by occurrences in connection with the militia under Harrison and Cleveland.

I suppose you read the report in to-day's *Globe* of the resolution by the Central Labor Union, condemning the militia, especially any increase of appropriations for the same. THE ARENA is the best magazine printed in America or any other country.

A physician in Lansing, Mich., sends the *Free Press* editorial on the "Bastiles," with the following letter: —

DEAR SIR: I referred the *Free Press* editor to your article in the last number of THE ARENA, and he comes back after this fashion in an editorial.

You see that almost every moneyed interest, or those sucking the teat of the money power will resent the truth, as stated by you in your article, and do their utmost to blind the people to the real truth. Go at them again.

Here is a letter we publish in full as containing some very significant facts which further emphasize the thought presented in my "Plutocracy's Bastiles": —

Cleveland Daily Volksfreund.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 24, 1894.

B. O. Flower, Esq.,

DEAR SIR: Was very much interested in your article on "Plutocracy's Bastiles," and shall see that it reaches our readers.

Sent you copies of Cleveland *Plain Dealer* and *Leader* of October 19, marked relative to our bastile — the latest, for our city has two. Did you know that H. C. Frick gave his check for ten thousand dollars to Battery B of Pittsburg, Penn., which planted its cannon on the height of Homestead during the trouble there? There is an immense fund of information on the subject of plutocratic armament lying around loose which ought to be gathered and shaped.

Columbus, the capital of Ohio, being within two hours' ride of the coal fields of the Hocking and Sandy Creek Valley, where there has been the most suffering and the widest unrest, is to be made a military centre, and the barracks there are to be enlarged at national expense. Your article is in the right direction and gives timely warning about the changing conditions of our country. I thank you heartily for its clear ring and its courageous frankness.

Respectfully,

F. W. GESSULT.

Please note what is said above of Mr. Frick's contribution, and in this connection bear in mind the part played by the sugar trust last winter, and the fatal admissions made by Mr. Havemeyer that his trust, on business principles, contributed to the Republican party in Republican states and to the Democratic party in Democratic states.

William D. McCrackan, M. A., in a reply to some of his critics in the Boston *Transcript* says: —

I have the feeling that if those trusts and corporations that make a business of bribery know that an army stands at their beck and call, an army that asks no questions, that simply shoots straight when the word is given, the task of doing equal and exact justice will be made impossible.

We might publish pages of commendatory letters, which I have received and which indicate that at last the people are awakening. This fact is also very discernible in the action of labor organizations. The resolutions which were passed by an almost unanimous vote by the Boston Central Labor Union on October 21, are interesting as confirming this important and hopeful fact. The following statements from the report of the resolutions are taken from the news column of the Boston *Herald* of Monday, October 22 : —

Adjutant-General Dalton and the militia were denounced, both orally and by resolutions, at yesterday's meeting of the Central Labor Union.

A letter recently issued by Adjutant-General Dalton was severely criticised at the last meeting of the Central Labor Union, with the result that a committee was appointed to draft suitable resolutions concerning the contents of the letter. The committee yesterday presented the resolutions, which are appended: —

"WHEREAS Adjutant-General Dalton, in a communication to the commanders of the Massachusetts militia, recently issued, has, by implication and insinuation, seen fit to attack the organizations of labor, thereby creating prejudice in the public mind, with the apparent purpose of magnifying the value of the military arm of the government: therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That we deplore the evident disposition of those in authority to increase and centralize the numbers of state and federal troops, and to multiply costly and mediaeval armories, thereby making more onerous the burden of taxation which, in the ultimate, is borne by the producing classes.

"*Resolved*, That we believe the maintenance of a large standing army, either as a murder machine, an instrument of intimidation, or for purposes of display, to be unworthy of the age in which we live, a relic of barbarism and of no utility, excepting to assist those who seek to maintain their special privileges by barbaric methods, and that we therefore call upon all legislators, state or national, who have at heart the interest of labor, to strenuously oppose further appropriations for military increase.

"*Resolved*, That we urge upon working-men everywhere, the propriety of refraining from participation in military service, and, if already attached, of severing their connection as soon as they lawfully and honorably may.

"*Resolved*, That we repel, with the utmost indignation, the insinuation of General Dalton, which has since been more openly charged by Generals Schofield and Miles, that the peace of the country is threatened by the attempts of working-men to better their condition; but we do affirm that such danger as does exist arises from the arrogance of corporate power, supplemented by the subserviency of those entrusted with public office.

"*Resolved*, That we demand that the arbitrament of the social problem shall be by those free and peaceful methods provided by the founders of our national institutions, and pledge ourselves to oppose all attempts to establish an armed plutocratic government on the soil of America."

Delegate Lloyd spoke at length in favor of the resolutions. He condemned President Cleveland for sending troops to Chicago, and said the working-men could afford to let the militia die. If the rich want a militia, said he, let them compose it and pay for it out of their own pockets.

Delegate Haley urged the adoption of the resolutions, and affirmed that in case of rebellion and foreign invasion the working-men would be as patriotic as they have always been in the past.

Now let us further notice this question for a moment, bearing in mind the words of Tolstoi: "Justice can have no binding force on a ruler or rulers who keep men deluded and drilled in readiness for acts of violence — soldiers, and by means of them control others. And so governments can never be brought to consent to diminish the number of these drilled slaves, who constitute their whole power and importance." The Louisville *Courier-Journal* in its editorial says: —

The plutocrats in this country have to submit to the will of the people constitutionally expressed, and the plutocrats know it. The militia do not exist to protect the rich man any more than the poor man, and the militia know it.

Here is a fair sample of the recklessness and moral obliquity which characterize the writings of the Hessians of the capitalistic press. Without attempting to confute facts they substitute abuse and intersperse their cheap buncombe with such statements as the above.

(1) "The plutocrats," we are gravely informed, "have to submit to the will of the people constitutionally expressed, and the plutocrats know it." I wish to notice this statement for a moment. I might review the history of the rise of plutocracy in this land, dwelling on the Republican-fostered Credit Mobilier, Star Route and Whiskey Trust episodes. But the *Courier-Journal* would probably urge that these episodes happened when the Republican party was triumphant; so we will come down to the present day. And here I propose to quote only from papers which have been famed as defenders of the present administration, or from those recognized as chief among Democratic publications, in order to prove out of the mouths of those who belong to the fellowship of the *Courier-Journal* how pitifully false are the editorial utterances of the latter journal.

The Springfield *Republican*, as one would naturally expect, sneered at "Plutocracy's Bastiles." This paper and the Boston *Herald* have long vied with each other in fulsome laudation of Mr. Cleveland. If not entitled to be termed "Heavenly Twins," they certainly have proved that on this point they were "two souls with but a single thought." But at length the *Republican* has become alarmed, as will be seen by the last sentence of one of its recent editorials, which we give below. The writer has evidently come to see that the people are no longer being governed by organs which obey the behests of the gamblers of Wall Street. Hence the *Republican* utters this very significant note of warning, which gives cold comfort to the bold assertions of the *Courier-Journal*: —

That Havemeyer, Searles and the other engineers of the trust are open and daily breakers of the law admits of no question. There is the Sherman Anti-Trust Law which is being violated. And the new tariff act has a section which makes such combinations or agreements unlawful when entered into by persons engaged in the importation of any article into the United States, for the purpose of preventing competition or of raising the market price, and exposes the authors to fine and imprisonment. But Mr. Havemeyer made free admission, before the Senate investigating committee, that this trust was organized especially to advance and control the price of sugar, and that it had succeeded.

And yet President Cleveland went out of his way in his last inaugural address to extend the promise of an attack upon such conspiracies. Would not some of the promptness and vigor of action and ingenuity of legal resources which characterized the course of the administration in the Chicago strikes, be wholesome in this case? The contrast is altogether too striking to escape popular comment; and it is being used by the Populists on the Western stump with an effect apparently too telling for the comfort of the conservative interests of the land.

Here is what the New York *Times* (Independent Democrat) says editorially October 28: —

The thing to be done to avert the condition thus threatened is very plainly to do equal and exact justice. When it comes to be popularly believed that rich men or rich corporations can obtain favors from the lawmaking body, popular discontent is not only inevitable, but it is justifiable. It is quite futile for rich men to appeal to poor men to obey the law when poor men believe that rich men have bribed the lawmakers. Every industry that is pampered by protection instigates rebellion. Every trust that is made possible by dishonest legislation or by corrupt administrative failure to enforce honest legislation breeds anarchists. There could not be a spectacle better calculated to excite the mass of people who have to work hard for their livings, and who have no favors to expect, than that which is just now presented to this country by the senators from Havemeyer and their employer.

Lest the *Courier-Journal* should urge that the *Republican* and the New York *Times* are mugwump organs and not true blue Democratic journals, we give below some very recent editorials from the New York *World*. This paper publishes almost half a million copies daily, and certainly has at least a daily circulation of *more than two hundred thousand beyond that of any other daily Democratic organ in America*. Hence its utterances are entitled to

serious attention. The *World* in noticing the arrest of Mr. Howard, the coachman of ex-Vice-President Morton, says editorially: —

It may be asserted that Mr. Morton would have done better had he employed an American coachman instead of Howard, but that is neither here nor there, for everybody knows that had Governor Hill imported a coachman just at this particular time the contract labor law would have been left in the same innocuous desuetude in which Messrs. *Carlisle and Olney and their associates in Washington leave the laws against trusts, monopolies and armor-plate frauds.* What a spectacle it is, to be sure, when this humble workingman, to whom fifty dollars a month seems a fortune, has the heavy hand of law laid upon him in the name of the majesty and dignity of the American people, *while the Carnegies and the Havemeyers shoot out the lip of scorn at law and public opinion, and are shielded in doing it by the very men who pretend that their obligation as executive officers compels them to raise the legal hue and cry against the fifty-dollar-a-month coachman!* What a humbug it is! What a fraud it is! What a scandal it is!

— *New York World, October* 17.

Debs has been indicted again. Whenever Mr. Olney feels like taking a little exercise to relieve his mind from the strain of declaring anti-trust laws unconstitutional Debs is very apt to get indicted again.

Twenty words signed "Grover Cleveland" will compel the attorney-general to prosecute the violators of the laws against monopoly and extortion. And now is the time to write them.

— *Editorials, New York World, October* 21.

When Secretary Carlisle wrote the schedule giving the sugar trust the protection it demanded he put himself in opposition to the honest Democrats of the country, and if he is ever to reinstate himself in their good opinion it must be by a return to their principles — not by the peanut methods of pothouse politics.

It is a principle of democracy that there shall be no discrimination in the administration of justice, but that the laws shall be executed against the wealthy and the powerful with the same rigor as against the poor and helpless. Has that principle been carried out — is there any prospect that it will be carried out — against Havemeyer of the sugar trust and Carnegie of the steel-rail trust?

Does Mr. Cleveland expect Democrats to go to the polls to indorse Carnegie, Havemeyer and the "communists of capital" who are running his administration at Washington while he spends his time in fishing?

— *Editorials, New York World, October* 23.

It is once more announced that President Cleveland is about to do something "to help along the Democratic campaign." . . . There is no doubt whatever of what Mr. Cleveland can do and ought to do. He has influence with his administration and he ought to exert it. If he acts vigorously, as he has sometimes done in great emergencies, he can induce his secretary of the navy to prosecute the armor-plate frauds which are now left unprosecuted, to the indignation and disgust of all Democrats who believe that neither Andrew Carnegie nor any one else should be left unpunished because of wealth, position and political influence. By all means let Mr. Cleveland help his party by inducing Secretary Herbert to prosecute the blowhole frauds. Having done that much for the party let him persuade Attorney-General Olney that the trusts are not protected by the Constitution in violating constitutional laws against conspiracy. Let him compel Mr. Olney either to get out of the cabinet or to enforce the new Democratic Anti-Trust law. And that will help the party. Having done that, let him persuade Mr. Carlisle that the influence of the secretary of the treasury ought not to be put at the service of the sugar trust or any other lawless combination which is defying the power of the United States embodied in its statutes. And that will help the party a very great deal. There are other ways in which Mr. Cleveland can make himself useful in what is undoubtedly an emergency, but if he neglects these nothing else he does will count against the condemnation which Democrats who believe in the principles of their party visit on the violation of its pledges and the stultification of its purposes. By all means let President Cleveland help the party. And he ought to do it now, at once, without further delay.

John James Howard goes to trial on the charge of being a foreign coachman under contract. The most important thing about Howard as a victim of zeal for law is that his name is not Havemeyer, nor yet Carnegie.

— *Editorials, New York World, October* 18.

The *World* repeats to-day what it said yesterday, that now is the time for Mr. Cleveland to begin helping his party. And if he will read over certain testimony given by John G. Carlisle, secretary of the treasury, before the sugar investigating committee of the Senate, he can get a number of valuable hints as to how the help should be applied. In that testimony Mr. Carlisle admitted that he had had consultations on the sugar schedule with Mr. Jones, the notorious trust schedule Searles, Mr. H. O. Havemeyer, and on several occasions with Mr. Henry B. Reed, of Boston. When questioned further the secretary said he was "under the impression that he gave Mr. Reed a letter of introduction to Senator Jones and a similar letter introducing Mr. Havemeyer to Senator Mills." In that connection Mr. Carlisle published an authorized interview advocating the kind of a sugar tax demanded by Messrs. Searles, Havemeyer and other members of the sugar trust lobby.

— *Editorial, New York World, October* 19.

Instead of ordering the prompt release of the coachman Howard, as under Judge Lacombe's decision it was his duty to do, Secretary Carlisle has detained the man as a prisoner on Ellis Island and ordered his case reviewed "by a commission of four government officials." This is adding official tyranny to official and most contemptible partisanship. It converts campaign buncombe and humbug into wilful persecution and lawless exercise of authority.

The laws against trusts are simple and ought to be effective. The Democratic president and attorney-general could enforce them if they would. If Mr. Cleveland were sincere in his Democracy, he would compel Mr. Olney to enforce them. The first law against monopoly was the work of a Republican senator, Mr. Edmunds. The outcry of the people against the growing power of the trusts forced this concession from the politicians whose legislation had fostered trusts. It declared illegal "every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of trade or commerce among the several states or with foreign nations." To engage in any such combination or conspiracy was made a misdemeanor, punishable "by fine not exceeding $5,000 or by imprisonment not exceeding one year, or by both said punishments, in the discretion of the court." Every attempt to monopolize interstate or foreign trade was also made a misdemeanor. It was made the duty of the attorney-general to direct the various district attorneys to "prevent and restrain violations of this act." The violations of this act were open and notorious when Mr. Cleveland's administration began, and they continue to be open and notorious; but Mr. Cleveland's attorney-general, who is a trust lawyer, has not taken a step to "prevent or restrain such violations." On the contrary he has done his best to encourage them by declaring in an official report that the law cannot be enforced. In order to meet his objections Senator Morgan moved and Congress adopted an amendment to the Edmunds law, which is part of the new tariff act. This amendment provides "that every combination, conspiracy, trust, agreement or contract is hereby declared to be contrary to public policy, illegal and void, when the same is made by or between two or more persons or corporations either of whom is engaged in importing any article from any foreign country into the United States, and when such combination, conspiracy, trust, agreement or contract is intended to operate in restraint of lawful trade or free competition in lawful trade or commerce, or to increase the market price in any part of the United States of any article or articles imported or intended to be imported into the United States, or of any manufacture into which such imported article enters or is intended to enter." This was designed to meet the case of the sugar trust. It did meet it. The sugar trust is guilty under it on the testimony of its own president and treasurer taken before the Senate committee. But Attorney-General Olney has done nothing to bring the guilty parties to justice. The administration has exhibited nothing but laxity and paralysis in its treatment of the sugar trust.

— *Editorials, New York World, October* 22.

These are but a few editorial notices along the same line which might be quoted from this most popular of all Democratic dailies in America.

On November 3, Howard the coachman who, by Secretary Carlisle's first decision, had been arrested, and who had been held as a prisoner from early in October, was ordered to be set free. This step was owing to the exposure of the infamy of the action by the New York *World*, and because the position of the secretary was so clearly untenable. But here we find a poor man arrested as a criminal and imprisoned for almost a month, and confined there even after Judge Lacombe had declared that he was "not subject to the constraint of the federal law," and the president of this republic took no

heed of the crime of his secretary. No, he was busy fishing and hunting. This poor man has no redress for his unjust and infamous imprisonment. He is poor. But what would have happened if the gentleman, Mr. Frick, who contributed ten thousand dollars for bastiles, had been arrested for complicity in the armor frauds? What is being done toward bringing the armor-plate scoundrels to justice? What is being done toward the prosecution of the sugar-trust criminals? And yet the *Courier-Journal* has the hardihood to say that "*The plutocrats have to submit to the will of the people constitutionally expressed, and the plutocrats know it.*" This same paper adds, "The militia do not exist to protect the rich man any more than the poor man, and *the militia know it.*"

Ah, indeed! And is that the reason why Mr. Frick contributed ten thousand dollars to Battery B of Pittsburgh? Is that the reason Mr. Yerxes of Chicago subscribed so liberally to the new Chicago armory? Is that why the great three hundred thousand dollar bastile-like armory of Boston, and the property of that rich man's club known as the Seventh Regiment of New York, valued at a million dollars, have been paid for entirely by *private individuals?* The despotism of Napoleon was only possible because he felt that he could depend on the strong arm of a militia taught to obey without questioning. The tyranny of caste and plutocracy which prevailed in Rome after the fall of the Gracchi was only possible when armed force was able to trample upon justice. Homestead, the sugar lobby in Washington, biasing if not bribing legislators and politicians, at a time when the government saw fit to arrest Coxey for walking on the grass, as well as the list of acquirers of wealth who have liberally subscribed for the building of feudal-like castles for special regiments — all alike confute the statement that "*The militia do not exist to protect the rich man any more than the poor man, and the militia know it.*" How Havemeyer, Frick, Carnegie, Pullman and Yerxes must laugh when they read such statements as the above from the *Courier-Journal.*

Perhaps the most startling thing brought out in this controversy is the complete subserviency to the communists of capital manifested by the plutocratic press. One would think that any sane man not sold body and soul to capitalistic interests would admit that if the state were to have armories they must be built by the state, so that in any possible conflict between capital and labor the soldiery would be unbiased. We would hardly expect to find in this land great dailies applauding the state for permitting the capitalistic class to build enormous armories for crack regiments, as for example the Seventh Regiment of New York and the Cadets of Boston; especially when the statement had gone forth, and has not been contradicted, that the state militia was being officered, at least to a certain degree, by members of those crack regiments whose luxurious headquarters had been furnished by individuals. Yet this is precisely what the journals which are subservient to Wall Street and the acquirers of wealth are doing, as is seen by the following editorial from the Boston *Herald* of November 3:—

A correspondent complains that in commenting upon an article entitled "Bastiles of the Plutocracy" some time since the *Herald* failed to make mention that this article stated that the armories of the state were "erected mostly, or entirely, at private expense, the contributions, of course, coming from wealthy people," and he asks us what significance we attach to this fact. We do not know to what extent this statement is true, but, if such is the case, we are free to say that in aiding the citizen soldiery of the state the wealthy people, who are a part of its membership, made an excellent use of their money.

For the benefit of those who do not know the character of the *Herald* and who have not read my "Plutocracy's Bastiles," I would state that in the

above is a deliberate attempt to deceive the readers of the *Herald*, by representing me as saying something entirely foreign to what I did say. I referred to certain armories, viz., that of the Seventh Regiment in New York and that of the Cadets in Boston, as being built by private contribution. Yet it will be seen that the *Herald's* editorial would seek to mislead its readers by pretending to quote from a correspondent, without going to the trouble of correcting the false statement where it says, "This article stated that the armories of the state were 'erected mostly, or entirely, at private expense, the contributions, of course, coming from wealthy people.'"

Many earnest, scholarly men, however, who have thought deeply and travelled extensively, and who are patriots instead of toadies, appreciate the real danger of the growing spirit of militarism, and are unhesitatingly calling attention to the menace of an increasing militia. W. D. McCrackan, M. A., the well known author of "The Rise of the Swiss Republic," "Romance and Teutonic Switzerland," and "Swiss Solutions of American Problems," wrote for a recent issue of the Boston *Transcript* the following able protest, which we commend to our readers: —

It is not a pleasant duty to protest against public opinion, neither is it easy to elbow your way through a crowd going in the opposite direction. Nothing but a sense of duty, therefore, can compel me to raise my voice against the growing military fever of the American people. Let me confess at once to a deep interest in military matters. In my travels I have become familiar with the armies of Germany, France, Italy, Austria, and especially of Switzerland. Everywhere the tread of soldiery, the drums, the crack of musketry have attracted me. It has been part of my work in historical research to visit and examine battle fields, to learn something about tactics and strategy. At one time I imagined that a great military establishment was just what was needed in the United States to weld public spirit into a more vigorous form, to divert the attention of our men from the present all-devouring commercialism, and to give our male population a much-needed set-up. This is what I thought until I began to atudy social and economic questions, and to realize that militarism is part of the old order of things which the world is outgrowing.

Whatever the glories of its past may be, the regular army of the United States is to-day an antiquated survival — as out of place in this progressive nation of sixty-five millions as would be a coat-of-mail upon a modern battlefield, or a wooden ship in the next naval encounter. No army of mercenaries deserves popular support, and, in truth, even to raise the relatively insignificant force of twenty-six thousand men great difficulty is experienced. About one-third of the accepted recruits are foreigners, and not a few illiterate. Almost ten per cent of the army deserts each year. Court martials are alarmingly frequent, and our military prisons are kept well filled. The regular army is as much a last resort for American-born men as domestic service is for women. Nothing but the pressure of hard times can ever fill the one or the other with good material. Furthermore, the process by which the majority of officers are obtained for this force creates a distinct hierarchical caste which is incongruous in a true democracy. And in order to maintain this force of federal policemen the people of the United States spend on an average over forty-eight millions of dollars a year, making an annual cost per man nearly five times as great as Germany with her magnificent army.

Now a demand is heard from headquarters for an addition to the regular army. Upon what plea? Partly on account of the danger of foreign invasion, but principally to quell popular movements. The first danger may be dismissed without a moment's consideration. A new era is even now dawning upon civilized nations, in which mere international questions will be completely overshadowed by the great social and economic questions. Diplomacy, which has too long played at chess with the nations, will soon become a lost art. The last monarchs who may still have power to produce war, will fall from their genealogical trees like over-ripe apples. It ought to be our glory not to be prepared to make war upon our neighbors, or even to repel an attack from the outside, but to settle any and every foreign dispute by peaceful means, and arbitration if need be.

All that the United States needs in the way of a standing army is a mounted police force to control the Indians, a force which could be rapidly reduced to the vanishing point if anything like a reputable policy were pursued towards the nation's wards.

But the main reason assigned for increasing the regular army is the fear of strikes and riots. It is urged that the federal government will in the future be

obliged to quell popular uprisings as it did last summer in Chicago. In his courageous speech at the Cooper Union last summer, Mr. George exclaimed: "What is the reason that we are building ships of war and increasing the size of our army? It is because the millionnaire monopolists are becoming afraid of the armies of poverty-stricken people which their oppressive trusts and machinations are creating."

It is a favorite device of timid men to attempt the cure of evils by restriction instead of systematic extirpation. Our social system is defective; our laws regulating economic questions are wrong. There are terrible injustices abroad; the majority of the working-men have a genuine grievance. Then let us study that and remove the danger. No solution of the social problem can be obtained by armed force. Every clash between the people and the army only embitters the struggle. To reëstablish law and order by violence does not remove the fundamental cause of an outbreak. The longer vested interests are allowed to bribe our legislators, buy our judges and move our armies, the more frightful must be the final overturning of our present industrial system. It remains with us to decide whether we shall progress by revolution or evolution.

In watching the recent march past of the state militia, one could not help thrilling at the sight. The music, the rattle of gun carriages, the general air of preparation in every uniform, stirred one to a species of exaltation. The secret of this strong feeling I believe to be a sense of many men united in mind and body, obeying one command, pressing forward to one mark. But it was depressing to feel, as I did, that the next time these troops would be called upon to fight, they would shoot down their fellow-workingmen in the streets.

A recent traveller from India, speaking of the monster armories which are springing up in all our cities, remarked: "To a stranger visiting your country it would appear that your government was rapidly preparing for one of those terrible struggles in which thousands, if not millions, of lives are sacrificed in the most savage and brutal manner."

Is there not some way of turning these vast preparations into an altruistic channel before it is too late? Could not all this energy and enthusiasm of the militia be diverted into something useful? Would it be considered undignified to turn to road building or street cleaning? Could not the militia volunteer to make our parks, build our public buildings and our railroads? Perhaps, in truth, they might solve the rapid transit problem for us in Boston by digging the subway without further delay, tearing up unused tracks, keeping heavy teams moving and protecting the flocks of frightened women at the crossings. In time a guard might be stationed on every electric car to see that no one paid his or her fare who had not a seat, and to teach the conductor good manners. If the militia cannot be used in some such manner as the Columbian Guard at Chicago, let us as a last resort set them playing football against each other, company by company, until they shall have forgotten the use of firearms.

In a reply to his critics published in the Boston *Transcript* of November 3 Mr. McCrackan further observes: —

I deprecate any resort to violence, whether it come from the side of the strikers or from the national government. My plea is for a peaceful evolution. My cry is "Ground arms!" Let it be understood that there is not going to be any fighting, that some higher being has stepped in and stopped the prize fight, and that gentleman sports must go elsewhere for their fun.

Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard has in his middle name a powerful antidote against any attack of military fever. I am content to have him censure me in company with his illustrious grandfather, whose declaration on this same subject, at the Peace Convention in 1838, is timely reading. Indeed, it might have been written to-day: —

"We register our testimony, not only against all wars, whether offensive or defensive, but all preparations for war; against every naval ship, every arsenal, every fortification; against all military chieftains and soldiers; against all monuments commemorative of victory over a foreign foe, all trophies won in battle, all celebrations in honor of military or naval exploits; against all appropriations for the defence of a nation by force and arms on the part of any legislative body; against every edict of government requiring of its subjects military service. Hence we deem it unlawful to bear arms or to hold military office."

The name of Garrison suggests another declaration on this same subject which deserves to be quoted. Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard's uncle, the present bearer of the name and traditions of William Lloyd Garrison, recently wrote in regard to drilling with muskets in the public schools: —

"I want my boys brought up to love peace and abhor war. I try to inspire them with the spirit of our Saviour, who, instead of inciting to violence and shooting

human beings with muskets, inculcates the higher and more truly courageous method of overcoming evil with good. I illustrate the lesson by his life, and show them how much nobler it was to die for a principle than it would have been for him to kill a hundred of his persecutors. Then I read to them from Longfellow's beautiful poem, 'The Arsenal at Springfield': —

'Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts;

The warrior's name would be a name abhorréd;
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!'

"You may imagine how quickly the moral impression I try to give my boys is dissipated by the example of the military drill at school. I do not wish to have them taught the use of firearms or the art of fighting. I protest with all the earnestness of my being against such demoralizing instruction."

Mr. Albert F. Fessenden's objections deserve a special letter had I time and space to devote to them. Let me merely add this: Nobody doubts the ability of the army to put down riots, as nobody doubts the ability of poisons to cure any known disease by killing the patient. Every time you suppress an agitation by force you bury an injustice deeper into the body politic. But I believe there is another method of getting out of this military difficulty, and that is by introducing universal compulsory service. Every citizen would then, at all events, stand upon an equal military footing, as I have tried to show in my little book on "Swiss Solutions of American Problems," in the chapter in which I describe the model militia of Switzerland. The experiment would be costly and distinctly retrogade for such a nation as the United States. But if we must have soldiers let us have a truly democratic article for our money.

In closing I wish to quote a few lines from the lips of Charles Sumner, though well I know that to the *Herald* they will sound like rank anarchy, and had I used these words they would be declared to be hysterical and insane, unworthy of serious attention. I almost fear that quoting them may induce the *Herald* to open a crusade for the removal of Sumner's statue from our Public Garden lest its being allowed to remain there make our young people less subservient to the dictates of the class at whose feet the plutocratic press grovel. I shall make only a brief quotation from the magnificent protest of Massachusetts' greatest statesman, as I do not wish the name of the illustrious dead covered with the vile calumny which those who oppose conventionalism and plutocracy have to expect when they encounter the hirelings of the communism of capital: —

The maxim, "In time of peace prepare for war," is transmitted from distant ages, *when brute force was the general law.* It is the terrible inheritance which painfully reminds present generations of their connection with the past. *It belongs to the dogmas of barbarism.* It is the companion of harsh, tyrannical rules by which *the happiness of the many is offered up to the few.* It is the child of suspicion, and the *forerunner of violence.*

Again Mr. Sumner says: —

But war crushes with bloody heel all beneficence, all happiness, all justice, all that is God-like in man — suspending every commandment of the Decalogue, setting at naught every principle of the gospel, and silencing all law, human as well as divine, except only that impious code of its own, the laws of war. . . .

And now, if it be asked why, in considering the *true grandeur of nations*, I dwell thus singly and exclusively on war, it is because war is utterly and irreconcilably inconsistent with true greatness. Thus far, man has worshipped in military glory a phantom idol, compared with which the colossal images of ancient Babylon or modern Hindostan are but toys; but we, in this favored land of freedom, in this blessed day of light, are among the idolaters. It is not enough to be free. There must be peace which cannot fail, and other nations must share the great possession. For this good must we labor, bearing ever in mind two special objects, complements of each other: first, *the arbitrament of war must end;* and, secondly, *disarmament must begin.*

PROSPECTUS OF THE ARENA FOR 1895.

THE ARENA has now entered upon its eleventh volume. Its history has been one of steady growth in circulation and influence, and that during a period of unprecedented financial depression. During 1894 the monthly circulation of THE ARENA has increased over 5,000 copies. This record of success, in view of the stringency of the money market and the reduction in the price of some conservative magazines, is, we believe, unparalleled in the history of reviews, and certainly speaks volumes for the confidence which thoughtful people place in the integrity and sincerity of THE ARENA, as it also indicates the widespread hunger for something finer, better and more vital than the husks of conventionalism can give.

A remarkable record.

Nothing has been more gratifying to the editor of THE ARENA than the sincere attachment which its thousands of readers feel for "The People's Review," as it is popularly termed. Our subscribers seem to regard it as an individual helper and friend, and its success has been largely the result of their enthusiastic support. They work for THE ARENA as they work for a principle or a cause which they believe will insure greater happiness to the children of earth. It has ever been our aim to inspire, arouse and stimulate our readers, to make men and women think broadly and act justly.

A TORCH BEARER UNFETTERED BY CONVENTIONAL SHACKLES.

Since its advent we have sought to make THE ARENA *thought-inspiring*. We have studiously avoided securing writers whose names would represent their chief value. In all cases the peculiar ability to treat the subject in hand in a masterly way has been our prime object, and while striving to avoid anything like dull pedantry, we have sought to secure the strongest and boldest, as well as the most authoritative, writers among liberal and conservative thinkers, to discuss those problems which their special advantages had fitted them to give a thorough and thought-stimulating presentation.

In the discussion of questions we have given little space to what may be justly termed the *symptoms* of disorders in society, the *superficial phenomena* — such for example as arbitrary political action — preferring to go to the root of the evil, and by a wise and persistent discussion of the great fundamental principles behind the eruptive disorders or effects, to arouse the minds of thoughtful people to the pressing requirements in the ethical, educational, social and religious fields of thought, knowing that if these great fundamental questions were properly agitated, the superficial evils would necessarily disappear. Not that we disparage the discussion of symptomatic evils, but we recognize in the serious basic problems a more important and urgent field for practical and effective work.

The purpose of discussion to reach the root evils.

The liberal policy of THE ARENA has been criticised by some, commended by many, and imitated by other magazines, or, rather, it may be that the unexpected popularity of the liberal and independent policy of THE ARENA has given the managers of other magazines courage to do what they feared to attempt before. A leading author in a personal communication to us writes: "By permitting the minority to be heard you have made a new departure in magazine policy, and, what is more, you have placed THE ARENA in the van of progress. The minority have ever been the world's torch-bearers."

The influence of The Arena for progress.

Our contributors, and what they represent.

We point with pride to the illustrious names of our contributors — names which stand at once for thought and moral strength. We doubt if there has ever before been associated together during the same period a band of thinkers who represented so much positive moral force, so much of that earnest and intelligent reformative spirit which appeals irresistibly to the conscience of man, and accomplishes important and permanent victories for civilization.

SOME WRITERS IN THE DECEMBER ARENA.

A specimen of what The Arena for 1895 will be.

Take for example the present issue of THE ARENA. Among the contributors are *Count Leo Tolstoi*, the foremost novelist, essayist and reformer of Russia, *Professor Max Müller* of Oxford, England, who stands without a peer in the field of his special research, *George Wilson, Esq., president of the oldest bank in Missouri*, a man whose knowledge of finance enables him to discuss with superior ability the fallacies of the theorist, David A. Wells, and, what is more, a man who is great enough to regard the prosperity of the millions as of more importance than his own or that of his special class; *Rev. M. J. Savage*, one of the foremost liberal clergymen of our age; *James G. Clark*, the prophet-poet and reformer of the Pacific Coast; *Prof. Thomas E. Will, A. M.*, professor of political economy in the Kansas State Agricultural College; *Heinrich Hensoldt, Ph. D.*, the German scientist, who is also an enthusiastic believer in Eastern occultism, and whom the magician Kellar, in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, declares to be the best authority on Indian occultism in America; *Hamlin Garland* who, next to William Dean Howells, is the leading veritist among American novelists; *Will Allen Dromgoole*, whose beautiful sketches of East Tennessee have never been equalled in fidelity to the life they depict, and whose sympathy, humor and pathos have led some critics to call her the "Dickens of the South"; the *Editor of The Arena*, whose paper on "Feeders of Immorality" opens a crusade for a higher morality which will be a feature of THE ARENA for 1895.

IN ONE ISSUE.

Prof. Max Muller, Count Leo Tolstoi, Rev. M. J. Savage, Hamlin Garland, Heinrich Hensoldt, Ph. D., President Orello Cone, Helen H. Gardener, W. D. McCrackan, Walter B. Harte, and The President of the Oldest Bank in Missouri.

SOME SUBJECTS DISCUSSED.

Religious Parliament, Guy de Maupassant, A Banker on Silver, The Abolition of War (A Symposium), **Feeders of Prostitution.**

These are a few of the contributors to the body of the magazine, while among the book reviews are signed criticisms by Orello Cone, president of Buchtel College, Helen H. Gardener, Walter Blackburn Harte and the Editor of THE ARENA.

Some special features for 1895.

This issue is a fair sample of what the readers of THE ARENA may expect during 1895. There are, however, certain general lines of thought which will receive special attention at the hands of the most able thinkers. Among those subjects will be: —

SOCIAL, ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL PROBLEMS.

In the social world.

The old idea of the right of classes to burden or tyrannize over the masses is giving place to the ideals of a new democracy which demands equal rights for all and special privileges for none, and which stands uncompromisingly for abolition of all special privileges and class legislation. During the ensuing year a marked feature of THE ARENA will be a series of papers which will present the *new political economy*, which demands the immediate adoption of such republican safeguards as the Initiative, Referendum and

Proportional Representation and the governmental control of natural monopolies, together with the recognition of the right of the whole people to the land. These subjects will be discussed by the clearest, ablest and most advanced thinkers in such a manner as to make THE ARENA indispensable to all persons interested in social and economic problems.

A VIGOROUS CRUSADE AGAINST IMMORALITY.

Social purity must underlie any enduring civilization.

THE ARENA for 1895 will wage a battle for higher morality by publishing a series of papers dealing with the causes and the feeders of immorality. The opening paper of this series, prepared by the Editor, appears in this issue. The January ARENA will contain the second paper in the form of a most noteworthy symposium on the infamous age of consent laws. Among those who will discuss these shameful laws are Aaron Powell, the editor of the *Philanthropist*, Helen H. Gardener, author of "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" and "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" Frances E. Willard, the head of the World's White Ribbon Union, Rev. A. H. Lewis, D. D., editor of the *Evangel and Sabbath Outlook*, Dr. Emily Blackwell, the well-known champion of social purity, O. Edward Janney, M. D., and the Editor of THE ARENA. In several states attempts are to be made this winter to raise the age of consent, and it is hoped that THE ARENA discussion may aid in opening the eyes of legislators to the essential evil of those laws, and that thus the statute books of many states may be purged of laws which are a reproach to civilization.

The most notable symposium against the age of consent laws ever prepared.

THE LARGER FAITH OF MODERN TIMES.

The foremost thinkers on the broader religion of our time.

Perhaps nowhere is there greater unrest than in the religious world at the present time; on almost every hand there is a growing liberalism, both within and without the church; we are beginning to understand that it is by its fruit that a tree is to be judged, and therefore creeds, dogma and professions are counting for less and less, while we are coming to realize that the truly religious man is he who doeth the will of the All-Good. This higher and truer conception of religion will also be ably presented during the ensuing year by some of the ablest thinkers of our age. This series opens in this number with a brilliant contribution by Prof. Max Müller. All students of religious thought will find THE ARENA for 1895 indispensable.

THE UNION OF THE MORAL FORCES.

The wonderful growth of the Union for Practical Progress, originated by The Arena.

The agitation, which was originated in THE ARENA, on the practicability of uniting the moral forces in an aggressive campaign for concerted work in the interest of social regeneration and a wider measure of justice for the individual workers, led to the establishment of the National Union for Practical Progress. The movement has grown with astounding rapidity, until now there are more than fifty Unions or Arena Clubs working with a common aim in view, and monthly discussing some great living issue. This month "Abolition of War" is the subject for discussion. In January "Charity Organized and Unorganized" will be discussed. In February the subject of "Gambling" will occupy the attention of the Union.

Union Subjects: Abolition of War, Charity, Gambling.

Valuable bibliographies on the Union subjects, prepared by Professor Will, A. M.

THE ARENA for 1895 will contain each month a symposium by competent thinkers on the Union subject. It will also contain exhaustive bibliographies prepared for THE ARENA by Professor

Thomas E. Will, A. M. These bibliographies will prove of special value to all reformers and students of social problems, while all persons interested in the Union will find the symposiums invaluable.

In addition to this, each issue of THE ARENA will publish a department of news in which progress all along the line in the Union work will be given, and thus all workers will be brought into sympathetic relations and also be made acquainted with the magnitude and scope of the movement.

WOMEN IN THE ARENA.

Will contribute to January and February Arenas: Frances E. Willard, Helen H. Gardener, Lady Henry Somerset, Dr. Emily Blackwell.

THE ARENA has always been the favorite review of thinking women. Probably this is due in part to the fact that this magazine has invariably treated woman as the intellectual equal of man, and instead of condescending to permit her to write occasionally on such subjects as "Why Women Marry" and "The Possibilities of Washington Society," etc., she has been welcomed to the domain of the great vital issues of the day. It may be interesting to the thousands of readers who have joined THE ARENA family during the past year to know that since THE ARENA was started ninety-seven women have contributed to its pages, among whom we must note Mary A. Livermore, Amelia B. Edwards, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Helen H Gardener, Helena Modjeska, Helen Campbell, Frances E. Willard, May Wright Sewall Marion Harland, Lady Habberton, Octavia Bates, Louise Chandler Moulton and Jennie June.

THE RIGHTS OF THE CHILD.

The civilization of to-morrow.

From the vantage ground of the present we are coming to appreciate the inadequate character of the education of the past. THE ARENA for the ensuing year will contain a number of able papers by leading thinkers relating to the best methods for character building in home and school, and the duties of parents, teachers and society, as they relate to the generation of to-morrow. Thoughtful parents and teachers will find this review indispensable during 1895.

IN THE PSYCHIC REALM.

The mission of science is to investigate every phenomenon.
— Victor Hugo.

In his recent address, as president of the English Society for Psychical Research, Arthur Balfour, M. P., pointed out many reasons why progress in the psychical domain has been slow, and he also showed how exceedingly important it is for conscientious students to carefully investigate the phenomena on every hand. Mr. Balfour has also recently called for the appointment of a Royal Commission for the investigation of psychical phenomena. The ensuing year THE ARENA will publish a series of papers from leading students of the new psychology, in which the progress made along the lines of modern critical investigation will be carefully pointed out, and a vast amount of important information will be given to the public, relating to hypnotism, telepathy, clairvoyance, psychometry and other psychical phenomena. A very valuable series of papers will open in the January ARENA by Rev. T. Ernest Allen, Secretary of the American Psychical Society. These contributions will review the progress made in psychical science during recent years in Europe and America, and will be of special interest to all scientific minds interested in the new psychology. Eastern occultism, its philosophy and phenomena, will also be discussed by competent scholars.

THE POWER OF MIND IN DISEASE.

A few years ago the claim that it was possible to cure any diseases by suggestion, unless they were purely unorganic troubles of hypochondriacs, was scouted by physicians and the laity in general. Since then, however, so many remarkable cures have been effected through hypnotic suggestion, and through suggestion in which no hypnotic sleep has been induced, that a large number of progressive physicians are seriously discussing the power of mind in disease. Liebault's latest work has led many physicians in Europe to earnestly investigate this subject, while the number of cures which are constantly being effected by metaphysicians after medical treatment has signally failed, is giving an added impetus to such investigation in this country. During 1895 THE ARENA will have some very valuable and suggestive papers along this important line of thought.

SPECIAL LITERARY FEATURES.

THE ARENA for 1895 will contain at least one novelette, story or character sketch every month. In this issue we give one of Mr. Garland's character sketches of Western life and a delightful novelette for Christmas-tide by Will Allen Dromgoole, dealing with the mountain life of East Tennessee. The January ARENA will contain a powerful short story by the brilliant young author, Walter Blackburn Harte, and another contribution of special interest will be a negro dialect composition by Miss Virginia Frazer Boyle. This is one of the finest pieces of work along these lines we have ever received, and is fully entitled to be characterized as a negro classic. Biographical sketches will also be a feature of THE ARENA for 1895. Walter Blackburn Harte will continue his delightful monthly Chat preceding the book reviews.

Every issue of The Arena for 1895 will contain stories or sketches.

It is our purpose to make the stories, sketches and studies in THE ARENA for 1895 richly worth its subscription price. They will represent strong, vigorous American thought.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

Our department of Books of the Day, which occupies from sixteen to thirty-two pages a month, is given our readers in addition to the 144 pages which constitute the body of the magazine, and contains a far greater number of critical reviews of important books which are being published monthly than many $3.00 publications given entirely to book reviews. Among the reviewers who have contributed to this department during the past twelve months are, Helen Campbell, Helen H. Gardener, Hamlin Garland, W. D. McCrackan, A. M., Prof. A. B. Curtis of Tufts College, President O. Cone of Buchtel College, Walter Blackburn Harte, Elbert Hubbard, etc.

From 200 to 250 pages of Book Reviews every year.

It is the intention of the Editor of THE ARENA to make the Books of the Day department for 1895 absolutely indispensable to thoughtful and earnest men and women who desire to be advised in regard to real works of merit along the various highways of progressive and reformative thought.

PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ARENA is the only review of opinion which monthly gives its readers finely executed photogravures of the world's leading thinkers. In this number will be found speaking portraits of Prof. Max Müller and the late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. During 1895 great pains will be taken to have the portraits executed in the highest style of the art. All readers of THE ARENA will receive during the year

between eighteen and twenty-five magnificent pictures of leading thinkers handsomely printed on plated paper. This expensive but attractive feature is peculiar to THE ARENA. The pictures which will appear each month, at the small price of ten cents only would cost more than two dollars. Fine illustrations will also be introduced when the text requires illustrations.

SOME SPECIAL PAPERS BY THE EDITOR.

The Century of Sir Thomas More.

Poet Prophets of our Century, including sketches of Whittier, Charles Mackay and William Morris.

Feeders of Immorality and How to Abate Them.

Progress in Psychical Research.

ANOTHER FACT TO BE REMEMBERED.

The Arena is the largest monthly magazine of opinion in the world.

From time to time since THE ARENA was first published we have found it necessary to enlarge this review until the body of each monthly issue now numbers 144 pages. And in addition to this the book review department (which contains a careful review of important new works indispensable to thinkers who desire to be abreast of the best thought of our day) contains from sixteen to thirty-two pages a month, while the News Notes of the Union for Practical Progress occupy monthly from six to sixteen pages, making in all a magazine of from 160 to 192 pages a month, by far the largest monthly review published in the world.

CLOSING WORDS.

We are determined to make THE ARENA for 1895 indispensable to all alert, serious thinkers, to all persons of convictions, to all who have faith in a better to-morrow and to all who wish to aid in uplifting humanity by sowing the seeds of justice, wisdom and love in the heart of earth's millions.

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"The Union for Practical Progress knows no class, creed, nationality or sex. It welcomes as members ALL who desire to help redress this world and make it the happy home of a noble humanity."

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YOUNG WOMEN'S ARENA CLUB. Meets every Wednesday evening at 230 Pine St. Miss Diana Hirschler, president; Miss Kathryn Goldsmith, treasurer, 2426 Lombard St.

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UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS.

NEWS NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

The national secretary would be glad to hear from every town and city in the United States that would arrange for a lecture or a series of lectures on the work of the Union for Practical Progress. The National Union furnishes the lecturer free of charge, only asking that local entertainment be furnished him and that a collection be taken for the national treasury. It is especially desirable to hear immediately from the great Northwest, from Northern Missouri and Iowa, thence west and north to the Pacific; also from within three hundred miles of Boston and Baltimore respectively.

"O TEMPORA! O MORES!" *

WEAPONS in childish hands, and on the lip
The stern commands of war, and in the heart
The longing fierce to do a soldier's part
When next pale Passion lets the war-dog slip!

Weapons which may, where charging squadrons reeled
Have sung to brother of a brother's death †
(Standing with muscles tense, and quick-drawn breath,
On Malvern Hill or Shiloh's bloody field).

* * * * *

And have ye then advanced so little way
Upon that upward path man's feet have trod
Since first he raised appealing eyes to God
And caught the glimmer of a new-born day?

Do ye proclaim the brotherhood of man
With beat of drum and shrilling of the fife?
Not thus through Him, "the Way, the Truth and Life,"
The onward march of peace on earth began.

Him have ye wisely named the Prince of Peace
Who took the little children on His knee
And said, "Forbid them not to come to Me."
Would He have joyed in pageants such as these?

Evil ye may not sow and reap the good;
Hate begets hate; none may escape this truth.
Mould not for war the plastic mind of youth
And dream of universal brotherhood.

FREDERIC L. WHEELER.

Monthly Topics. — The following monthly topics have been chosen for consideration by the Union: January, "Charity organized and unorganized"; February, "Gambling"; March, "Enforcement of the Law"; April, "Improved Home Life"; May, "Public Sanitation."

Instead of the second Sunday in December the local Unions are asked to observe the third Sunday for the discussion of the topic of "Peace" or "The Abolition of War." This is the Sunday that the Peace Societies of the world have chosen for this discussion, and it is the purpose of the Union for Practical Progress to coöperate with them in the fullest manner possible.

Advisory Board. — The executive committee has elected a large number of new members to the advisory board. See the list of names at the head of this department. These new members are men of recognized position in the intellectual world, and they will greatly strengthen the work.

* Lines written on reading B. O. Flower's paper on "Fostering the Savage in the Young," in THE ARENA for August.

† The arms used by the cadets of the Collegiate Reformed Church, of New York, are Burnside carbines bought from the United States arsenal at Governor's Island, and were actually used in war. See ARENA article cited above.

Valued Commendations. — The following are among the expressions of sympathy which we have received in the acceptance of positions on the advisory board.

It seems to me that the work which you are engaged in is certain to be one of great advantage to the various localities which you reach. (Pres.) FRANKLIN CARTER.

I am very glad indeed to be able to coöperate in any way in so worthy a cause as that of the Union for Practical Progress. Please command me at any time in the interests of the Union.
HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS.

I am in hearty sympathy with the Union for Practical Progress and gladly accept the position tendered. Wishing the Union for Practical Progress the greatest possible measure of success and pledging all possible coöperation consistent with the time and opportunities at my disposal for such work, I am, Fraternally yours, J. R. SOVEREIGN.

Miss Willard asks me to acknowledge with her cordial thanks your letter of September 29, and to say that she is heartily in sympathy with the aims of your organization, and is willing to serve on your Advisory Board. ANNA A. GORDON, *Private Secretary.*

The Union for Practical Progress represents a form of service in which one is delighted to have any share. You may be assured I shall be glad to serve you in any way lying in my power.
CHARLES F. THWING.

Your organization is evidently a step in the right direction. The concentration of the moral forces of the country would accomplish wonders. I should like to see the movement concentrated for a still longer time upon special objects. The list of topics that you enclosed seem to me to be admirably selected and I heartily favor them. W. H. SCOTT.

Baltimore. — A course of Sunday night meetings is being conducted by three of the Vrooman brothers in the Lyceum Theatre, and the interest in the work of the movement is growing. The Baltimore *World* of October 12, in writing of the work of the Union, said: —

"If the religious element of the city should unite in one vast combination that should rise and demand municipal reform, what? If the laboring element should reach out and take the hand of this religious element and demand that the city be so governed that economy shall be the rule, and that their interests shall be as well considered as the interests of the rich, what? If the business men should say to these elements, which are so closely identified that there is no dividing line, 'It's a good thing; push it along, and we'll help you,' what?

Great movements and great reforms sweep over the country like a contagion. They start from what seems at the first an insignificant source. The fever reaches out, spreading slowly, gathering in a whole city in its grasp. Then the country is electrified by the sudden springing into prominence of the movement — the reform. It moves from one city to another and sweeps over the whole country like an epidemic."

Providence Union. — The second meeting of the delegate Board of the Union for Practical Progress was held October 22. Renewed invitations had been sent out to all the organizations which had been invited to be represented at the first meeting of the board, which was held September 28, and more than forty churches and societies responded to the second call. There were in all *one hundred* different churches and organizations represented by two hundred delegates. There were ten Baptist, four Congregational, two Episcopal, six Methodist, three Catholic and twelve other denominations; the Methodist Ministers' Association, seventeen Christian Endeavor Societies and Epworth Leagues, seven temperance societies, seventeen labor unions and twenty-one literary, philanthropic and humane societies. A number of the leading business and professional men of the city were present as delegates and took an active part in the discussion of the matters in hand. Augustine Jones, president of the Friends' School, presided at the meeting and made an excellent address upon "The Significance of United Effort." Mr. Jones called attention to the fact that the gathering together of representatives of so many beliefs and unbeliefs was a most conclusive proof of the onward march of progressive and liberal thought.

The committee of fifteen, which was appointed at the first meeting of the board to consider the four subjects which were presented at that time, viz., "Small Parks," "Proportional Representation," "Transfer Tickets" and "The Unemployed," unanimously reported the favorable consideration of the "Question of the Unemployed" as the one most pressing. An exhaustive report had been prepared, which discussed at length the various classes of unemployed and the possible means of relief. After fully considering both the advantages and disadvantages of the various means possible, the plan, which is embraced in the following resolutions, was unanimously adopted by the Board: —

Resolved, That this board of delegates, representing one hundred organizations as follows: ten Baptist, four Congregational, two Episcopal, six Methodist, three Catholic and twelve other churches; the Methodist Ministers' Association; seventeen Christian Endeavor societies and Epworth Leagues: seven temperance organizations; seventeen labor unions; twenty-one literary, philanthropic and other societies, petition the city council of Providence to appropriate such sum or sums as may seem wise for labor upon the streets or parks or upon any other work of public utility, to be expended this winter under the direction of the department of public works, and with a recommendation that the citizens of Providence have precedence over all other applicants in the selection of laborers.

Resolved, That this board of delegates appoint a committee of five members to prepare from the

books of the overseer of the poor, the cards of the Providence Society for Organized Charity, the various relief agencies and other sources, a certified list of citizens of Providence, residents of the city for not less than one year, preferably heads of families, who need work; that this list be offered as a guide to the commissioner of public works in the selection of any additional laborers in his department; that this committee further use the list as a basis of appeal to members of the city government from the different wards in which these unemployed reside, to urge upon the commissioner the favorable consideration of applications from those on the list living in their vicinity; and that this committee in all other proper ways work to secure the administration of this grant of money in the interest of the largest possible number of law-abiding, faithful and honest people.

Resolved, That this board of delegates appoint a committee of five members to stimulate and direct private effort in our community toward finding work for skilled workers in the regular channels of business, and providing for those unemployed of delicate physique and for all others whom the provision of increased city work would not benefit.

Boston. — Prof. Frank Parsons of the Boston University Law School, opened the U. P. P. P. University Extension Lecture Course on economics at the Y. M. C. A. Hall, Boston, October 26. The lectures are free and given weekly. His topic is "The New Political Economy," which continues the line of studies begun by Professor Will last winter.

The students at the Institute of Technology are contemplating the organization of a branch of the U. P. P. and the forming of a college settlement at the North End in the name of the Union. They will have the coöperation of the whole U. P. P. forces of Boston.

Educational. — The correspondence and reading courses announced under the management of the People's University are now ready. Every friend of progress should push this work and help in reaching the most isolated individuals and communities. The lecture department is growing, but owing to its scattered constituency it labors under great disadvantages. We hope to hear from every community that can provide for a U. P. P. lecture, even for expenses, as in the case of our official organizer, that by means of this coöperation we may be able to accept other calls in the same locality. For example we have received calls from North Dakota, Colorado, Utah, California and other distant places, which have had to be postponed for lack of enough places to make up a tour.

Money. — There never was a time in which the work of the U. P. P. was more hopeful than at present, and yet it is seriously cramped through lack of the necessary funds. The calls for literature upon the subject and for an organizer are much more numerous than our finances allow us to fill. We are sure that there are many who, if they realized our need in this respect and the possibilities now at hand, would willingly assist us to carry on this work.

Intercollegiate Debating Union. — The Intercollegiate Debating Union has just sent the following circular letter to the leading colleges in the United States: —

THE COLLEGE DEBATING SOCIETIES AND THE U. P. P.

The Intercollegiate Debating Union has strengthened itself very much during the past month by forming an alliance with the "Union for Practical Progress," whereby both unions may discuss the same monthly topics. These topics are selected by an advisory board, consisting of a number of the most prominent sociologists, clergymen and journalists of the country, and are given attention by several papers and magazines, including THE ARENA, *Public Opinion*, *To-day*, *The Voice* and several others. The topics for October and November are respectively: "*Resolved*, That the government should insure steady employment to every able-bodied citizen"; *Resolved*, That the adoption of the Initiative and Referendum, modelled after the Swiss plan, is the best way to destroy political corruption, and give a pure expression to the will of the people." Beginning from November, societies are requested to send the corresponding secretary, *before the end of the third week* of the month, a report of a vote taken on the merits of the question and also on the merits of the debate.

Address all communications to the corresponding secretary, Henry N. June, 3,250 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

CONSTITUTION.

The following constitution, submitted in July, 1894, has been adopted by the Local Unions for Practical Progress throughout the country, without a dissenting vote. Accordingly, it is hereby proclaimed the

CONSTITUTION OF THE NATIONAL UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS.

I. *Name.* — The name of this association shall be "The Union for Practical Progress."

II. *Purpose.* — Its purpose is to unite all moral forces, agencies and persons for concerted, methodical and persistent endeavor in behalf of the public good, and especially for the abolition of unjust social conditions.

III. *Method.* — The Union aims to work, wherever possible, through existing organizations instead of forming new ones. It aims to secure the concerted action of the constructive elements of society once each month in opposition to some present-day evil or in the forwarding of some one positive reform measure, thus raising a definite moral issue every month and designating a common rallying ground for all friends of progress.

IV. *Membership.* — Three or more persons of good character, if not infringing on the field of any previously organized Union, may form themselves into a local Union, and may become attached to the general organization by sending an application to the National Executive Committee, accompanied by one dollar registration fee.

V. *Organization.* — The national organization of the Union for Practical Progress shall consist of the National Advisory Board, the National Executive Committee and the General Council. Each of these bodies shall organize in its own way and elect and prescribe the duties of its own officers.

VI. *National Advisory Board.* — The National Advisory Board shall be composed of moral leaders of national reputation, twenty-five in number, who shall be named by the National Executive Committee. It shall choose the monthly topics for simultaneous discussion, and each member shall offer his best thought and advice to the National Executive Committee concerning all the affairs of the Union.

VII. *National Executive Committee.* — The National Executive Committee shall consist of seven members, four of whom must reside in a single city. The Executive Committee shall have charge of the business of the Union. Every action of this Committee, however, shall be subject to veto at any time by a majority of the General Council. The Committee as a whole and every member thereof shall be subject to recall at any time by a majority vote of the General Council; otherwise the Committee shall fill its own vacancies and choose its own successors.

VIII. *General Council.* — The General Council shall be the supreme power of the Union for Practical Progress. It shall consist of the two chief officers of every local union, and the two chief officers of each central conference or local body of delegates representing ten or more *bona fide* organizations. But in cities of more than fifty thousand inhabitants, where more than twenty organizations have delegates in the central body, there shall be four members each from the local union and the central conference.

IX. *Voting.* — A request signed by the head officers of one fourth of the local unions shall necessitate a vote of the General Council upon any subject whatever, including an amendment to this constitution; and a majority vote of the General Council shall be decisive until reversed by another vote. Any local union, by making application to the National Executive Committee and paying costs, shall be entitled to receive a list of all the local unions attached to the general body.

THE PEOPLE'S UNIVERSITY.

The Educational Department of the Union for Practical Progress.

CORRESPONDENCE COURSES.

Correspondence courses will be given in any department of study. Especial attention is given to the following valuable courses bearing on the higher ethics: 1, The New Political Economy; 2, The Social Ideals of the Hebrews; 3, The Social Ideals of Christianity; 4, The Evolution of the Modern Social Question; 5, Social Prophets, Past and Present, critically studied and compared; 6, Christian Socialism; 7, The Land Question — historical and theoretical; 8, The Evolution of the Family; 9, Money, and Mechanism of Exchange — historical and theoretical; 10, Money (brief course — three months). Each course is arranged to cover nine months' consecutive study, requiring about nine hours a week. In addition to all special communications the student will receive a monthly outline of work with a question to be

answered in review of the previous month's work. The tuition fee for each course is uniformly ten dollars. If desired the secretary can secure the text books at wholesale prices. An extended outline of each course may be secured by application to the secretary.

People not able to undertake the heavy work of systematized study, can avail themselves of our reading courses. Any person registering with us and paying a fee of two dollars will be guided in their selection of books for one year's reading course. Classes or circles reading the same topics and dealing with us through their secretary, as a single individual, can take a course for the same fee.

All communications should be addressed to H. C. Vrooman, Secretary.

LECTURE COURSES.

To facilitate speedy and systematic arrangements for a lecture course, please indicate under the months and evenings of the week, your first and second choice. The figure 1 under one or more months would indicate when the course might begin. Figure 2 would show the next choice and 3 the next. Your preference as to the evenings would be shown in the same way. Example:—

SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.	JAN.	FEB.	MAR.	APR.
3	1	1	2		1	4	
	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.	
	2	1	1		2	3.	

Next, go through each of the divisions of the following list and place the figure 1 against all lectures and entertainments which have your preference. Then go through once more, and place the figure 2 against those you would select in case your programme can not be filled out from those marked 1. When these reports come in, everything will be mapped out before the manager and he will know your wishes and to what extent they can be met. He will then report for your acceptance or rejection, a programme and terms. In case it is desired to keep this list for future reference, please copy the list so marked and send instead.

SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.	JAN.	FEB.	MAR.	APR.	MAY.
	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.	SUN.	

Do not fail to state in your note how many and what kind of entertainments you desire, and about what sum you can raise.

A course of five monthly lectures may be given at a minimum of about sixty dollars, for five consecutive nights for much less money; while others, including stereopticon, vary from thirty to seventy-five dollars a single lecture, but these last figures are the exception.

We have no inferior talent on our list, but our workers' prices, owing to their interest in the work, are but a trifle above their travelling expenses.

1. We can give you *terms far more favorable than could otherwise be secured.* Appreciating and approving the purpose of the Union for Practical Progress, those whose names appear on the list have generally reduced their terms appreciably, thereby bringing within reach of those who desire, lecture courses of marked ability, and which cannot fail to give satisfaction.

2. By means of the People's University there is brought to your notice such an array and variety of talent to select from, and such an opportunity to fix upon convenient dates, as to save you a vast amount of trouble and correspondence and enable you to get more nearly what you want than would otherwise be possible.

3. While securing your own advantage you are at the same time assisting others to make use of like advantage. Because YOU have a lecture course, entertaining, instructive and elevating, it is made easier, not to say possible, for others to have one. The good you thus do extends far beyond your own community.

The necessity of prompt action is obvious. It is hoped that immediately on receipt of this, the attention of the Union for Practical Progress, the church, or other society with which you are associated, will be called to the plan set forth, and, if approved, a committee be appointed to arrange with the University for a lecture course.

That course can be as brief or extended as you may desire, and of suitable variety. We have in reserve talent adequate to all demands of large cities and colleges.

REV. H. C. VROOMAN,
Secretary People's University.

17 Pierce Building, Boston, Mass.

LECTURERS.

I. Rev. John B. Koehne. — Rev. S. W. McCorkle, moderator of Northwestern Pennsylvania Association of Congregational Churches, says: "The lecture on 'The New Aristocracy" is one of the most entertaining and thought-inspiring I ever heard. I have listened with delight to Beecher, and many others, and I do not hesitate to say that Mr. Koehne has the elements of great success. Among the younger men on the American platform he stands well to the front."

A. McLean, Acting President Bethany College, West Virginia: "Mr. Koehne's lecture gave great and universal satisfaction. The audience listened with increasing interest for two full hours. Professors and students regard this lecture as one of the best ever heard in Bethany."

A. B. Miller, LL. D., President Waynesburg College, Pennsylvania: "One of the most original and impressive men on the platform of to-day."

Howard M. Ticknor, the well known Boston dramatic critic: "Mr. Koehne's diction is to be marked for its variety of illustration, its picturesque imagery, its native force and directness, these qualities uniting in the production of individual and striking addresses."

Subjects: 1, The Genius of Christ; 2, Christ and Reform; 3, Christ and Civilization; 4, Strikes and Progress (Labor); 5, The New Aristocracy. These lectures form a series for five successive nights; they are also given singly.

II. Hamlin Garland, author, poet, reformer. His lectures deal especially with economics and the cause of poverty. *Subjects:* 1, Poets and Reformers; 2, Living Issues; 3, Present-Day Reforms; 4, The Ethics of Modern Fiction.

III. Prof. D. S. Holman, the celebrated microscopist of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science. His lectures on physical and biological science are illustrated by the tele-microscope, which projects upon a screen nearly all conceivable experiments. His wonderful instrument reveals the wonders of science on canvas, so that they can be understood by children. He explains all in a fascinating and scholarly manner. He can either give his feast in the wonderland of science, and present the objects of the new movement the same evening, or he can follow his scientific lecture by a social reform mass meeting the next night. *Subjects:* 1, Musical Tones made visible, and the Nature of Color; 2, Motion in Living Matter; 3, Motion in Not Living Matter; 4, The Circulation of the Blood; 5, Persistence of Vision; 6, The Constant Facial Angle in the Skulls of Animals.

IV. Prof. Frank Parsons, of the Boston Law School, author of "Our Country's Need," etc. *Subjects:* 1, Public Ownership of Monopolies; 2, What shall we do with the Slums ? ; 3, Poverty's Causes and its Cure; 4, The Liquor Traffic and the Gothenburg System; 5, The Initiative and Referendum; 6, Woman Suffrage; 7, Proportional Representation and Multiple Voting; 8, Sound Finance; 9, The Gospel of Industrial Redemption; 10, The Philosophy of Mutualism.

V. John Mitchell, a man of wide experience in the reform lecture work. All with stereopticon views. *Subjects:* 1, Heredity and Environment; 2, New Social Ideals; 3, Vampirism, or Man's Inhumanity to Man; 4, Woman's Rights and Privileges; 5, The Struggle for Bread and Shelter; 6, Poverty, its Cause and Cure; 7, Civic Duty; 8, The Aim and Method of the Union for Practical Progress; 9, The Nation's Shame (Temperance lecture); 10, The Commercial Phase (Temperance); 11, The Thermopylæ of Reform (Temperance).

VI. Rev. Alexander Kent, pastor of the People's Church, Washington, D. C., is a strong, logical speaker, and an earnest worker in the radical social reform movement. He is conversant with all phases of the social problem.

VII. W. D. McCrackan, M. A., author, Boston. Especially familiar with everything that relates to the Swiss methods of government, such as the referendum, the initiative and proportional representation. *Subjects:* 1, The Referendum and Initiative; 2, Proportional Representation; 3, The Land Question (Single Tax, with stereopticon); 4, The Life of the Swiss Peasantry; 5, Three Romantic Heroes: William Tell, Arnold Von Winkelried and Francois Bonivard.

VIII. Rev. Flavius J. Brobst. He has but recently stepped upon the American platform, but is winning his way to popularity and esteem. He invariably speaks without notes. *Subjects:* 1, The Summit of the Nineteenth Century; 2, The Power of the People, etc.

IX. William Jackson Armstrong. General Miles, of the United States Army, says: "I have heard all the great speakers of the United States, and I place William Jackson Armstrong among the foremost. *Subjects:* 1, The Russian Nihilist; 2, The Industrial Question.

X. Miss Josephine Rand, journalist and poet, is a good platform speaker. She presents the questions of the day in a masterly way. *Subjects:* 1, Wanted, Volunteers! — a Plea for Patriotism. A call to young men and women to enlist in the cause of human rights; helpful suggestions as to how to set to work; existing conditions and the vital phases of the social problem. 2, Signs of the Times, or Present Conditions. Living facts and general statements concerning the dangers of the present and future; monopoly and its strong hold; to what it all tends. 3, Nationalism, or Possible Conditions. Coöperation and its beneficent results; lessons drawn from the "trusts" and "combines"; a nation's prosperity dependent upon the prosperity of its individual members; each for all, and all for each. 4, Ethical Side of the Labor Question. 5, The Problem of the Unemployed. Dealing with the land question and the money question, as being the underlying factors in the problem of the unemployed; also with state management of industry; shows the needlessness of present appalling distress. 6, The relation of the Church to Social Problems. Every social problem at bottom a religious problem; Christians bound to heed Christ's teachings; the pulpit the place to plead for a just and humane system of living; Christ's denunciation of the oppressor of the poor; His command to break every yoke. 7, Union for Practical Progress. A plea for the new movement.

XI. Mrs. Harriette C. Keatinge, M. D., Sci. D. *Subjects:* 1, Physiological and Psychological Heredity; 2, The Great Predisposing Causes of Crime, and Some of the Remedies; 3, The Ethics of Suffrage; 4, Womanhood; 5, Law, Justice and Morals; 6, Intemperance; 7, Health, and How to Keep It.

XII. Rev. Harry C. Vrooman, a man with a thorough grasp of social and economic literature and of wide experience in reform work. He is pastor of the Congregational Church at East Milton, Mass., and general secretary of National Executive Committee of the Union for Practical Progress. *Some subjects:* 1, Social Ideals of Christianity; 2, The Evolution of the Social Problem; 3, Present-Day Phases of Reform; 4, Christian Socialism. Given in a series or singly.

XIII. Diana Hirschler, secretary Union for Practical Progress at Philadelphia, Penn. *Subjects:* 1, The Union for Practical Progress; 2, Social Problems.

XIV. Rev. J. H. Larry, pastor of Richmond Street Church, Providence, R. I., active in Christian sociology. *Subjects:* 1, The Mission of Machinery; 2, Money; 3, The Slavery of To-day. Illustrated Lectures: 1, From Nile to Nazareth; 2, Land of Scott.

XV. Rev. Edward T. Root, pastor of Congregational Church, Baltimore. *Subjects:* 1, The Cause of Poverty; 2, Christian Citizenship; 3, Christian Socialism; 4, Union of Moral Forces; 5, Men in the Churches — a discussion of the causes for the small proportion of men in the churches.

XVI. Percy M. Reese. — "There is but one opinion at Chautauqua concerning these lectures and that is that they have never been surpassed by any illustrated lectures given here. Mr. Reese possesses all the requisites of a successful lecturer — a voice of great clearness and carrying power, which was heard without difficulty in remotest corners of the new amphitheatre; a clear, incisive, deliberate style and an almost faultless enunciation, making it a pleasure to listen to him. He is a careful student of art history, a discriminating critic, a cultivated and interesting lecturer on art topics, and an enthusiast and an authority upon the whole subject of Roman and Italian history, ancient, mediæval and modern, to the investigation of which he has devoted years of study and travel." —*Editorial Chautauqua Assembly Herald, Chautauqua, N. Y., the official organ of the Chautauqua Assembly.*

Subjects: (With Stereopticon Views.) 1, Ancient Rome and the Cæsars. The great size and population of Imperial Rome. Views and maps of Ancient Rome. Matchless records left and late additions to them. 2, Early Christian Rome and the Catacombs. Everlasting attraction of Rome. We must go outside the walls and *underground*, for traces of the first three hundred years of Christianity in Rome. The Campagna and its wonderful, solemn beauty. The Appian Way and its tombs. Catacombs. First Christian arrivals in Rome. Paul's school and converts in light of Lanciani's late excavations. The earliest picture (caricature) of the Crucifixion. Comparison of earliest Christian with Pagan epitaphs. The Symbols. Nero and the persecutions. Marvellous growth. *Seven million graves, and six hundred miles of galleries.* Views of chapels, altars and slabs. The Sarcophagi and their sculptured scenes from Holy Writ. 3, Mediæval Rome and St. Peter's. 4, A Glimpse of Rome as She is To-day. 5, A Roman Mosaic. A few items of the world's debt to Rome in the fine arts. 6, Social Economics in Rome and in America (without Stereopticon Views). An address (without pictures) on the lessons furnished us, in the causes that led to the decline and fall of the all-powerful Roman Empire; showing

that very many of the evils and problems which are perplexing nineteenth century civilization had their counterparts, and proceeded to their natural consequences in Imperial Rome; and that in study and profit by the warnings of history, lies a strong defence against the almost inexorable tendency of history to repeat itself.

XVII. Prof. Thomas E. Will, A. M., professor of political economy at Kansas State Agricultural College, formerly secretary of Boston U. P. P. *Subjects:* The Union for Practical Progress, and all phases of scientific economic problems. Singly or in courses.

XVIII. Rev. Walter Vrooman speaks extemporaneously on every subject relating to social reform. Is accustomed to out of door meetings and large assemblages. He has had considerable experience as an organizer.

XIX. Rev. R. M. Webster of Los Angeles, Cal., is a man imbued with the higher ethics of our time, a clear thinker and a good speaker. He treats all phases of practical social reform.

THE NATIONAL TREASURER'S APPEAL FOR ONE DOLLAR PLEDGES.

The National Union for Practical Progress has accomplished an encouraging amount of substantial work during the past year, and it is steadily attracting to its ranks the reform elements in the different cities of the Union, and is growing both numerically and in its hold upon the interests of the people.

Among the measures which the Union for Practical Progress has agitated and brought before the people and the different legislatures, are the sweating system, measures for the relief and employment in public works of the unemployed, and parks and playgrounds for children.

We are glad to learn that the president of the Baltimore Union for Public Good, Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, who is also a member of the executive committee of the National Union for Practical Progress, has drafted a bill against the sweating evil, and with the aid of the Union and Arena Auxiliary Club the measure has become a law. The Union and Auxiliary were also instrumental in securing a law against child labor.

The agitation of the sweating system in Philadelphia has been carried on so vigorously by our Philadelphia Union under the splendid and effective direction of Miss Diana Hirschler, that we entertain strong hopes that a bill will pass at the next session. Many columns have been given to this work in the Philadelphia papers, and a strong public sentiment has been worked up.

From all parts of the land come calls for organizers and literature. The harvest is white, but the money required to put the earnest and willing workers into the vineyard is wanting. In view of what has been done, and keeping in mind the gravity of social and economic conditions to-day, we feel that this cause should appeal with especial pertinency to the minds of all who are concerned for the welfare of civilization and the progress of moral ideas. We feel it our duty to put the matter with considerable urgency before the reform and social and Christian elements in our community, because there are so many conditions in our social state that demand immediate remedial measures, and threaten grave social developments if too long neglected.

We do not ask anything unreasonable, but wish to submit a plan with which almost every reader of these lines can comply, and which will enable us to put lecturers and organizers in the field and supply various cities and towns with literature, so that within a year we shall have a union of the moral forces in every town and village from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We earnestly desire the reader to bear in mind that these lines are addressed

TO YOU.

the plan is as follows: We desire you to send in at once your pledge to pay one dollar to the National Educational Fund, to enable us to put organizers and lecturers in the field immediately and to keep them there, and to distribute literature giving directions for the formation of unions and outlining work. We earnestly urge *you* to fill out the following blank. You will not be called on for the money until *one thousand* pledges have been received. If you desire to pledge more than one dollar we believe it will be the best disbursement of money you will ever make, because we

believe it will go farther toward hastening the New Day than if expended in any other way.

The Subscription Pledge.

I hereby subscribe one dollar to the Fund for the National Lectureship of the Union for Practical Progress, and will pay the same on demand when the National Treasurer shall have received one thousand similar subscriptions.

I also hereby agree to pay one dollar annually to the same subscription fund.

Signed .....

City .....

Street Number .....

County .....

State .....

When you have filled out your pledge and forwarded it to us, see if you cannot get some friend to follow your example.* If they know you have signed and forwarded your pledge, it will have a good influence on them. There is nothing like showing faith by works. The Arena office has opened this subscription by signing for twenty one-dollar pledges.

Now friends, in the name of the great republic, in the name of peace and a higher civilization, in the name of human brotherhood and for the cause of justice and progress, will you not help us to the extent of at least one dollar ?

* We will send as many blanks as you desire.

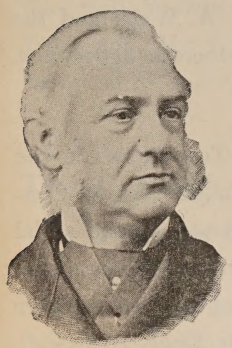
THE DECEMBER ARENA

Opens the Eleventh Volume of this Leading Progressive, Liberal and Reformative Review.

This December issue contains over 180 pages of reading matter, by the greatest and most interesting writers and thinkers of our day. This is more than any other magazine in the whole world.

Among the leading features of this number are:

A Great Paper by Professor MAX MÜLLER on The Real Significance of the Parliament of Religions.



Professor Max Müller.

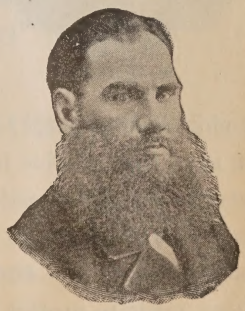
Professor Max Müller is the greatest living scholar in his own domain of philology, orientalism, and the origin and development of language and religion, and this paper will be of immense value to all who realize the inter-relation and importance of all the great ethnic religions. It will be read far and wide in scientific, theological and orthodox and heterodox religious circles, for the fame of this Oxford scholar is as wide as human curiosity about the perpetual crux of human thought — religion and destiny.

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI,

The World-Famous Russian Novelist, Essayist and Thinker, writes on

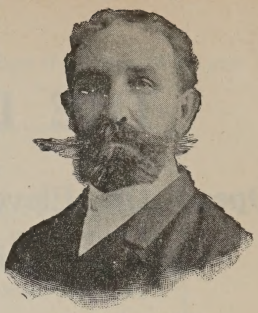
Guy de Maupassant,

the master of style, whose works of fiction have had an international repute, equalled only by those of his contemporary, Alphonse Daudet.



Count Leo Tolstoi.

The Religion of Dr. Holmes, by Rev. Minot J. Savage.



Minot J. Savage.

A timely paper which falls into our series on The Religion of the American Poets, which has proved such an interesting feature of THE ARENA throughout the last two volumes. This article will be one of the most masterly in a series which has met with the highest critical approval, not only in America, but at the hands of the leading critical journals of Great Britain.

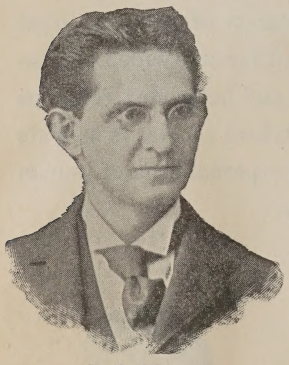
David A. Wells' Downfall

Is the title of a paper in this number to which all interested in the controversies of American economic literature will turn with high expectation. And they will not be disappointed. This article is written by the

HON. GEORGE WILSON,

President of the Oldest Bank in Missouri, and it deals with **THE SILVER QUESTION** in a fashion that, coming from such a source, will certainly be far from pleasing to the gold-bugs. Mr. Wilson examines David A. Wells' "The Downfall of Certain Financial Fallacies" at length, and after he has submitted Mr. Wells' arguments and assumptions to the test of the corrosive sublimate of unyielding logic, the unbending facts of centuries of financial history, the untoward result is the downfall of David A. Wells and the explosion of his sophistical assumptions in behalf of plutocratic aggression.

Wellsprings and Feeders of Immorality.



B. O. Flower.

This paper by the Editor of THE ARENA is the first of a series of discussions on the Age of Consent laws, and various other phases of the social evil. Other papers will follow in the early numbers of the New Year from the pens of such well known writers as Helen H. Gardener, Dr. Emily Blackwell, Frances E. Willard, Dr. O. Edward Janney, M. D., Rev. Joseph May, Rev. A. H. Lewis, D. D., Aaron M. Powell, the editor of the *Philanthropist*, and others. The monstrous and iniquitous legislation which, in our different states, makes it possible for a child of ten to sell herself, body and soul, when she is not held responsible in any other relation in life, and could not sell her *doll*, calls for immediate ventilation and drastic treatment. THE ARENA intends to break the long and wicked silence on the subject, and it will not drop the question until the conscience of the *women* of America is aroused to the enormity of these laws, made to protect the vampires of society.

A Striking Sketch of an Imaginary Transaction between

Peter the Great and William Penn.

How William Penn wrought a Revolution. A Fantastical Drama in Retrospect

By HENRY LATCHFORD.

Mr. Latchford's name will be familiar to our readers as the writer of a charmingly descriptive paper on Mr. Henry D. Lloyd, the foremost social thinker and writer in the West. This sketch, of a wholly imaginary character, though more suggestive and significant than fiction, gives greater scope to Mr. Latchford's fancy and knowledge of social history. Mr. Latchford is one of the most interesting journalists in the West. He was for some years connected editorially with the Chicago *Evening Post*, and afterwards with the Baltimore *Sun*.

A Critical Review

of Dr. James R. Cocke's Brilliant New Work on Hypnotism,

By HELEN H. GARDENER,

The well known novelist. Author of "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" "Pray You Sir, Whose Daughter?" and "An Unofficial Patriot."

Helen H. Gardener.

The Century of Sir Thomas More.

A Series of Sketches, by B. O. FLOWER, dealing with the Life and Time of Sir Thomas More.

These papers will be continued during 1895, and as they progress they will develop in social significance for our day.

The Fate of Major Rogers: A Buddhistic Mystery.

By Heinrich Hensoldt, Ph. D.

Fine Portraits of Max Müller and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The Abolition of War. A Symposium.

By Professor Thomas E. Will, A., M. and Harry C. Vrooman.

A Woman in the Camp.

A Fine Christmas Story,

By HAMLIN GARLAND.

Hamlin Garland.

A vivid picture of life in a Western logging camp, with a bit of sentiment and Christmas joy to sweeten it. A powerful story, which recalls the masterly writing in Mr. Garland's first and strongest work in fiction, "Main-Travelled Roads."

Will Allen Dromgoole.

Cinch: A Christmas Story,

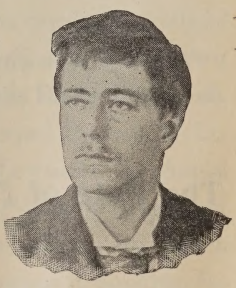
Is another piece of fiction of remarkable color and power, by the well known and delightful Southern story-writer,

WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

It is a story of a hamlet in the Tennessee mountains, and is filled with the strong and crisp descriptive writing and delicate character drawing which readers have come to expect at the hands of this successful and satisfactory writer.

The Arena's Literary Causerie and Books of the Day.

Walter Blackburn Harte, one of the younger American essayists and story writers, who has recently been introduced to the reading public in the pages of THE ARENA, will write A Causerie on literary and social topics to open the Books of the Day department during 1895. He will also write signed criticisms on important New Books, and from time to time contribute articles on Social and Political themes to the body of the magazine. The Editor of THE ARENA intends to make the Books of the Day department indispensable to all lovers of good literature and intelligent, discriminating critical writing, and he therefore encourages all his contributors to be individual and independent, but at the same time careful. Mr. Harte is a young man, and a new writer to most of the ARENA'S readers, but he has learned his *métier* thoroughly, and we are sure his causeries will find many friends among our readers.



Walter Blackburn Harte.

Other contributors to Books of the Day will be Hamlin Garland, Professor Orello Cone, Mrs. Helen Campbell, W. D. McCrackan, A. M., Elbert Hubbard, and the Editor of THE ARENA.

Biographical sketches, portraits of eminent thinkers, and illustrations when required by the text, will be introduced.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Century of Sir Thomas More.

The second paper in the series, "The Century of Sir Thomas More," which deals with the Reformation, and gives pen pictures of some of its leaders, is unavoidably crowded out of this issue owing to the length of our symposium on "The Abolition of War." It will, however, form a feature of the January ARENA.

Representative Southern Women on the Suffrage Question.

Two very interesting papers will appear in the January or February issue of THE ARENA on the question of woman suffrage in the South. These papers will be prepared by Mrs. Annah Robinson Watson of Memphis, Tenn., and Mrs. Josephine K. Henry, the eminent lecturer of Kentucky, and will give opposing views on this subject. Coming as they do from leading women, and the writer in each instance having taken pains to obtain expressions from well-known and representative women of various parts of the South, these papers will have special value, inasmuch as they present both sides of the case.

We notice in the daily papers that Miss Winnie Davis is opposed to woman suffrage, and states that if women had the right of the ballot she would not vote. Such statements as this are not new. They have been iterated and reiterated for the last thirty years by those who are so afraid that women will vote that they are determined they shall not have the opportunity. The fact, however, that almost half the number of those who registered in the city of Denver during the last few weeks were women is sufficient answer to this oft-repeated but thoroughly foundationless assertion.

A Notable Symposium on Social Purity.

The January ARENA will contain the most notable symposium against the iniquitous age of consent laws which has yet been published. Among those who will contribute to this discussion are, Aaron M. Powell, editor of the *Philanthropist*, the man who probably more successfully than any other has for years waged a battle for the raising of the age of consent in various states, Frances E. Willard, president of the White Ribbon movement, Helen H. Gardener, author of "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" one of the most powerful stories which has ever been written with the purpose of opening the eyes of men and women to the evils of this legislation, Rev. A. H. Lewis, D. D., of New Jersey, Dr. Edward O. Janney of Baltimore, Md., Dr. Emily Blackwell of New York, and the Editor of THE ARENA. All friends of higher morality will find this number of THE ARENA invaluable. It ought to be circulated freely in every legislature in the Union.

This Issue of The Arena.

With this issue of THE ARENA we begin Volume Eleven. In doing so we wish to call the attention of our readers to our prospectus for the ensuing year. Carefully peruse the contents of this issue. In it will be found papers by Count Leo Tolstoi, the most eminent literary light as well as the greatest reformer of Russia, a man who probably in a higher degree than any other in Eastern Europe is exemplifying the life of Christ in his daily life and teachings, and Prof. Max Müller, the most eminent scholar in his special line of research in the world. No man living is so well acquainted with comparative religions as this great German, who for so many years has been one of the most brilliant lights of Oxford University. Rev. M. J. Savage's paper on "The Religion of Holmes' Poems" is quite out of the ordinary line of stock sketches of the late poet which have flooded the dailies, weeklies and magazines. It is one of those thoughtful, analytical discussions which appeal irresistibly to men and women of convictions. As in his remarkably able paper on "The Religion of Walt Whitman's Poems," Mr. Savage

introduces some of the most beautiful lines from the dead poet in this most admirable sketch. Dr. Hensoldt, in "The Fate of Major Rogers," gives a most remarkable narration of happenings related to him when in Ceylon. In "Wellsprings and Feeders of Present-Day Immorality," the Editor of THE ARENA opens a series of papers which will be a feature of the ensuing volume.

The January number of THE ARENA will contain an *exposé* of the age of consent laws and how they contribute to the spread of immorality. The February issue will contain papers on the unjust social conditions of our time as a factor in increasing prostitution.

Symposium on the Abolition of War.

The symposium on "The Abolition of War," will be read with interest by those who, like Charles Sumner, believe that the glory of a nation can best be maintained by her demanding arbitration and living up to the high ethics of honorable peace instead of fostering the spirit of barbarism — a love of war — in the minds of her children.

William Penn and Peter the Great.

Another striking feature of this number will be a paper from the pen of Henry Latchford, a gentleman of Quaker extraction who in a most delightful manner has presented the possibilities of peace in a sketch which will charm all readers.

Mr. Garland's Christmas Sketch.

Mr. Hamlin Garland furnishes one of his powerful short Christmas sketches, in which he depicts one phase of life in the Northwest in the strong and vigorous manner which characterizes his writings.

Cinch.

The novelette by Will Allen Dromgoole is undoubtedly one of this author's strongest works. No one has ever depicted life in East Tennessee with the same power and fidelity as Miss Dromgoole.

Books of the Day.

Our Books of the Day, introduced by Mr. Harte's charming *causerie*, will also be a feature of this number. Among the contributors will be found such well known critics and authors as President Orello Cone of Buchtel College, Helen H. Gardener, W. D. McCrackan, A. M., Helen Campbell, Walter Blackburn Harte and the Editor of THE ARENA. It is the determination of the editor to make the book reviews of this magazine absolutely indispensable to wide-awake and progressive thinkers.

Leaders of the People's Movement.

The January ARENA will contain a remarkable paper by Col. Richard J. Hinton, the well known author of "The Life of John Brown," in the American Reformer Series. It will deal with the wonderful uprising of the People's movement at the present time, and will give pen sketches of three representative spirits of the movement.

E. P. Powell on War.

E. P. Powell, the brilliant essayist and well known author of "Our Heredity from God," "Liberty and Life," etc., will contribute a paper to the January ARENA entitled, "Should War Be Abolished?"

W. D. McCrackan on Politics as a Career.

The January ARENA will contain a paper from W. D. McCrackan, A. M., on "Politics as a Career."

Our readers will be pleased to know that Mr. McCrackan's works entitled "Teutonic Switzerland" and "Romance Switzerland" have passed through one edition, and a second edition is now in press. The publishers have just issued a magnificent holiday edition of this work, each volume being illustrated with twelve exquisite photogravures.

Dress Reform in Philadelphia.

The following clipping from the Philadelphia *Daily Record* will be interesting to our readers:—

A reform costume which was neither a divided nor an abbreviated skirt was worn by its designer at yesterday's meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. It was made of a dark shade of navy blue velvet, and consisted of a long-tailed coat and knickerbockers to the knees, where they were met by leggings. Mrs. Sloan, who wore the reformed dress, admitted that she wouldn't care to wear it on the street, but added that she would be quite willing to do so if accompanied by several others similarly garbed.

Presentation Edition of "Forbes of Harvard."

The Arena Publishing Company has issued a presentation edition of Mr. Elbert Hubbard's fascinating and exceedingly popular story "Forbes of Harvard." It is bound in white vellum stamped in gold, silver and crimson, the Harvard flag on the side and back being in crimson. It is one of the handsomest books of the season. The price is $1.50. It would make a very choice Christmas present for any friend who enjoys a pure, wholesome story.

A Splendid Christmas Gift — Three Choice New Novels Handsomely Bound.

Helen H. Gardener's "An Unofficial Patriot," handsomely bound in ornamental cloth, stamped in silver, price $1.25; Rabbi Solomon Schindler's new novel, "Young West," a sequel to "Looking Backward," new edition printed in black and white, with sky-blue tinted margins, bound in delicate blue, stamped in silver, price $1.25, and the presentation edition of "Forbes of Harvard," $1.50. To any reader of this magazine who will send us the names of ten persons who might subscribe to THE ARENA if it were brought to their notice, the names to include the live, earnest clergymen, physicians and leading lawyers and educators known to the sender, we will forward the three books postpaid on receipt of $3; regular price $4.

This offer is good only to December 23, and cannot be honored after that date.

A Noble Worker Gone.

Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge of Ohio, secretary of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union and corresponding secretary of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, died in Chicago after a brief illness, October 25. Mrs. Woodbridge was a leader in the Women's Crusade of 1873–74, and was for years president of the W. C. T. U. of Ohio. In 1879 when Miss Willard was made president of the National W. C. T. U., Mrs. Woodbridge was chosen as its recording secretary. She was sent as a fraternal delegate to England to the annual meeting of the British Woman's Temperance Association (Lady Henry Somerset, president) in 1890.

Mrs. Woodbridge was born in Nantucket, Mass., and was a cousin of Prof. Maria Mitchell of Vassar College and of Rev. Phœbe A. Hanaford. Her father, Judge Isaac Brayton, was a member of the Massachusetts legislature in the days when Edward Everett was governor, and was a judge in Ohio associated upon the bench with Benjamin F. Wade. When Mrs. Woodbridge was but six years of age, Horace Mann passed a day in Nantucket examining the public schools, and the precocious little Mary went through the multiplication table backward and forward up to the twenties. As she finished, he laid his hand on her head, saying, "Well, my child, if you persevere you will be a famous woman." As writer, speaker, editor, administrator, Mrs. Woodbridge filled out a career worthy of her beautiful home life and rare success as daughter, wife and mother. She was universally beloved by the White Ribbon women the world over, and will be deeply mourned.

Of Special Interest to Authors.

With the increasing interest in periodical literature in all its forms, and the great number of manuscripts continually offered for publication, any good means of saving time and inconvenience to both authors and publishers becomes of recognized value and is welcomed by either accordingly. The aim of such an institution as the Authors' Agency in this city is to render critical, revisional and advisory assistance, preparing all kinds of manuscripts for publication and obviating unsuitable offers by undertaking

or advising as to their disposal. The bureau thus supplies the needed critical comment and suggestion which busy editors have no time to give, and the work of both author and publisher is materially lightened, since an intelligent and experienced agent can quickly see and remedy just that lack or defect in an otherwise hopeful manuscript which would condemn it in the eyes of an editor; while the judicious criticism should be of much value in the author's future work.

The Authors' Agency is conducted by Mr. William A. Dresser, whose offices are in the Pierce Building, Copley Square, this city. In the few years since its establishment this agency has made an excellent reputation among authors and publishers throughout the country, and is cordially recommended by many of our best writers. Circulars containing references, information valuable to all beginners in literary work, and a schedule of charges are furnished by Mr. Dresser to those who inclose a stamp in their letters of inquiry.

Three Notable Books.

To issue three such books as "Brook Farm," "Woman in the Business World," and "Hypnotism, Its Uses and Its Dangers," within a single month is an achievement of which any publishing house may well be proud. There is far more than a transitory and ordinary value attaching to each, and yet they are as unlike as three books can well be. The first is of historical and sociological value; the second marks an epoch in, and is full of common-sense suggestions for, the advancement of woman in the world of business, where so short a time ago she did not exist. It is not a book which will interest women only. The man who does not find in its pages much food for reflection as well as valuable information is either too narrow to consider, or too prejudiced and stupid to grasp information, which is something of a revelation to any one. The book, while published anonymously, is known to have been written by one who has achieved fame, and who was so situated for many years as to render what she says of woman in the business world of signal value and importance. The third book, "Hypnotism, Its Uses and Its Dangers," is of value both in and out of the realm of speculative science, and of practical medicine and surgery as well. So that the Arena Press has this month, in addition to a number of other publications, contributed works of importance and weight to History, Science and Business, each of which should, and doubtless will be, a standard library book for many years to come, and without which no public library will be complete.

To Crush Organized Labor.

Twenty-five out of thirty-one large wholesale manufacturers of clothing in Chicago have just organized the strongest defensive association ever formed by the manufacturing interests in that city. They propose to reorganize the system of credits, to protect their interests against hostile legislation, and to grapple as one firm with organized labor. The organization, which will be known as the Merchants' Association of Chicago, represents an invested capital of from fifteen million to twenty million dollars, and employs from ten thousand to fifteen thousand tailors, cutters and seamstresses. The officers are: President, Adolph Nathan of Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co.; vice president, Levi B. Bane of Clement, Bane & Co.; secretary and treasurer, Jonas Kuppenheimer.—Boston *Commercial Bulletin*, Oct. 27, 1894.

The Best Christmas Gifts.

There are few things more appropriate as Christmas gifts than good books. Great care should be exercised, it is true, especially by parents, in the selection of suitable books. Knowing that at Christmas time money is exceedingly scarce, we make below some special offers, on books published by us, to those of our readers who will take the time and trouble to send us the names and addresses of ten persons who they think would enjoy THE ARENA. We shall be glad to receive the names of wide-awake, earnest clergymen, physicians, lawyers

or educators in your community. These names and addresses should be written on separate sheet of paper and enclosed with your order for books. All orders for money should be sent by postoffice order, bank draft or registered letter. It should be remembered that the registered letter will take longer in transit. These offers are good only until December 23, and will not in any case be honored after that time. The books mentioned are all in stock and can be promptly forwarded so as to reach their destination in time for the Christmas holidays.

We will send, between December 1 and December 23, for Christmas presents, to any subscriber who will comply with conditions named, any of the following books on the terms quoted: —

Popular Works on Occultism.

"Zenia the Vestal," a remarkable occult novel by Mrs. Margaret B. Peeke, price $2; "The Law of Laws," by Prof. S. P. Wait, one of the ablest and most scholarly expositions of the new religious and metaphysical thought as applied to life and health which has yet appeared, price $1.50; "The Right Knock," a story in which the author, Mrs. Helen Van-Anderson, has woven a complete course of lessons in Christian healing or practical metaphysics, price $1.25, and "It Is Possible," a most fascinating story, especially for children, clean, wholesome and inspiring, by Helen Van-Anderson, price $1.25. All handsomely bound in cloth; regular price of the four books, $6; sent postpaid for $4.80, or sent by express at purchaser's expense, $4.40.

Helen H. Gardener's Three Powerful Novels.

"An Unofficial Patriot," a new and wonderfully popular story of the Civil War. The most remarkable historical and sociological novel which has yet appeared in this decade, price $1.25; "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" unquestionably the most terrible arraignment of conventional immorality which has ever been published, price $1.25; "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" the book which caused the age of consent to be raised in one of the states last year, and which has already been ordered in large quantities by social purity workers in several states for the ensuing winter, price $1.25. Total price, $3.75; all sent postpaid for $3.

B. O. Flower's Three Remarkable Works.

"Civilization's Inferno: Studies in the Social Cellar," a powerful work dealing with the evils and dangers threatening society through unjust social conditions at the present time; "The New Time," a discussion of present-day conditions, with practical measures for the union of the moral forces in behalf of a brighter and better to-morrow; "Lessons Learned from Other Lives," a series of charming biographical papers especially written for young people. The price of these works complete is $3.75; they will be sent postpaid for $3.

Some Notable Novels.

"Young West," Rabbi Solomon Schindler's great book which is a sequel to "Looking Backward." This work deals with the life of the son of Julian West, and in the course of the story, which is written in an autobiographical form, the practical workings of military socialism are outlined in detail. This volume is quite unique in its makeup as well as in its contents, the margins being tinted yellow, blue or light green; "Just Plain Folks," by Stillman Doubleday, a fascinating story showing the wealth of nature and the misery brought about by unjust conditions; "Earth Revisited: The New Utopia," by Byron A. Brooks, a remarkable social vision, very fascinating and of immense value because it contains so many practical suggestions; "Ai: A Social Vision," by Charles S. Daniel, a delightful story of the redemption of the slums of a great city by the practical carrying out of the philosophy of the Golden Rule. The price of these four books is $5; under this offer they will be sent postpaid for $3.50.

Novels of Purpose.

"The Fortunes of Margaret Weld," by Mrs. S. M. H. Gardner, a striking story dealing with the double standard of morals. The author is a Quaker, and the subject is delicately handled from first

to last; it is a story of absorbing interest; "Unveiling a Parallel," by Mrs. Ella Merchant and Miss Alice M. Jones, a remarkable novel in which the authors depict the civilization of Mars, in which the standard of morals is reversed. It is a well written book, holding the interest of the reader from cover to cover, while it brings out in the most striking manner the essential iniquity of the double standard of morals; "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" and "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" two other books dealing with social purity. These four works — or, if the reader desires, any two of the other $1.25 books in this offer may be substituted for the last two — price $5; all sent postpaid for $3.50.

Hamlin Garland's Works.

"A Spoil of Office," Mr. Garland's vigorous and fascinating story of Western farm life and political corruption in Washington, price $1; "Jason Edwards," one of the most powerful dramatic works published in recent years, showing the struggles of the poor in the cities of the East and on the farms of the West, price $1; "For To-day: Poems," by Margaret F. Milne, a book of stirring patriotic melodies by one of the leading writers among the brilliant *coterie* of single tax women of the United States, price $1; "Just Plain Folks," by E. Stillman Doubleday; price $1.25. Total price, $4.25; these four books will be sent postpaid on receipt of $3.30; or any other two $1.25 books mentioned in this offer may be substituted for the last two.

Valuable Social and Economic Works.

"Our Money Wars," by Samuel Leavitt; "Railways of Europe and America," by Marion Todd, price $1.25 each; "Our Country's Need," by Prof. Frank Parsons, published only in paper, 25 cents: "Governmental Banks," by George C. Ward, in paper only, 25 cents. Total $3; sent postpaid for $2.10.

Macaulay.

"Macaulay's Essays and Poems," three volumes, a handsome set bound in extra cloth, price $3, and "Albert Brisbane: A Mental Biography," by Redelia Brisbane, or "Zenia the Vestal," by Mrs. Margaret B. Peeke, or "Rise of the Swiss Republic," $2 each. Total $5; sent postpaid for $3.10.

Travels.

"From Sultan to Sultan," by M. French-Sheldon, with twenty-six handsome illustrations, one of the most sumptuous gift books ever issued, price $5; "Along Shore with a Man-of-War," by Marguerite Dickins, a handsomely illustrated book, giving a graphic description of South American republics, price $1.50; "The Finished Creation," by Benjamin Hathaway, an exquisite gift book of beautiful poems, bound in white, silver and blue, price $1.25. Total $7.75; sent postpaid for $5.75.

Dramatic Poetry.

"Columbus the Discoverer," "Cecil the Seer," and "The Aztecs," three remarkable dramas by Walter Warren, handsomely printed and bound in ornamental cloth; price $1.25 each. Sent postpaid on receipt of $2.75.

Choice Poetic Works.

"The League of the Iroquois," by Benjamin Hathaway; red line edition, price $1.50; "Finished Creation," by Benjamin Hathaway, $1.25; "For To-day: Poems," by Margaret F. Milne, price $1, and "Songs," by Neith Boyce, bound in heavy ornamental paper, white and gold; price $1.25. Total $5. Sent postpaid on receipt of $4.

Religion.

"The World's Congress of Religions," price $1.50; "The Irrepressible Conflict between Two World Theories," by Rev. M. J. Savage, $1; "Christ the Orator," by Rev. Alexander T. Hyde, $1.25; "Wit and Humor of the Bible," by Rev. Marion Shutter, D. D., $1.50. Total $5; sent postpaid on receipt of $3.50.

Psychological Works.

"Psychics, Facts and Theories," by Rev. M. J. Savage, price $1; "The Religion of the Future," by Rev. S. Weil, a discussion of facts favorable to the spiritualistic philosophy, price $1.25; "A Guide to Palmistry," by Eliza E. Henderson, cloth, price 75 cents. Total $3; sent postpaid on receipt of $2.

Standard Publications.

"Ædœology," by Sydney Barrington Elliot, M. D.; a work devoted to the study of prenatal culture, price $1.50; "From Sultan to Sultan," by M. French-Sheldon, price $5; "Along Shore with a Man-of-War," by Marguerite Dickins, price $1.50; "Albert Brisbane: A Mental Biography," by Redelia Brisbane, or "Zenia the Vestal," by Mrs. Margaret B. Peeke, or "Rise of the Swiss Republic," $2 each. Total $10; sent postpaid on receipt of $7.

Any one of the following books may be substituted for any work in the above list to the amount of the price of such book: —

Macaulay's Essays and Poems, 3 vols.	$3.00
The World's Congress of Religions	1.25
Christ the Orator, Rev. Alexander T. Hyde,	1.25
Wit and Humor of the Bible, Rev. Marion Shutter, D. D.	1.50
Evolution	2.00
Sociology	2.00
The Finished Creation, Benjamin Hathaway	1.25
The League of the Iroquois, Benjamin Hathaway (red line edition)	1.50
Son of Man, Celestia Root Lang	1.25
One Day, Elbert Hubbard	.75
Dr. John Sawyer, Mrs. E. J. Bartlett	.75
A Guide to Palmistry, Mrs. Eliza E. Henderson	.75
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Five dollars' worth of any of the following cloth-bound books sent postpaid for $3.50: —

The Childhood of an Affinity, Katharine E. Rand; paper 50c., cloth $1.25.

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An Apocalypse of Life, W. T. Cheney; paper 50c., cloth $1.25.

Union Down, Scott Campbell; paper 50c., cloth $1.25.

Margaret Salisbury, Mary Holland Lee; paper 50c., cloth $1.25.

The Religion of the Future, Rev. S. Weil; paper 50c., cloth $1.25.

Remember the conditions. No books will be sent under this extraordinary offer unless the writer includes on a separate sheet of paper the names and addresses of ten persons interested in, and who may possibly become subscribers for THE ARENA.

All orders must be received before December 23, as the offer is only made so as to give our subscribers the opportunity to secure Christmas presents, and to furnish us with special lists of names.

The Elections and their Significance.

The elections being over the Republican organs are crowing victory, and the Democratic and Mugwump journals are explaining. The return of the Republican party to power in both houses of Congress is simply a repetition of what has gone on for the past decade. The so-called Republican triumph is more likely to contribute to its ruin than to its firm establishment in the next presidential election. Its overwhelming majorities indicate nothing more than the swing of the pendulum — a familiar enough phenomenon in American politics.

The oscillation of popular sentiment between the Republicans and the Democrats gives no certain tenure to either party, and makes any stable legislation impossible. The old parties play their game, and the mass of the voters take the game in sober earnest and discuss their principles and platforms, and make reprisals for broken pledges, only to return the other gang of rascals, and go through the same performance again.

The peril of these political tricksters lies here — just where they imagine they are intrenched upon the eternal folly of human nature, and the fickleness and gullibility of a democracy in particular. The common people, though deceived and tricked and spoiled, and deluded and defied and robbed for generations, *continue to take politics seriously.* A huge joke, eh? Just think of it, the poor,

deluded, honest, plodding, sober, plain citizens, once took Grover Cleveland's promises seriously, and will again and again believe, in spite of evidence, that an honest man who believes in government for and by the people can stand on the Republican platform. Ho, ho! the heelers all laugh with grim unction at the preposterous humors of these gullible people. *They* think there are no men with honest convictions; and they despise the plain people who take politics as a serious moral responsibility, affecting the lives and happiness of the millions. If the rank and file of the people were indeed all corrupt to the core, all morally debauched as are the politicians, then these fellows would be intrenched forever; but the discouraging thing about the people is that they may be tricked, forgetful and gullible, but only short-sighted politicians are deluded into believing them to be cynically corrupt and indifferent to all probity and honor — and justice. They will take their revenge at their leisure, when wisdom comes. Hence the instability of Democratic and Republican triumphs. In time the electorate will realize that both parties are *one and the same*, and that the only real politics of any importance to the masses of plain people, are not the tariff, high or low, and the pensions and civil service reform, but *the social question.* The fact that voters are still taking politics seriously means the ultimate wreck of the old parties. In a certain sense the triumph of the Republican party showed the growing sense of the basic social question in the electorate.

There was no real issue of any importance before the country. McKinleyism was dead. The Democratic platform was merely one of palaver and apologies. Both parties, as they always do in a crisis, dragged in A. P. Aism to distract the minds of the voters from the real condition of the country. In the silver states the Republican party, which is irrevocably committed to the plutocratic conspiracy of gold buggism, made a hypocritical pretence of allying itself with those who advocated a free silver compromise. The Democrats, who had most flagrantly broken their promises on the money question in the repeal of the Sherman act, resorted to the same villany. Both flirted, according to the political geography of the different states, with the Prohibitionists and the Woman Suffrage party. Every means of hoodwinking the voters was used. The telegraph agencies and newspapers were debauched as usual.

But Cleveland's record and that of his colleagues in office, of Olney and Carlisle, and the whole Democratic cabinet, stank to Heaven too villanously for any hope of Democratic success. The Democratic misdeeds were too recent. And so, just as Cleveland and the Democratic party swept the country after an era of McKinleyism and the open plutocratic rule of the Republican majorities, the pendulum swung back and carried the Republicans into both houses this year.

The party organs are all claiming that the People's Party as a political factor has been wiped out. Until about the time of our going to press it was almost impossible to know just what the influence of the People's Party had been in the election, as the Associated Press, the telegraph companies and the newspapers were all associated in trying to suppress the fact that there was any Populistic vote in the country. But of course these things, like murder, will out, and finally we know that the People's party has made a gain of two senators, which practically gives them the balance of power in the Senate, and will ensure the party the respectful attention of both sides of the Senate; and the party has made most remarkable and solid gains in votes in various states in the Union, and has also succeeded in breaking the solid vote of the South.

These are the really significant facts of the election. To those who may feel discouraged at the results of the late election, at the still comparative insignificance of the People's Party, in Congress and the legislatures, it is well to say that this is becoming the one stable element in our politics.

The Uses of Cod-liver Oil

are devoted in a large measure to all those ailments which are indicated by impoverished or diseased blood, with the consequent wasting of tissue and strength. The germs of disease, like the germs of Scrofula and Consumption, are overcome through the blood by the same properties in Cod-liver Oil that cure Anæmia, which is impoverished blood. Cod-liver Oil is a food that makes the blood rich and free from disease.

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Gentlemen:—I desire to express my sincere thanks to you for what Scott's Emulsion has done for many that have applied to this Society for aid. One year ago a woman who had been sick for nineteen months with Rheumatism and was almost helpless, came to us for aid. I gave her a bottle of Scott's Emulsion. She began to improve. She took in all five bottles and to-day is a perfectly well woman; weighs 198 pounds, and has been cooking since last May (for she is a cook). I have a young lady in one of the large dry goods stores to-day, that could not work without Scott's Emulsion. She was given up with consumption. These are only two of many cases. You can refer to me any time. I am using it all the time and would not be without it. Babies grow fat, fair and beautiful with its use, and mothers grow strong and healthy while nursing if they will use it. More than this is true of your invaluable remedy. I wish the whole world knew this as well as I do. Very respectfully yours.

Mrs. L. A. Goodwin, Supt.

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BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A Note on Transcendentalism — Old and New.

The New England of our day is not altogether lacking in a certain old-fashioned tranquillity in its social atmosphere, which is painfully and conspicuously absent in the jostling social extremes of New York and Chicago, and this is in some sort a compensation to the literary man, who lives obscurely within its borders, for the dwindling social and popular interest in all such literary occupations as do not revolve about the State House and local celebrities, and find their expression and glorification in the Sunday journals. There is still a superstition that the intellectual stimulus is stronger and keener in Boston than in any other city in America — but of this belief all that needs to be said is, that, like every other superstition, it has taken the place of the fact, since nature abhors a vacuum; and we must suppose these vanities, held in community by good honest curmudgeons, who would scorn to be saved by sharing a moiety of any virtue, have some root in human nature.

There is something in the physical aspect of some of the older streets of Boston that both stirs and rests the imagination; and ordinary poverty does not seem such an unbroken horror here as it does in New York. Here one can find a roof and warmth in the South End, or in South Boston, or in the suburbs at a cost which leaves enough for bread out of a small wage. In New York there is hardly any mitigation, any forgetfulness of poor devildom, for the man of fine sensibilities. In a wilderness of cold and draughty rookeries the most everyday conveniences and necessities, such as warmth and good sanitation, are impossibilities, and they are heroically dispensed with by great armies of clerks, salesmen, saleswomen, porters, carters, reporters and the whole host of small wage-earners, who can be put aside from the New York, which Paul Bourget and other literary adventurers have kindly discovered, and classified in the aggregate as Poor-devildom. The good nature of these literary snap-shot camera fiends only permits them to discover pleasant things, because it only pays to discover pleasant things.

This thought may seem a little aside from the subject suggested in the caption of this paper, but it arose in my mind as a contrast to the life pictured in the pages of a book before me. I have not had any intimate acquaintance with the monotonous round of any idyllic existence, but I have lived long in poor-devildom, and so the contrast came into my mind in reading of the courageous idealists of Brook Farm who put their idealism into real life, and gave fortitude something to dream of in the passing years. And this brings us back to Boston, and such provincial comforts as are within the reach of those of mediocre fortunes, if they are content to live in the awful social desolation of the

South End, and are not troubled because they cannot share in the shine and wit of more distinguished quarters, where money talks. This is the circumstance that holds many a man in Boston who could find a better market and earn a larger income in New York — but not prosperity enough to secure any moderate share of the ordinary comforts of civilization.

The charm of Boston, then, is largely material, instead of pervasively intellectual, as is hinted in certain quarters in the city where pink teas diffuse intellect. Perhaps, after all, there is actually more intellectual society, and more geniality and intimacy and hospitality within it, in New York than in Boston. But the compensation we get for this fact lies in the consideration of the small physical comforts aforesaid. In the domain of intellect and the morality of opinion, a sphere in which mere good-nature cannot so easily swing us into any such comfortable complacency, a compunction of conscience, a twist of literary integrity (that does not necessarily involve the everyday morality of the individual), compels a less flattering verdict.

It may be that the indifference to the higher and nobler aims of life is no greater in Boston than elsewhere, but it is nevertheless in strong contrast to the strenuous earnestness of the best minds, which infected a good portion of the so-called intellectual class, above the want-level, in the fifties and sixties — if history is to be trusted. And making all due allowances for the warm retrospections of historians, there is the literature of the period, which is the best and truest testimony of the times. There is certainly some interest in literature in Boston to-day — in a literature of play — but scarcely much in a literature of thought, which cannot but touch upon distressing and disturbing realities. It is not, perhaps, too much of an exaggeration — as exaggerations go, for the presentation of dominant facts and factors — to say that the aggregate mind and conscience of New England is so decorous and comfortable in our day that only the most impossible and unreal crusades can arouse its enthusiasms — hence the prosperity of Indian and foreign missions. Its conscience is heroically screwed up once and forever to the sublime conviction that "All the world's *a shop*" — and the best of all possible worlds at that; and its divine constitution must not be assailed with rude arguments and evil pryings. It is assumed to be blasphemy to question the authenticity of the thirteenth article in "The Whole Gospel of Smugness," which declares that Nature divided mankind at the beginning into sellers, holders, profiters, buyers — and paupers.

Of late the sacred Gospel of Smugness has been so insistently impugned by abandoned heretics that stricter measures are to be used with the reprobate; only recently a man of my acquaintance was branded as *an anarchist* (that's the cant spanking phrase of the day) in the *Morning Sentinel*, because he was overheard repeating certain passages of the Lord's Prayer, above a whisper, in a public place.

The literary expression of this philosophy of life is somewhat amusing to the genial cynic, who would be bitterly disappointed in life if mankind ever gave up playing the fool. We do sometimes wish a little latitude were allowed them to play the fool with more originality of design and intention; but the polite literature we get makes up for its lack of reality in thought, imagination and native impulse, in a profundity that has not even the weightiness of learning, the accumulation of delightful and sober error, but the profundity of mere smug respectabilism. One has to have the unjaded appetite of a raw boy, subtly compounded (recipe not easy to obtain), with the tolerance of boredom, in order to squeeze any wanton merriment out of this sort of severe sobriety. But it is no doubt excellent discipline for us all; for those who have never sat and grinned on the penitential benches in the Devil's school of philosophy, cannot have enough experience of human life and character to recognize truth, with its many faces, among the sincere and devoted workers who suffer and struggle to create the world's real thought.

The younger men of this day and generation can scarcely realize that fifty years ago Boston was the centre of an intellectual ferment, that was not simply a lukewarm conspiracy of chrysanthemum and pink teas, but was actually a commotion of sincerity, whose fantastic and grotesque features came from an excess of enthusiasm, that knew nothing of the fantastic diversions of *ennui*. We are familiar with the dainty whims and unstable moods (omitting the mode) of ineffable poets, who play dainty battledore with their strangest vices for the edification of witty young "buds" of both sexes, who estimate talent in the exact ratio of its wickedness — all done with a suitable background, in a drowsy atmosphere of green or yellow, sipping what appears to be the most subtle of enervating poisons, drawn from a Russian *samovar*.

We are also familiar with the severe person of the other sex, who, just as theology is being discredited and laughed out of religion in the real world where religion belongs, suddenly, without notice and without mercy, imports the whole hideous lumber into fiction, and — has her portrait taken with a writhe of appalling solemnity depicted therein. To this new and painful sobriety of the feminine imagination, often so happy in other fields, we owe those unforgivable abominations of unmitigated dulness, "John Ward, Preacher," and "Robert Elsmere." The people who are brave enough to endure the martyrdom of *reading* such books from end to end are the admiration of my more mortal mind; but the persons who had the courage to face the manuscript page, day after day, and solemnly endure the excruciating misery of *writing* such depressing stuff, deserve the Victoria cross for heroic conduct. These people have a strange and horrible fascination for me, just as hashish or opium eaters have. I am possessed of a morbid curiosity about *the inside of them.*

We youngsters look back with timorous curiosity upon the dark dangers of that benighted fifty years ago, when a man of the most ortho-

dox faith, with the best of moral intentions, rejoicing in the conviction of total depravity — and with an abundance of good comforting lies, imparted in all innocence at his mother's knee, always in the background of his memory, to silence all inconvenient arguments — was in constant peril of being suddenly assailed by some devouring and destroying heterodoxy, in turning any boisterous corner in life's pilgrimage, where contending devils of reason and doubt snatched for body and soul. We read of these rude, violent gales of opinion as men read stories of adventure and shipwreck and the battle field, with a tingling heroism in our blood, which but adds a gentle pang of flattering regret to our complacent reflection, that we shall never be called upon to play the hero, either in the battle field, or in that more fearful conflict of the commonplace, the everyday world of thought and party and conduct in which heroes are mostly known by the vile names hurled at them.

We can all of us enjoy the society of rough-spoken heroes, moral and otherwise, with our slippered feet on the fender-rail; but we should not know what to make of such uncouth pagans if they stepped across the threshold of our Christian counting rooms, and we thank the good God we are not called upon to live adventures. And as for moral heroes, we have discovered an antidote for riotous blood in the *Policeman* — our perplexing symbol of a government of *mind!* We shiver with delight in conjuring up the perils of only forty years ago, perils which crept into the spiritual and moral life, even here in America, which ever since the arrival of the Puritan has been abandoned to the virtues and worship of Respectability, and we reflect complacently that we have dissipated all these menacing spiritual gases by periodical appearances in frock coats and clean linen in a pew at Trinity, and we have exploded all the pressing problems of life with more or less apt epigrams. God was not always so respectable; in the old far away days when He lived among the Jews in the provincial world of Asia Minor and Syria, He was somewhat more moody and eccentric and was addicted to what we should consider disreputable company — but we have with exhortation and intimidation reconciled Him to the usages of the best society, *and also to a contented, ceremonious life within its well defined boundaries.*

Our philosophy is charming. It has but one drawback, examined critically. It presupposes the possession of a full stomach as its main premise, and this, besides being prejudicial to the minor proposition, often seriously imperils the conclusion; for it is hazardous in a world in which the chief satisfaction of life, gluttony, would lose all its potent charm for epicurean imaginations, without Lazarus, empty-bellied, at the gate begging for the crumbs, to believe that life can be wholly and satisfactorily explained by any philosophy, which, in assuming a surfeit that pinches the many into emptiness, aggravates wits sharpened by penury into rebellion. And so perhaps we must fall back upon those fine Christian promises that compensate the emptied-bellied thousands with alluring dreams; or some empty bellies in collusion with hot,

seething brains may produce a philosophy that may threaten gluttony with anarchy; and what pious, reverent, God-fearing man could expect the sun to rise on a world in which the divine institution of gluttony had succumbed to the vulgar, clamorous pangs of empty bellies? Surely in such an event the wrath of a justly offended deity would consign our crops to eternal darkness, and so the anarchy of misery would be complete.

But our epigrams are amusing. "The poor ye have always with you," is one of them, and it opens up a delightful field of light-hearted speculation, and gives our literary men something to exercise their wit upon. They most of them have sufficient experience of it to color all their philosophy and observation with our ingenious doctrine of hopeful contentment, and their fine transcendental, alluring pictures of poverty are amusing reading in the light of their biographies. We fill them with the wind of our digestion and hope — and they betray their flesh and blood and are happy. Misery in poetic language is the one most splendid thing in life and literature. We must be careful never to endanger it as a source of inspiration.

Oh, yes, in order to keep happiness in the world we must support gluttony; and that is only possible at the cost of misery. It is the rich who keep the poor miserable, because if there were no hunger and suffering to be alleviated how could gluttony entertain those pleasant after-dinner thoughts of benefactions? If we unlocked the doors of all our barns and storehouses, and threw open God's world to the vulgar, how long could credulity blink gratefully in the wind and noise of our fine Christian sentiments? What the deuce would virtue do in this world without our delightful overplus of villany to serve as a dark background? One candle does not throw a great light at high noon. If we once disturb established villanies we shall discover that everything will go with a crash, as the displacing of one stone in a mountain pass starts the landslide — and all our virtues would be the first to go. A curious cynic will find that all our most cherished virtues flourish best in the rich, rank soil of villany. It would only imperil the truth of a divine inspiration to meddle with the rich, who are well content to cling desperately to the one rag of Scriptural truth that has no sting in its tail for them — "The poor ye have always with you." This one chance bit of pessimistic commentary, wrung from a seared heart, makes good Christians of millions of villains who lack the virtues of pagans and cannibals.

We are sadly in need of a philanthropy that will end the miseries of its beneficiaries on the butcher's block. We are too sensitive, too mean and cruel to be cruelly kind — and so, for a merely selfish shrinking from the sight of blood, we cut ourselves off from the pleasures of a new dish; and deny the superfluously wretched the balm of peace. Here is a new dish, a rival of pork, if shipwrecked mariners' tales are trustworthy, awaiting the generation that is bold enough to practise mercy, and not

simply prate of it. It was a keen philosopher who remarked that the world would be more indebted to the man who should discover a new dish than to the man who should discover a new star, for we have a sufficiency of stars and but a limited number of dishes. The world is deeply in the debt of the great Dean Swift; but his beneficent solution of the social question is opposed and combatted by the Jews and money-lenders who, while admitting certain advantages in the scheme, still claim that it would create a scarcity of laborers, that would react injuriously upon the elect and divine calling of usury; and so the fine precepts of Christian morality are invoked to thrust the too tender-hearted Dean into an undeserved odium. And so until the world grows wiser an epicure's lips will have to fawn tremulously upon, and water in anguish at, the sight of every poor devil, jogged against in the bustle of life, who would assuredly be far happier trussed and spitted, than limping forlorn through this pitiless world on crutches. There is, unfortunately, however, a popular prejudice against the mercy of cannibalism; and as Doctor Johnson said, one must accept the universal opinion of mankind, for it is useless to combat it. It is possible mankind cannot defend their way of thinking, and in morals the multitude undoubtedly sits in a fool's cap; but it is certainly as perilous for any man to defend their vices as to oppose them. And so we must play the hypocrite and desert the good Dean, and abandon the poor and miserable to the rough and merciless paw of charity.

The poor are deliciously picturesque in their poverty — not to themselves, probably, but to the spectators. Life has its compensations for the æsthetic temperament. Look at that bent back beneath the load of fagots; how the legs wobble and totter, the feet slowly shambling forward from the knees; they have long lost all easy relationship with the hips, except that of creaking pain — delightful picture, look! There now! with a pale gleam of crimson sunset stealing through the bare trees, at her back, crowning her with its fickle, tender irony. How typical of Nature's game with all of us! And that weazened and scarred and wicked old face — so dull, so alert, so impassive, so cunning, so changeful, so immobile, a paradox in wrinkles, with all the soul fled from it, and only greedy expectation or indifference printed there. Misery has such a grim, unpoetic touch! — what a splendid study for an artist with *a soul!* Oh, the picturesqueness of dead souls! All the picturesqueness in life would be gone if all were as secure and serene as we comfortables, who have such fine sensibilities, such capacity for enjoyment — and pain. There is no face makes such a fine study as that, in which the low greed of desperation has clawed out the soul, and left but a horrible mask. Life would be insufferably dull without these fine shocking contrasts. Our small hearthstone virtues need this remorseless machinery of misery, crushing men and women into mere carrion creatures, lacking only in their courage, for they only comfort us in the presence of utter depravity.

II.

But to take a glimpse of the dangers we have escaped. About fifty years ago there were some men who carried nut-crackers for our non-plussing epigrams, and I'm afraid they'd have made short work of many of them. Those two grim leash-fellows, freedom of thought and freedom of speech, the remorseless, sharp-fanged foes of all sweet, innocent broods of lies, had for the nonce slipped their collars, and all sorts of unoffending and unlikely persons were badly bitten and suddenly caused their friends great anxiety. There was a great hue and cry of "Mad dog!" for a while, and a devil of a shindy was kicked up in the respectable kennels of the spotted dogs; for these good domestic brutes were also occasionally bitten — in the hind quarters, usually. Then the hubbub died out — human nature cannot stand any protracted pitch; it is like a dog leaping for the moon — it must down in a little while upon *all fours;* and in our day we are peculiarly fortunate in knowing that these perils are exorcised by potent spells.

A brooding peace lulls us into a content in which our virtues bear interest for the satisfaction of our vices, to say nothing of the principal. It is a glorious epoch of civilization, progress, tolerance, forbearance, love, pity, justice; — what was *that* sharp cry? Oh, only some poor devil, baying the moon — cursing God and man! Those mad dogs are in the secure keeping of smug conservative opinion — a jailer who can be depended upon to make no *sentimental* errors. No? — then the devil! — that dissonance is jarring. Surely — yes, that is another cry of "Mad dog"; and all the domestic whelps are sitting up on their heads and cogitating deeply with their hinder ends, and yelling all the while, "Anarchists!" 'Tis the latest catchword whispered by the Devil, who loves a good joke, into the ear of one of the whelps, and forthwith he tumbled head uppermost convulsed with a great idea, which has been communicated like the itch to all the other respectable fools, who can think with equal facility with their heels as with their heads, *and do.*

When one meets one of these always imminent noises, it is a good plan to anticipate the explosion by quietly whispering the formula, according to the latest bulletin, in its ear.

These good people have their day's thoughts thrown down the area, wet and dirty, every morning; their thoughts come with the milk — and an examination would reveal adulteration in both. From what lower depths in Hell those thoughts come, only the poor devils of divers can tell. If you want to hear a good story get one up in a corner, when he is hungry or thirsty, or both. It may be thought exciting to dive into the bottomless void of Hell between sunset and midnight to fish up "a public opinion" which shall not stink before high noon; but it is not. It is insupportably dull work — the tragedy of the story lies elsewhere — for while one learns to abhor and loathe one's self, one never has the great good fortune to meet the Devil.

Indeed, we must aver that ours is an exceptionally blessed generation, without any impious discounting of the benefits showered upon our forefathers, who grew fat or lean, according to their stars (a dispensation lurking just *this* side of Heaven); for our consciences are happily in the secure keeping of the holy saints and sages of the morning newspapers. We are, therefore, out of temptation. We cannot ruin ourselves with any generous unthriftiness of hospitality; for our doubts and consciences are beyond the corruptions and contaminations of our lower world of mere expediency — and, indeed, it is intended we shall never possess them again, for, judiciously and conservatively managed, they earn cent per cent in encouraging merchants to advertise their goods.

'Tis well to send children to schools and colleges to prevent them finding out for themselves the truth in the wrong books; and to secure the same desirable end among the mature we have but to aid in the wholesale dissemination of newspapers. So long as we manage the business of our morality with so much economy and foresight, though the interest may be small, and not compounded at that, we need never fear any dreadful catastrophe overtaking our investment — that is safe for the ages. The mad dogs will never get loose again, now that it is thoroughly understood that the safety of democratic institutions depends upon a sort of intellectual "hush!" obtaining in all utterance, written or spoken, on any of the difficult relations of life. Look at all our polite literary men, grave and reverend preachers and teachers, moral, social and political, and our respectable journalists — look how discreetly they all walk the stage, a-tip-toe; if it were not positive blasphemy I should remark that they remind one of stage burglars; as it is I simply put my finger on my lips discreetly, and warn any disrespectful young devil not to use the simile.

But we have to guard against the importation of foreign ideas. It seems, if we may put any reliance in the telegraphic despatches from Europe, and also certain depressing editorial commentaries thereupon, that there are actually ideas flying about Europe, and there is a very great peril that some of the Europeans who land at Castle Garden have the audacity to smuggle these seditious fevers into the country, under the very noses of the quarantine and customs officers. It is rumored that there is a conspiracy on foot to undermine the congenital ignorance and complacency of the Anglo-Saxon race on this continent, and so destroy the moral health of the community, and civilization itself, maybe. The thought is too dreadful. Let us be warned in time, and whenever we see a head raised that gives unmistakable evidence of containing ideas, let us hit it with vigorous discretion, and if possible tear it from the trunk and roll it into the gutter, yelling in the meantime, with outraged patriotic fervor — "Anarchist!" The domestic whelps, sitting round on their haunches, will furnish a permanent and inspiring chorus. They have yelled so long, with so many varieties of deafening assurance, that they have succeeded in convincing God, and He has abdicated His

sovereignty of this universe and left matters in the hands of the managers of the morning newspapers.

It is an admirable arrangement. Under the new *regime* none of the melancholy philosophies are allowed to prosper; there is a charmingly optimistic, contented, beatitudinal note in all the expressions of *the popular voice*. All the evils which afflicted our forefathers have been abolished, and as it has been discovered and demonstrated by modern science that thinking was the original source of the harvest of these ills, thinking has been made illegal — that is, any man caught at any such nefarious business will be tried by the newspapers. Trial by jury is, it is rumored, soon to be abolished — and no one can regret its passing.

The advantages of popular education are exemplified in our day, as it was impossible for them to be in their early development, fifty years ago. For instance, our poor dear forefathers, who no doubt had a choice selection of foul words for men who dared to think, had not discovered this vigorous epithet, "Anarchist" — so effective with all who love to sit on their haunches and yell themselves hoarse (the majority of mankind) without inquiries. A sublime triumph for Cadmus, truly!

In looking over the newspapers of fifty years ago one is impressed with the pathetic inadequacy of the abuse used by the Devil's imps in that far away twilight time. I am writing away from documents, but I am inclined to think there is no peril in asserting that, this was before the Imperial Abdication referred to above. The records wear an attenuated, yes, a miserable, threadbare look compared with the magniloquent bawdy and rich Billingsgate of the modern engine of enlightenment; and perhaps this circumstance robs biography and history of something of their potent charm; for the attraction of these for most men is, not that they may get a glimpse of the more tolerable aspects of mankind, but a pitiless glare of human nature at its worst.

The next generation, turning over the files of our day, will be assailed by an army of stale stinks that will forever envelop the memory of some of the noblest men of this time — or we are sadly deceived in human nature. I can see the rows of reverend parchment skulls of the next generation poring over the worm eaten records of our poor, shrunken day — digging out the miserable, unrespectable villains among us, and holding their noses meanwhile over our too robust vernacular, but enjoying the pungency of the villainous odors heartily. Jackals like their meat "gamey"; and if human nature could only be coaxed out of its piety and reticence and made to turn state's evidence, for one honest moment, it would own up, that it loves to worry the nose off a man who is on his back in the gutter. This is the consolation of the good worthy souls, whose wits are coined into lies, with which they pay their way in the world, and having such an abundance of the accepted currency of all respectable associations and parties, reach the highest dignities in life; they can wrap the reputation of some deluded saint in some foul

and damning lie, that can never be contradicted with evidence or satisfactorily explained away, because so utterly unsubstantial, so audacious and so probable, and which, therefore, will persist so long as human nature loves to listen agape at the back door to the gossip of scullions and sluts and historiographers, and relishes the worst about every man — saint or sinner. The only man who cannot tell a lie lives all alone on a grim peak of one of the great Andes — and his shadow only escapes corruption by being stone deaf.

III.

I have been led to touch in this way some of the most obvious phases of the intellectual rebellion of fifty years ago, and certain of the most iterated superficial aspects of that which is rumbling and gathering beneath the clear skies of smug contentment with our sordid civilization (in which the portion of the successful is almost as tragic as that of the miserable, since the reality of misery always outweighs the incumbrance of possessions that bring no love), because the radical thought of fifty years ago is now respectable, and the superior wits who derided it are ridiculous. The inference is that history may repeat itself. It is really worth while to study those writers of our era, who are impressed with a deep consciousness that, let human nature be what it may, changes are at work — the race is moving wearily onward. It is easy to make a jest of such men's credulity; but Nature in her slow, cruel way, does prod us painfully forward, and we can never hope to fiddle at old Nature's funeral. Her patience outwears our villanies.

The starting point of these reflections was a book of memoirs, just fresh from the press, Dr. John T. Codman's "The History of Brook Farm," which brings the parallels and the differences of those times and ours vividly before us, and I return to touch certain other salient points.

The revolt of 1840–50 was largely from the old, harsh conceptions of God and life and destiny that were formulated in the Calvinistic doctrines. Almost every great social movement begins in a revulsion from some pinching theological dogmas, that cramp and falsify men's moral impulses and intuitions in the sphere of everyday mundane existence and affairs; at any rate, the downfall of such harsh religious doctrines inevitably precipitates an intellectual quickening, and that brings a reëxamination of social codes and conventions. The theologians and all that scurrilous crew of respectables, who dare not contemplate either sublunary happiness or celestial bliss that does not involve the damnation and misery of others, waxed wrathy and noisy, and reason was solemnly damned with Billingsgate arguments, and honesty of reverent opinion banned and excommunicated as impious, silenced with all the foul anathemas of the orthodox Hell. But the vast majority of men, whose only concern in the subtleties of theology is a humble acquiescence in the uncompromising damnation of such of their neighbors as

do not share their vices, here and hereafter, are slowly becoming reconciled to schisms in religious opinion.

Since it was only the God of Terrors whose theoretical existence was threatened with the looming up of a more agreeable abstraction, the majority of good honest *bourgeoisie* of fifty years ago regarded their contemporaries, the Transcendentalists, with more or less amused indifference. They were assured that these visionaries, who were possessed of an intellectual foppery to get to Heaven by a bridle-path of their own, instead of taking the turnpike of respectable communion in one of the rival orthodox churches, were all predestined, by an ironical Providence, to suffer the eternal torments of the damned, as the penalty of their heretical fastidiousness; and as for their vagaries and whimsies, touching the meaning and purpose of life in this world, as they did not seriously threaten the existence and sanctity of the eternal symbol of those saved by faith and theological magic — the divine institution of THE SHOP, and the commerce in sugar, cotton, rum and the promiscuously and conveniently damned among humans, they laughed in tolerant contemptuousness of such dreaming simpletons.

This indifference to alien ideas is characteristic of our phlegmatic race. That great modern political phenomenon, the Anglo-Saxon porcine biped, has become swollen with a well-nigh inexpugnable mental flatulency as his ugly commerce and usury have gained dominion over and disfigured a once beautiful world, and incidentally spread the blessed tidings of his fantastic religion of pantomimic paradox, along with its incidental vices; and now that he can scarcely see or hear the rest of creation on account of the immensity of his belly, he fancies his strange philosophy of THE SHOP has actually exorcised and forever destroyed every vestige of the idealistic philosophies of the poets and prophets and pagans of old, which declared the only realities to reside in the tumult of the spirit, and exposed the cruel mockeries of the poor self-divorced carnal life. But the Anglo-Saxon and his fine virtues is one of the most devilish ironies with which Dame Nature teases the perplexed spirit; and as he has no sense of humor you cannot convince him of his own absurdity with any web of metaphysical evidence. But 'tis a sad and ironical destiny for the human race if all the tragedies of history have been slowly working, as some alarming bogle-men aver, for the gradual evolution of the complete ascendancy in the world of the Anglo-Saxon, with his rapacious maw, this monster whose God has neither heart nor soul, whose religion is greed, and whose imagination lies deep hid in that ponderous belly, where it frets and goads him with new and fantastic desires and appetites that devour the flesh and bones and subsistence of his wards.

Ah no, let us plump ourselves down upon our marrow-bones and send woful supplications to the God of Terrors, and all others who have ears and influence, to avert this catastrophe. It would be far better to have another Attila and see all our dreams and philosophies crushed beneath

the iron heel of stern, intolerant fanaticism, than to see the whole world pass forever under the chill, dolorous shadow of the Anglo-Saxon maw, with its greedy toleration of all sorts of pernicious error, that does not interfere with its divine mission of buying and selling and usury. If all the world goes down before Mark Lane and Threadneedle Street, we shall really, in an extremity, be compelled to abandon the gods altogether, Pagan and Christian, and confess that the world after all is only A SHOP, and that man is primarily a bargainer, and not a marvellous spirit in temptation.

The tolerance of the Anglo-Saxon in certain remote regions of speculation is due to his congenital complacency concerning every question under Heaven that does not involve the shop and the four per cents in any sort of moral doubt. You can scoff at the Anglo-Saxon's conception of God — a strange monster evolved from a shoppy imagination, with a morality of the Poor Richard type — you may revile his theology, mock his credulous hypocrisy, laugh at his greed and pride and self-satisfaction, and he has but a patient shrug of complacency and good humored condescension for answer; but beware how you drop any light remark betraying any wavering hesitancy as to your acceptance of the doctrine of the divinity of the iron laws of competitive commerce and its logical train of exigent circumstances — disease, degradation, cold, hunger and misery, for two thirds of the human race. This is the only article in the whole exegesis of faith relating to the divine government of the world, or indeed to any deities or divinities, that your respectable Anglo-Saxon cares a straw about.

His mind is made up, once and forever, into one positive knot of contemptuous affirmative, upon all the absolutely unsolvable perplexities of life, and he has but an amused indifference for all those who are weak enough to confess to being caught in the toils and doubts of the questioning spirit, to whom a philosophy of beefsteaks and beer is decidedly foggy and unsatisfactory. He settles the question of free will with a guffaw. He exorcises the Devil with a pot of beer; the doubt as to the worth and purpose of life in a bawdy house. He is tolerant, if laughing one into silence is tolerance. He says: How can one reason with a man who would rather remain in a quandary of tormenting perplexity than accept the facts of life, as they are, reasonably? What is the good of turning the mind upon itself when spiritual peace lies in a good dinner, and those who cannot get one are evidently predestined to perdition. *This is life;* but the other man has his compensations, for doubt brings some knowledge, if not peace.

People of this positive moral complexion, whose sole interest in life is wrapped up in such abstractions as dividends, stocks, imports and exports, beef and beer, catch but one glimpse of the real world as it is, and that is the last flashing thought before they close their eyes upon the world forever. This wisdom comes belated, like a sot's regrets and resolutions. Let those who love to dally with the strange paradoxes of

life take this commonplace to heart, to lessen their resentment, expand their charity, to add a touch of scrupulousness to ambition, and broaden their whole view of life; the misery of every man is the end of the world *to him.* All these realities are but a buzz in the ear of him who is drifting out on the tide of eternity; we should remember in our lusty strength that death begins from the moment of birth. Let one be never so heroically moulded as a master of destinies, never so occupied with one's affairs and business, with the prosperity of nations and portentous statistics, one cannot avoid expending at last some useless charity upon one indifferent poor devil, who drops suddenly, almost without warning, out of this world of significant realities. That poor devil is *one's self;* and this one great tragic moment of self pity, that reveals the whole tragedy of life, is death. This old tragedian reconciles every one of us to idealism, to the most vagarious hopes; and in a sudden flash the tragedy in the half remembered face of every poor devil, with its primal claims of a perplexed human soul in anguish, has outweighed in significance the whole bustle and stir and triumphs and stern code of the game of gain.

IV.

The Transcendentalists of fifty years ago in revolting from a morbid theology, soon found that religion was wrapped up in those conceptions a man holds of life and humanity and destiny that affect and color every act and thought in everyday conduct. Every broader conception of religion inevitably brings with it a corresponding broadening of the conception of moral obligation in all the relations of human society; it increases the awe we all should feel at having God among us, divinity reproaching us in a million human faces, as we abase ourselves before our idols. We imagine we have shot the bolt on God, and have Him safely locked up, oblivious of the outer world, in our magnificent temples; but He clamors for recognition in rags and tatters at our street corners. Ah well, the poor wretch is dumb; he has but misery to plead his cause, and how can we be interested in, or get *en rapport* with a man, who has neither wit nor culture to make his present or future of any concern? Nature has wrapped the poor devil up in dulness, and we are too busy to stay to learn his language. Ah, a little learning is indeed a dangerous thing. It so often cuts us off from a sympathy with the tragedy of commonplace misery and mediocre capacities. We ride our hobbies and forget to be human. A man's conception of the dignity of human life is the truest measure of his reverence for his Maker, and his religion in this broadest sense is the pitiless appraisement of his life. And here let me remark, parenthetically, that it cannot be seriously maintained that the Anglo-Saxons do *not* belong to humanity.

When once a certain measure of moral freedom was attained in the intellectual and religious life, the real intimate relation between true religion and the largest culture and self-culture, forced itself upon some of those who had been most stirred by the new currents of thought, and

the Transcendental movement soon broadened out into an attempt to found a community where, in the words of our historian, "Agriculture and education should be made the foundation of a new system of social life. Labor should be honored. All should take part in it. There should be no religious creeds adopted. The old, feeble and sick were to be cared for, the strong and able bearing the burden of the labor. There would be no rank, to entitle the owner of it to superior considerations because of it; and truth, justice and order were to be the governing principles of the society."

The leader of this particular phase of the Transcendental movement was George Ripley, a Unitarian minister, a graduate of Harvard college, a lover of literature and a theological scholar. The great bulk of theological literature makes a very respectable advocacy of the Devil, getting round sharp corners where doctrine and practical decency of conduct accidentally resolve into unanimity, with the most admirable intellectual mastery; but according to the author of these Memoirs the logic of these writings "had impressed Mr. Ripley with the truth of the divinity of man's nature, or had convinced him more thoroughly that his own ideas were right." We do not find this dangerous latitude in orthodox theology, which seldom gives much warrant for the divinity of man's thought and actions; and we have only discovered such dangerous doctrines among those lay preachers, whose truths are true long after all the formulas and dogmas have yielded to the changing times — the Poets.

But every man must go his own way to the truth, and some must crawl through the brambles. Calvinism was holding all imagination, all conscience, in the bondage of a foregone conclusion, pitiless, irrevocable, which mocked at virtue and morality as the ironies of the damned, who could not even share the vices of the elect; and the miracles and testimony of the Scriptural writings were held to be the only *proofs* of spiritual truths. The Transcendentalists had the audacity, and it was profanation and sacrilege then, however mild and amusing it may seem to some of us now, to declare that these *proofs* were insufficient, in any case might be supererogatory. They claimed that there was in the human mind and soul an intuitive faculty which clearly discerned spiritual truths, and that spiritual knowledge was not a quality of special grace but the heritage of mankind. Since this threatened the stability of the doctrine of the innate depravity of man, the inevitable counterpart of a doctrine of special dispensations, there was quite a hubbub, and *the damned* who dared to revolt were a most conspicuous minority; for strangely enough this idea of depravity and damnation is very dear to the tender imaginations of mankind, and they relinquish it with great reluctance. Indeed, in a clamor of this sort, in which the popular sympathy is almost entirely with the damning party, the number of the elect is so numerous and convincing, and the minority of the protesting damned so small and insignificant, that it sometimes seems scarcely worth the trouble to get them acquitted after all.

Mr. Ripley presented the views of the heretical faction from his pulpit: "There is a class of persons who desire a reform in the prevailing philosophy of the day. These are called Transcendentalists, because they believe in an order of truth that transcends the sphere of the external senses. They maintain that the truth of religion does not depend on tradition nor historical facts, but has an answering witness in the soul."

This was the impulse and point of view, with the variations of individual temperament, of the earlier group of Transcendentalists, before what was simply a clamor for fresh air in the intellectual and spiritual life, suddenly broadened out into two different phases. From the moment of the split there was little affinity, either in aims or methods, between the two wings. Indeed the Brook Farm experiment scarcely belonged to the Transcendental movement at all, although its founder began the work under the influence of the Transcendental revolt, and was one of the earliest and most strenuous members of the Radical or Transcendental Club. One grew into the robust, philosophical idealism of Emerson, Thoreau, Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol and the literary *coterie* of the Radical Club, — whose heresies are nowadays read as mere literature, with a delight that does not entirely comprehend the reality of their moral radicalism, by all the good respectables. The other, coming under the influence of the social unrest of Europe, at that time finding voice in the philosophical and economic writings of Fourier, St. Simon, Owen, and others, attempted to set up a social community, in which some of the fine sublunary virtues preachers and philosophers have recommended for centuries, in the abstract, should be put into everyday practice.

The community was a limited Utopia in the beginning. Every Utopian was to have something to contribute toward the venture — which was reasonable enough, in the social isolation of such a community. It was a community of idealists, who combined the pleasant vocation of training strenuous, hardy young minds in the *realities* of books and thought, as they could not then, and cannot now, be taught in the schools and universities (where a chalk mark on a certain milestone on the path of knowledge warns the instructor to leave the sunlit road and take to the woods, on the penalty of being turned out of his chair by the elect, who encourage culture but abhor thought) with the delightful, grateful occupations of a dairy farm. This was a long way from the comforting total depravity theory, and all the devoted champions of orthodoxy were up in arms, exasperated and maddened with the horrible thought that the Devil might lose his own. But outside of the curators of the public conscience, it is believable that these strange proceedings excited more amused curiosity than holy indignation. We are told in this record, and in other reminiscent and biographic glimpses, that "All thoughtful people in New England seemed to be agape with curiosity and wonder."

As the Brook Farmers were neither dogmatists nor active fanatics, but simply idealists, whose shocking latitude in moral conceptions was not propagated by any vociferous methods, and indeed led them to gentleness and justice and mercy, their doings created among the starched respectables of Beacon Street an excitement in which there was that ripple of amusement that affords an acute sense of superiority to all who are well content with iniquity. It was the lack of decorum and not the sacrilege and enormity of the experiment that offended them — though, to be sure, this might perhaps be the thin end of the wedge, making way for loose conceptions of social and moral obligations. Once let the certainty of total depravity be arraigned and disturbed, and it is apparent the whole stability of organized society is threatened. Its foundations are shaken. Get a good Christian gentleman, who has "a stake in society" (that's the phrase) into a corner, and ask him if he is willing to see love and justice imported into life and law, and he will grow red and puffy, and thunder, "*That's* Anarchism!" If you remind him gently that a certain Jew, one Jesus Christ, laid the foundations of the Christian religion on just *those very teachings* and nothing else, he will be shocked at your impiety. If you quote the prophets and saints of the Christian Calendar, he will say that that sort of idealism was *not* intended to be taken as anything but the poetic passion of the spiritual life. If you quote modern scientific realists, he turns on you cheerfully, with a note of triumph, "Ah, *that's* all gross materialism." And so he lives by *faith* — and the sweat and blood of his fellows, whom *his* God cursed for *his* benefit. But so long as all this demoralizing latitude of opinion and teaching was properly restrained within the limits of the class room, where some speculative freedom and fantasy could perhaps be allowed to certain vigorous minds, that are safest in the widest possible field of abstraction, it did not seriously awaken the resentment of those, who argued, with the most profound learning and worldly wisdom, that to question the dominion of the Devil in this world was to render insecure all those conditions of society and government which contributed so much to the cultivation of the propitiatory virtues — whatever effect they may have had upon ordinary morality. The propitiatory virtues are the only ones our modern fishers of men care anything about: they are the big fish in the tempestuous sea of morality, and if they gorge themselves upon the little fish, what of it? By this means the elect at least can hang together — to be damned or saved as the God of ironies shall ultimately reveal. I sometimes pray hard for belief in the damnation theory.

Human nature in our liberal century can forgive a good deal of heresy and immorality of opinion (though some palms may itch to collect fagots) as long as it is not allowed to degenerate from mere philosophy into something *positive*. Therefore these speculations are offered in the merry after-dinner mood of some corner in good society, where politeness has brought in again some measure of the old generous charity of

Pagan speculation, which the rise of Christianity overthrew and destroyed. Knowing that honest thought can do no harm we let these merry heresies roar up the chimney, and, if they can survive the chill air, out into the world. We can thank Heaven that we are beginning to enjoy some small measure of this sort of intellectual tolerance in our social life; though I cannot say what reception ideas would receive in the inner circles of "society" where brains are a disqualification. I do not honor parrots and fools with my presence; life is too short. Still if one is rash enough to propose to set about *doing* something, in any society, the folly and impiety of denying the Devil is at once startlingly apparent. Personally I should never dream of denying the Devil; and even at this late day I have occcasionally considerable hesitation about treating the doctrine of total depravity too lightly. There is much to support it. I find only men of independent fortune, who do not need to earn any honest livelihood, and are troubled with no necessity of complaisance or dependence, have any optimistic certitude upon the question of the permanence of the exorcisement of fifty years ago.

A day came, however, when George Ripley and those nearest to him felt the pressure of other social currents from below, that were more concerned with the portentous bread and butter question than about theological freedom, or about the essential rights and necessity of identity of the intellectual life. Up to this time Brook Farm had been a more or less idyllic *coterie* of people of more or less intellectual or spiritual affinity, and it had derived its revenues more from the scholars in the academy than from its farming operations, which formed the least successful and satisfactory part of the undertaking. The community was not paying its way. The social life was charming, and the school increasing in reputation, *but it did not pay*.

It was a period of strange hope and faith. There was a stir in all classes of society, in Europe and America. Many experiments in community life, on a basis of justice and equality of labor and opportunity and rewards, were being made, and the pressure of circumstances induced the leaders of Brook Farm to join the expanding movement of communism on a labor basis, that seemed to promise to settle many of the worst evils of the wage system. As our historian says, the new departure demanded a great deal of courage; for a man of Ripley's intellectual interests, something of heroism. "It was not entirely palatable to all who had looked on the little community as their pet property, their ideal home; for the sainted individualists and for cultivated bookworms; and fearing a loss of selectness some departed." It was a little singular that at the beginning of the enterprise, only two members of the Transcendental Club, Hawthorne and Dwight, joined the community; and when the Farm developed into an industrial organization, the Transcendentalists apparently lost all interest in it. Our historian sadly records, and we put the burden of proof upon him: "He [Ripley] was practically deserted by Emerson and his *coterie*, by some

of the associates and pupils of the school, and boarders, who were scared out of their propriety by the fear of losing social caste, and they showed their disfavor by leaving him alone."

The Brook Farm then practically ceased to be considered as a factor in the Transcendental movement, which sought more to establish the independence and sanity of unfettered thought, than to bring about any Utopia which should at one stroke morally enfranchise all God's poor players. Within five years, in 1845, the Brook Farm attempt to build a society founded upon equality, justice, labor, order and love, failed for lack of funds. Experience has seemed to prove that these experimental communities, simply withdrawn from a surrounding antagonistic and invincible society, beating like the sea upon their fragile foundations, can effect little or nothing in bringing about a better world for humanity. The process of emancipation from the bad dreams of the centuries is painfully slow, and must always outwear the love and patience and enthusiasm of many reformers; but a glance at the crowds in our streets ought to show us where we must begin, idealists or what not. Ignorance and passion are the twin gaolers of the mind, and misery is the fruitful mother of both. The Transcendentalists were moving along the lines of evolution, of least resistance; enfranchise the minds that like corks rise to the surface first, and let the leaven work, as it must, slowly and painfully downwards.

To begin, the old horrible God of the theological imagination must be driven into exile, before the children of Nature can learn to obey her stern, inexorable laws and inherit their brief space of sunshine. The mind of man cannot be entirely free, and he cannot see the world, and the God everywhere in it, until he has done with the God and the Devil of orthodox creeds, that have spun themselves in and about all social systems, forever. The only Devil is Nature, the Mother of ironies, and our ignorance and passions tempt her in her most caressing moods to multiply sorrows upon us. Science is teaching us that she cares nothing for our philosophy, our political economy, our religion, our prayers; that even our intellectual progress, when at the expense of *the animal*, does not impress or concern her, that she stands ever between us and the God of Terrors of traditional fear, and indeed holds him, too, a helpless prisoner in her unruffled mockery and indifference — but she demands implicit obedience to her inexorable laws, a social order in conformity with her implacable demands upon the individual, or she exacts the penalty from the just and unjust, the devout and the scoffer, the loved and the unloved, the poet and the clod. The God of the orthodox cannot hear their prayers, because Nature robbed him of his pity and his power of petty tyranny in his cradle; she has lulled him to sleep in her arms, and with other fantastic deities of the awe-struck wits of primitive man, he is waiting for the end of Nature's game. Do not let us wax too sentimental over his pitiable fate, for Zeus and Jupiter, and Ammon and Osiris, and all their companions, are in a like condition;

and the whole civilized world once would have treated a jester who dared to refer to *them* thus, to the severities fitting for irreverence and lack of faith.

Nature teaches us two things — order and justice; and the one is impossible without the other; and Nature does not consider who or what caused us to offend against the law. It is no good praying to the God of man's fears and perverted conscience for relief. Nature never changes her decrees; there is no higher court of appeal. But the spirit of man need not feel wholly abandoned upon discovering that man-made religions and philosophies and governments cannot outrage the code of Nature, that has outlived a thousand civilizations, governed millions of despots and governments, without the penalty falling somewhere; there is a greater Spirit in and behind Nature, than any of the petty Gods of the creeds we have worshipped, and, whether we are to put on immortality or perish utterly, the true and noble spirit can escape somewhat the base allurements of the senses in this world and come into more or less fugacious touch with the immanent Spirit of the universe in Nature and in humanity. But the "half-gods" must be repudiated first; not brutally, but with all the tenderness we feel for old friends, who would enslave our minds out of sheer good will, and so must perforce be abandoned, though not forgotten.

In the meanwhile, it is true, we have to put up with compromises; and until Science, the true revealer of God in the universe, can find time to civilize man sufficiently to devise a social state that shall recognize the laws of Nature as the core and substance of all the virtues and all religion, and so make the translation of religion into life and life into religion an easy matter, we must face another consideration, which has been admirably put by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in one of his Breakfast Table books: "The churches know very well, that the fear of everlasting punishment, more than any or all other motives, is the source of their power and the support of their organizations. Not only are the fears of mankind the whip to scourge and the bridle to restrain them, but they are the basis of *an almost incalculable material interest.* Talk about giving up the doctrine of endless punishment by fire, there is more *capital* embarked in the subterranean fire-chambers than in all the iron-furnaces on the face of the earth. To think what an army of clerical beggars would be turned loose on the world, if once those raging flames were allowed to go out or calm down!" And so it seems that the wicked radicals who look for a smiling God in Nature, and in the revelation of the divine spirit of man, are not nearly so interested in maintaining the supremacy of the Devil as the elect, the good disciples of St. Peter and St. Malthus, who are sure of their election here so long as misery and injustice, in supporting them, breed each other, — whatever doubts they may entertain of their election in another world.

The Brook Farm experiment failed, and its members returned to the world and drifted apart; and some achieved a competence in the ordi-

nary walks of life, and one or two attained a bad eminence in temporizing villany. But the history of Transcendentalism is practically the history of all that is great and permanent in American literature. It constitutes the one great period of heroism in letters, stern, uncompromising grandeur and reality of thought, in America. It may be true enough that it did not permanently instate in our civic life any of the realities of the human mind and soul and passions that transcend the round of bed and board; and it certainly failed to materially influence or leaven the character of the popular periodical literature, which has always obstructed the development and progress of robust thought in America by pandering to indolence and hurry, that will have nothing to do with *real books;* but it quickened all the fine isolated wits in every crowd and village, and it stands apart from the great body of English literature, without any rupture of traditions, because of a wind-blown subtlety of the freed spirit in it, that breathes nowhere else in the range of English literature.

The popular "literature," for which there is a formula, as easy of comprehension as a recipe for mixed pickles, still holds its own, and it grows in bravery and prosperity, until now we are gravely assured by more than one successful practitioner of it, that there is no other sort of literature worth considering but that which is included in the morning round of the milkman. As Lincoln said, "For those who like this sort of thing, of course, this is the sort of thing they like." We suppose this is one of the disadvantages of democracy, which should be taken in silence with a wry face, since mediocrity of sentiment and cowardly subserviency to absurd popular prejudices must always accompany the desire for wide popularity; and with the growth of democracy comes the desire to buzz in a million indiscriminating ears, instead of the reasonable ambition of *earning* the approbation of the thinking and discerning, few or many; and so we must in charity find room for the popular literature, as an encouraging manifestation and infallible indication of the growth of democracy, and the most palpable sign of the sway of the masses.

We could forgive and admire a mediocrity of talent that strove to serve the multitude in the exercise of its highest faculties, and whose limitations were palpably inherent in the disabilities of the individual and the long mental servitude of the millions; but the peculiar circumstance in our popular literature is, that with the complete ascendency of popular ideals and the smug sentimentalities of the comfortable life, it is becoming so rare to hear the voice of one of those heroic unmistakable poets of the people, that were fairly common enough, even in the days when the people were dumb, and the inspiration of literature was that anomaly of egotism, *the patron.* Why is this? Let us whisper it softly into Lazarus' ear, while he lies stretching himself, grinning over the sugary, sentimental, Christian sermons in the Christmas periodicals — he has just got his annual charity feed under his rags, and see how

gratitude beams in his cheerful gaunt face! — Plutus panders to your ignorance and prejudices, my dear deluded Demos, and employs the Muse, as well as the sublime Journalist, to help him, in order to the more successfully *exploit* you. In a democracy there are various ways of keeping one's balance on the perch; and Poetry, after having been the chief of the Muses, the eternal tongue of poets and prophets, the voice of the oppressed from deepest hells of darkness — it would not be exaggeration to say, the voice of divinity itself — now sits on a high stool in Plutus' outer office, writing romances and apologetic religion and philosophy to tickle and delude the masses. Bah! a suit of motley, a blown bladder and a patron gave more license to honest thought.

But still the old literature, even the books of quite recent date, filled with horrible heresies and anarchical doctrines, have not yet been burned by the common hangman, and, though it is the fashion to doubt it, we may be sure that *all* the fire is not burned out of the human heart and mind; the few poets and thinkers in our day who realize that literature in its highest function is the embodiment of *the moral and spiritual essence in human life* can turn to these old books, and — oh yes, books, books! — but the poets live in a real world. We have eyes and ears. Let us turn our memories inside out, our hearts and souls inside out, go out into the streets, test political economy and charity reports in the rainstorm sent for *all*, amid the corn growing for *all*, in the light of all human sorrow and joy and pain, and all the spiritual intuitions of the common mind; and who can doubt but that the reward of all life is in the lives of others, the reward of all thought, all art, is in the influence it may have in touching the reality of some life with a golden joy, a gleam of consolation, of hope, or even some deepening sense of chastening sorrow? Ah, yes, there are still some among us who are striving to put all the reality of their inmost hearts and minds and lives into their work, into their daily relations in life, and, with all the din in the air about the folly of serious thought, of art for the plaything's sake, we ask Plutus whether he would care to pay the price of a few pages of work done at this cost, putting *life* against *dollars?* A page or two would bankrupt the richest Crœsus in the world: but such things are *given away*. We may sell words, but God keeps back the *soul*.

V.

There can be no morality, and social progress is impossible without morality (since peoples who are immoral or negative die of inanition), without sufficient nutritious food in the bellies of, at least the vast majority, of the members of any society, to insure some measure of emancipation of the intellect and social passions from the individualistic concerns of life on a purely physical plane. This fact was clearly recognized in the earliest tribal forms of society, as all readers of the New Literature of the New Science know; and empty bellies are recognized vaguely even by our modern commercial society, as a menace to the

comfortables — and hence the hospitality of the stone floor of the City Hall in Chicago for the outcast and unemployed and hungry and houseless, and the Soup Kitchens, where "charity" cozens Nature out of threatened insubordination into accepting the Christian doctrine of "Sufficient unto the day is the *forgetfulness* thereof." This is not the exact quotation: it is the whole spirit of organized charity, and that strangely illogical thing under a system of government that is supposed to embody the holy doctrines of *laissez faire*, public relief. What does *public relief* mean? It means that the class who owns the government, for the advancement of its own selfish ends, under autocracy, limited monarchy, or a democracy, in which tariff protection fosters capital and protective combinations in trade, and abandons labor to the iron laws of competition, this class is fearful of the logical conclusion Nature devises for untempered *laissez faire* philosophies — which may include the disagreeable feature for the philosophers of hanging as high as Haman to that modern decorative pole, the electric-light shaft.

These good "charitable" people are often heard complaining that the indigent and unemployed are "ungrateful." My dear, sweet, dainty, well fed, elegantly clothed, satin-shod young lady, reclining among your silken cushions, and pouting your divinely intoxicating carmine lips, as you put a question on this momentous matter, affecting the dignity and *status* of human nature, let me answer you by asking another riddle. If I suddenly drew a bowie-knife and slashed those dainty purple veins in your wrist, and let that riotous life blood slowly pulse and ebb away, — and then as the color paled and fled in your flaming cheeks and lips, and your brain reeled with faintness and horror and despair, and your limbs felt the chill embrace of that grim lover, Death, my tender susceptibilities were seized with a sudden compunction for the havoc I had wrought, and I bent over you to stanch the let of blood with a Judas kiss, and hope throbbed strong again in your dulled brain only to mock it, for I but kiss to amuse myself, and step back to leave you to die without pity among your silken wrappings that clog and chill you, helpless and alone — would your dizzy brain and numbed, expiring spirit, cherish any fervent gratitude for that obscure ephemeral instinct of pity or fear — which was it? — that was but a fresh dagger thrust in your poor cowed heart?

The picture is a trifle realistic, Lady Dainty mine, eh? Ah, yes, the smug gentleman of uncertain middle age, there in the corner, who lives upon property inherited from his father, and has a devil of a time with his tenants, but is quite patient and indulgent, who reads Friedrich Nietzsche's philosophy of civilization and morals, and fancies he has a pretty wit as a pessimistic philosopher himself (as a decadent his intellectual attraction is toward the philosophies rather than the philosophers), chimes in, in his low, musical, kindly, purring insincerity. He thinks my imagination brutal, indecent a pot-house imagination! Ah yes, pardon me, do not trouble to rack your wits for a suitable epigram.

I can get along fairly well as a cynical wit myself, with Dean Swift, Schopenhauer and some others at my elbow, and permit me, you were going to remark, "*Fustian and sentimentality!*" Pardon me, one moment longer, and then, if you care for the experience, I will slowly roast you in the ovens of your own pet philosophers, whose idealism does not include the tame feline man of your peculiar species.

And now, my dear young lady, whom I have selected for an illustration, because these things do not so often come home to you in your nest, as they do to others of your sex, just as soft, tender, dainty, as fragile and as sensitive, — I'll finish my first murder! I leave you to die in a few hours. Horrible! Not at all — *this is charity*. In a few hours all is over; and, but for a sentimental objection, your body would make good broth for the miserable, while your spirit would have solved the great secret. When I see the misery in the streets of our cities I shiver to think of the waste of our cemeteries. It is the testimony of all the greatest philosophers from Job and the unknown pessimist of Ecclesiastes to Schopenhauer, that life is a cheat, and affords more pain than pleasure to all, to those comfortably situated as well as to the poor and wretched; indeed, Schopenhauer suggests that hard labor and even misery and penury may be a relief from boredom. "If the world were a paradise of ease and luxury, where every Jack obtained his Jill at once and without difficulty, men would die of boredom or hang themselves." We are all but poor players, and whatever *rôle* we may play, the real inner subjective life can only bring dissatisfaction and weariness in the end. All is vanity — and therefore to die at twenty-five, to precede one's illusions to the grave, is happiness. Why, such a lot as that is as enviable as that of Borgia's lovers, who stumbled blind with love's delirium into the grim clasp of death; and passed so suddenly from this world into the next, that they must have arrived in the morn with all the beady ecstasy of love still dewy upon their lips.

But now consider the case of the ungrateful recipients of "charity." There is the mechanic, at his forge, his bench, in shop or factory, the sewing woman, the tailor, the miller, the corps of the great industrial world, which produces those dainties and necessities upon which you dine and sup, and which encase your ease-loving, indolent body in beauty, my dear young lady. Suddenly the wages of bare subsistence are cut down, or there is a lock-out — the market is overstocked with food and clothes and chattels. Now the charity of murder in comparison with the villany of commercial conspiracy is shown, my dear young lady; if, like a stage heroine, your murdered corpse will just sit up and listen attentively. The worker's arm is stricken down, because the world's storehouses are bursting with commodities; and as a decent, law-abiding citizen he must go quietly to his hovel, and sit down to face slow starvation with his wife and little ones. It is not all over in a few hours, as it would be with you, if I should add your pretty pink and white carcass among the Christmas porkers, in the glut of unpurchasable food in the meat market.

Ah yes, you are going to ask about thrift. Did you ever consider a proposition like this for the making of Pie? We used to get them in arithmetic at school. If you had a pound of flour in January, and a pound of plums in March, and a pound of lard in June, and nothing in the intervals, to produce a mince pie in December? There is no possibility of thrift on the wages of subsistence; and, moreover, the wage-earner who solves the problem of saving on the limit of subsistence, but robs himself and his fellows; for such an important discovery is followed by a sympathetic decline in the scale of wages. No physical law of Nature is more certain. The rate of wages finds the level of subsistence under the competitive system everywhere. Thrift is treachery to one's fellows in misery; and it punishes its possessor. This is the law of supply and demand, in which the cheapest workers pay the penalty of success in competition, in riveting their chains in a still narrower circumference. The Jews in East London are an instructive illustration. They are the most naturally thrifty people on the face of God's earth, and they have driven the English workmen out of the market with their competition; and with competition among themselves have reduced wages to the slow starvation point.

Neither in this country nor in Europe is thrift the solution of the social question. It is only an aggravation of it, and its strong advocates ignore the unbudging factors in the industrial equation as it practically confronts us. These are in the cost of production — cost of production on the margin of cultivation, which is equalized to all producers, since what they may save in labor per commodity is counterbalanced by the greater mass of commodities they must produce in order to bring in the rent. Labor counts in the sum at the exact cost of mere subsistence — no more. Where the landlord comes in is instructive. The orthodox economist always performs an acrobatic feat on this delicate subject, since the importance of private ownership of the whole earth must be kept in the background. He first shows that economic rent does not enter into the cost of production on the margin of cultivation. Then he shows that the cost of production on the margin of cultivation determines the price of a commodity. He argues first that rent does not enter into the price; and second that the value of commodities is fixed by their cost of production, the inference being that landlords cost the community nothing, and that the exchange values of commodities is their cost *in labor*. The theory is ingenious; but the laborer is the least expensive item in the whole bill of production. The great item is rent — it complicates the whole problem, both of solving the proportion due to economic capital and labor, and of the problem of the existence of the laborers on any plane of decency fit for domestic animals of some value and utility. As George Bernard Shaw puts it in one of the Fabian Essays: —

> We have seen the appearance in the market of a new commodity — of the proletarian man compelled to live by the sale of himself! In order to realize at once the latent horror of this, you have only to apply our investigation of value, with its inevitable

law that only by restricting the supply of a commodity can its value be kept from descending finally to *zero*. The commodity which the proletarian sells is one over the production of which he has practically no control. He is driven to produce it by an irresistible impulse. It was the increase of population that spread cultivation and civilization from the centre to the snowline, and at last forced men to sell themselves to the lords of the soil; it is the same force that continues to multiply men so that their exchange value falls slowly and surely until it disappears altogether—until even black chattel slaves are released as not worth keeping in a land where men of all colors are to be had for nothing. This is the condition of English laborers to-day;* they are no longer even dirt cheap; they are valueless, and can be had for nothing. The proof is the existence of the unemployed, who can find no purchasers. By the law of indifference, nobody will buy men at a price when he can obtain equally serviceable men for nothing. What, then, is the explanation of the wages given to those who are in employment? Their wage is not the *price* of themselves; for they are worth nothing: it is only their keep. For bare subsistence wages you can get as much common labor as you want, and do what you please with it, within the limits of a criminal code which is sure to be interpreted by a proprietary-class judge in your favor.

Oh! but those conditions do not apply to America? Indeed! then human nature has been arbitrarily coerced by a geographical expression; but the facts *are*, that what is true of the competitive system in one country, is true, modified only by the facts of population, of every other. There are a million tramps in the United States. The last census returns show also that ninety-one per cent of the 12,690,152 families in the United States own no more than twenty-nine per cent of the wealth; and nine per cent own about seventy-one per cent of the wealth of the country. Of this nine per cent, or 1,096,265 families, a little select society of 4,047 millionnaires, three hundredths of one per cent of the families of the country, own one fifth of the nation's wealth. So that the extremes meet in this sentence: twenty per cent of the wealth is owned by three hundredths of one per cent of the families; fifty-one per cent by nine per cent of the families (not including the millionnaires); seventy-one per cent by nine per cent of the families (including the millionnaires); and twenty-nine per cent by ninety-one per cent of the families. About twenty per cent of the wealth is owned by the poorer families that own farms or homes without incumbrance, and these are twenty-eight per cent of all the families. Only nine per cent of the wealth is owned by tenant families and the poorer class of those who own their farms or homes under incumbrance, and these constitute together sixty-four per cent of all the families. As little as five per cent of the nation's wealth is owned by fifty-two per cent of the families, that is by the tenants alone. Finally, 4,047 families possess seven tenths as much as do 11,593,887 families.†

* A young man only a few months back advertised himself for sale in one of the New York papers. The circumstances are related in detail in B. O. Flower's "The New Time." Boston, Mass., 1894.

† It is well to vary Transcendentalism with facts and figures, and these statements are copied directly from the article by George K. Holmes on "The Concentration of Wealth" in the *Political Science Quarterly* for December, 1893. They are absolutely reliable, since they are taken from the census returns.

These figures need no sentimentality, no rhetoric, no fine writing, to enforce their lesson. They tell their own tale of corrupt legislation, of corporation robbery and outrage, of a government and a nation's franchises and privileges and territory sold shamelessly to the highest bidder, of conscienceless usury and commercial conspiracy. It is the history of the contraction of the currency, which mocks the power of the franchise and the ballot, and reduces the wage earner to a commodity that is glad to realize the cost of its keep in the open chattel market — and asks for, and gets, no margin of profit. Nature and God Almighty have flooded the market with superfluous images of divinity and deity. The natural increase of population within the next two or three decades will put the wage earners of America into a far more deplorable and degraded condition than the negro slaves of the South ever were. We may also expect our Cæsar to appear within a quarter of a century, and the mercenaries of murder and rapine will support a civilization of luxury built upon the multiplication of misery.

Those who are looking for the millennium will find much to interest them in Charles Booth's "Statistics on English Pauperism," in this connection. What is a pauper but a wornout serf who never owned himself? Among the working classes and small traders the rate of pauperism for all who live to be over sixty-five is not less than forty to forty-five per cent — about one half of this whole class die in the public kennel. Including *all classes* fully ten per cent of the whole population between the ages of sixty and sixty-five are paupers; twenty per cent between sixty-five and seventy; thirty per cent between seventy and seventy-five; and forty per cent over seventy-five years. And of course these figures take no account of those who never apply for relief, but are content to die in the gutter or in a hovel in an alleyway, crowded in and living upon the sufferance of prostitutes and thieves and garroters. I have explored Drury Lane and Whitechapel and Shoreditch and Ratcliff Highway, and I know that the poor seek the protection of the criminal, and prefer such dependence to the grim morality of the workhouse.

It is my candid opinion, that the proletariat, and that includes all the small traders who are being crushed out by commercial conspiracies, monopolies, rings and trusts, has *no moral right* to bring any posterity into this world, unless they are prepared to face this issue, and band together for the winning of this world for humanity. If they are too cautious, too law-abiding and respectable to play this earthly game as *men*, if they despair of overthrowing iniquity merely because it is *law*, if they think equity and justice and the rights of the producers to the wealth they produce, wild Utopian dreams, then let common sense assert itself over their cowardice, and let them not sin against the innocent — let this generation of superfluous poor devils leave no posterity to bear the curse of its apathy and cowardice; let us depart cowed and fearful, and leave Plutus and his merrymakers in undisturbed posses-

sion. He at least has the courage of a wolf at bay, and so deserves his prey. We have the audacity of a surprised hencoop — we fall into his open mouth — and pray. This means no revolution; it is not anarchy; it is simply the last shred of decency we could perform in this world. Men who have not the egotism to stand up and play the *man*, should crawl into their graves and confess as much to Mother Nature; who, if she wants to try any fresh experiments, can see to it that she does not commit the same error again.

In the new Eden mankind will be discovered on all fours, with snouts and tails — grovelling, full and content. There will be no more terrors of the intellect and spirit, and no more achievements and glimpses of the infinite and the divine for the coming race. It can never revile Nature for the torturing dreams *we* have had, of the slow progress of mankind, from the contentment of the instincts to the spiritual love and wisdom of demi-gods, at least. But the demi-gods are not law-abiding in the sense attached to that phrase by Plutus and his courts and legislatures, and so let's to it at once — let's bend our eyes and snouts to earth and grovel as befits our spirit. If we will not be *men* of mind and reason and spirit and courage, Nature will soon force us on our crude instincts, whether we like it or not; and this choice is no mere figure of rhetoric or passion. We must claim our heritage as men, or accept the stern decree of Nature, and fall back upon our instincts as mere beasts.

WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

MEDITATIONS IN MOTLEY.*

What is it about? I do not know, and yet I have read the book twice. Some say that the author wrote these papers purposely to confound the critics and defy the teachers of rhetoric. Still one looks in vain for malice prepense, although there is much oxide of iron; and in the intervals when the critic is not tearing his hair, he will find whole sleeves full of smiles.

It seems much easier to tell what the book is not, than to say what it is.

We will first boldly state that "Meditations in Motley" is not imbued with the sobriety of midnight. Furthermore it is not a scientific treatise. It does not seek to reform society; to do away with certain wrongs; to bring about better ethical conditions; to solve certain economic problems. Neither does the author seek to make men "good," or better their physical condition, or throw new light for them on moral calculi. It does not teach how to make hens lay, and I have searched in vain for anything bearing on agrarian rights. Throughout it all his attitude toward the dear reader is exasperatingly indifferent.

"Meditations in Motley: A Bundle of Papers Imbued with the Sobriety of Midnight," by Walter Blackburn Harte. Price, cloth $1.25. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

He is more than usual kam,
He does not give a single dam.

With him it is a delightful June day, not too warm and not too cool. He sits on a bench in the park and watches in the water the reflections of the great, white, billowy clouds. He might look up and see the blue sky if he wanted to, but he doesn't want — it's too much trouble. So there he sits in the warm sunshine, the pleasant breeze fanning his cheek, all regardless of the flight of time. That is his chief characteristic, he is in no hurry. He throws crumbs to the gold fishes and carelessly watches the swan-boats come and go; and out of the corner of his eye he sees the people as they pass — young and old, happy, miserable, proud, ambitious, vicious, vain — it's all one, yet he makes mental note of each and weaves in his fancy a future for them all. School is out and noisy children romp by; fire engines with clanging bells rush past, then the factory whistles blow for one o'clock and all hands to go to work: but our man does not leave his bench. He is meditating; he talks to himself and chuckles; he philosophizes and speculates. He works out a hypothesis and blows it up like a beautiful soap bubble until it bursts.

His fancy flops off in great, long, lazy sentences; drops, dives, comes up, balances in mid air, sails away, returns, goes higher, higher — so near the sun that you cease to watch — your eyes are blinded, or is it lost in a cloud? But one thing is sure, this fancy is no fledgling just learning to fly. It is an eagle with beak and talons and strong stretch of wing; lonely, solitary, unafraid; and if you have extraordinary eyesight, you will see that this eagle's plumage is unmistakably motley; and if you listen very closely to his scream, you will hear that he cries, "Motley's the only wear."

And all this time our melancholy man sits on his bench in the park and throws crumbs to the gold-fishes, and watches the swan-boats and the swaying branches of the trees across by the bridge. The rumble of the city traffic as it falls on his ear is only a soothing sound. He is meditating, that's all; meditating on life and its thousand manifestations; on books, music, art, women, men, marriage, follies, whims, wealth, suicide, religion, death.

Who is he? I do not know, but I can guess. I think he is a fool off duty; his cap and bells are hidden not far away; he belongs to some dazzling court of the sixteenth century. He has strayed away and got lost in this work-a-day, commercial world, and he is resting here a space before he goes back to where he belongs. Someway his meditations, wise, foolish, funny and poetic, have become tangled up in a very tastefully printed book, and the title of the volume is, "Meditations in Motley."

Strong Lines from "Meditations in Motley."

If a man is so destitute of resources that he can only hope to get his bread by deserving it, he merits hanging.

Most people have no idea of the social utility of a good stock of prejudices.

Those of us who enjoy the advantage of the society of witty women know how much their prejudices contribute to their charm.

It is healthful to be honest occasionally.

This nightmare world.

The brigandage of journalism.

Grotesque intellectual pigmies that cast portentous shapes upon the screen of the passing hour.

My eyrie garret study.

Our *wants* crowd our *needs* out of our lives.

Man's poverty is increased with his faculty of spiritual vision.

The world has no ears for prophets and poets who come not arrayed in purple and fine linen.

Our liliputian literary dictators.

The man who goes into journalism under the hallucination that it bears some sort of intermittent relation to literature sells his soul to the devil.

I do not think common sense incompatible with genius.

The long servitude of expediency.

A plaguy passion of industry.

Leagued and mortgaged to public opinion.

A jovial confession of poverty.

The favored of the gods, who cultivate literature on a patrimony.

That healthful government by the minority.

Metaphysical hindrances are as valid as mental or physical ones.

Some amiable and virtuous knave.

Mere lovers of "editions" with no true reverence for books at all.

There is a distinction between lovers of books and lovers of literature.

More authors read books than the tradition allows; although it is often more raiding than reading.

We are always alert for the new prophet: but our insight is less than our curiosity, and we have usually a poor discernment of prophecy.

Rudimentary mental furniture.

Certain critics who cling to the skirts of literary orthodoxy.

Dreams alone are real.

Music is the sea on which all the argosies of our hopes go safely into port.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

WOMEN IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.*

I confess I experienced something of a shock when I learned that the author of the work under consideration had written a book on "Women in the Business World." I knew her to be a brilliant woman, a writer by no means unknown in the literary world, a worker as well as a

* "Women in the Business World," by One of Them. Pages 322; price, cloth $1.75; paper 50 cents. Arena Publishing Company, Boston.

theorist, whose arduous and wide experience in her chosen profession had failed, as is frequently the case, to transform the moral enthusiast into a gloomy pessimist. I knew her to be one of those fine natures of the new time, given to high thinking, and whose life was an expression of her high and true philosophy. But when I learned that she had essayed a work on the above subject, I feared the author who might have succeeded in a marked degree along other lines, had fallen most probably a victim to some well-meaning but injudicious friend, and had written another of those wearisome volumes which are turned out to order for the news trade, and which are stale, tasteless and as hopelessly uninteresting to the general reader as were Lindley Murray's grammars to the children of half a century ago.

There are few people who can take a subject like the one discussed by our author and make it glow with interest which holds the attention of the reader from cover to cover. Professor Smiles in his "Self Help," and indeed in all his works, succeeded in a marked degree. But where he succeeded scores and hundreds who have attempted work along the same general line have signally failed; because they have written to order, or because some injudicious friends have convinced them that such works are salable. Instead of being fired with the divine afflatus which forces the prophet to deliver his message, even though unavailing and unheeded. I knew the author of this work to be gifted, but I feared she might have yielded to outside rather than inner influences. After reading a few pages, however, my fears were lost in admiration for a work so clearly the child of a brain on fire with moral enthusiasm, but balanced by the presence of common sense which makes the book as practical as it is charming. If the fervor of intense conviction illuminates its pages they are also permeated by that excellent practical judgment which is born of personal experience in the school of life.

This work differs from the general run of volumes of this character as a man differs from a manikin. It is alive with moral energy; the author's convictions are contagious; the reader partakes of the spirit which burned in the brain and compelled the writer to pen her helpful thought. I can only compare the volume to Professor Smiles "Self Help." It is in no sense an imitation, and in some respects it is superior to that work. In all of Mr. Smiles' works the reader is cloyed with illustrations. The attention is frequently diverted from the subject in hand by the multiplicity of illustrations employed. The author of "Women in the Business World" never makes this mistake. Illustrations are used, but with rare judgment, and in all cases they are so subordinated to the thought in hand that the story never obscures the idea which the author desires to illustrate. The diction of the work is excellent. The sentences are bright, clear, strong and sometimes epigrammatic. Here are a few lines from the opening chapter:—

I have a saving message for all women. It is that on self-dependence hangs their salvation from poverty and other evils. Only by means of self-dependence can they

ever achieve anything, or be anything but feeble, undeveloped creatures, mentally, spiritually, physically, socially and financially. *Use, action, these are the means by which all growth is accomplished. It is disuse of their faculties that has made women a weak and dependent class. They have robbed themselves of their privilege of growing to full stature by yielding obedience to the voice of mind-weakening custom and strength-destroying prejudice.*

I say that the woman who is and always has been sheltered and protected from all knowledge of the struggle for existence has missed something which would be of inestimable value to her to know. Every experience enriches one. The woman who has been forced out into the thick of the battle for bread has been more blessed than her sheltered sister, if only the experience has taught her to stand alone. Women need to learn the great lesson of self-dependence. When they have learned it we shall see a new heaven and a new earth, for the earth will be made over into a new heaven. Think of a world in which no disability on account of sex exists, a world where all are encouraged to make the most and the best of themselves, where there is no leaning on anything but the God-given spirit within us.

Everything is within us. The business of life is to bring it forth. Every invention of man was first an idea. In the mind originates everything. Women, then, who let their faculties lie idle, are inviting decay, yes, a decay of the immortal part of them. Indolence is closely followed by destruction. Use is the measure of every value in nature. Disuse is the forerunner of destruction. I know that whatever the soul determines to do that it can do, if it stands secure in its own strength. Never in my life have I failed to accomplish that which I steadily and determinedly set myself to do. Before this wonderful power all opposition goes down. Will, alone, is great. Strengthen it, take your stand upon it, and conquer the world.

Our author holds that the only true way to help women is to teach them to help themselves, and in this volume she opens before her readers the broad arena of life upon which the women of this generation have won victories. The purpose of the book, in part, is to emphasize the very important truth, that woman's place in the business world is not a corner fenced off by prejudice based on the time-worn idea of sex limitations. It also seeks to show woman how she may succeed if she wills, on whatever plane of advancement she may be. It points out woman's greatest need, and in chapters pregnant with suggestive hints the author discusses "Finding One's True Calling," "Training and Efficiency" and "Perverted Pride." This last chapter is very valuable, inasmuch as so many women to-day who might have been ornaments to society and conspicuous examples of noble success, are wrecks in the ocean of misery, having allowed a false pride to hold them back from humble service while want drove them along that pathway, which if sometimes rose-strewn at first ends in degradation and death.

Because I believe this volume will help every man and woman who reads it, owing to its possessing that subtle power which awakens courage, enthusiasm and a determination to succeed on the part of the reader; because I believe it will prove a "saving message" to many a struggling girl, and because it is a fine illustration of the work which the brave, fine women of the new time are giving the world, I am tempted to give an extensive notice of the contents of several of the most important chapters: —

The simple science of success — How to bring forth the ability within us — How we can get new light — Giving our best — Fortune must not be wooed half-heartedly —

Business bread which cast upon the waters returns again — Think success — A great philosophic truth — The state of mind that compels prosperity — Attention to business and what it results in — The first condition of success and the second — The law of success without sex limitation — What an editor says — What constitutes success — Let your intentions be known — The philosophy of waiting — Hard work with divine uses — The attitude of faith which dispels terror — How destiny works for us — The gifts which follow gratitude — Desire and expectation make a strong combination in wooing fortune — Overcoming disheartening obstacles — An important branch of the art of getting on — The contagion of being in earnest — How one woman found fortune through an expression of love and sympathy — The good things which come when we give forth love and kindness — What is promised to them that overcome.

Systematizing and shaping ideas — The art of getting before the public — Catching the world's attention — Little histories of women who conquered in new paths — Special teaching — Tides taken at the flood — Build up your own business — Own yourself and your talents — The lesson of serving and the lesson of managing — The weakening effect of the weekly salary — Employer and employed — A special word of wisdom to young girls — Coöperation the greatest of all powers known for the abolition of poverty — Its share in the solution of the economic problem — The spiritual element of the coöperative principle — Through it women can achieve financial independence — The enforced sympathy of interest which precedes the true sympathy of spirit — An even sea — One method of attracting the good things of life — A lesson in metaphysics — Avoid the atmosphere of hurry — The prosperity that comes to the self-controlled — How words can make or mar our success.

Self denial and its uses — The saving that means using and the saving that means losing — The road to great spiritual and material possessions — Self mastery and what it brings — The time to save — Where to apply the economic pruning knife — What constitutes economy — Old saws with destruction in them — The first, greatest and only essential economy — Woman's business sense — The business armor — How it will prevent the speech of scandal and protect the wearer — The mental uniform of the business house — Keeping hours and appointments — Your word represents you — The religion of fulfilling promises — The great system of evening up which is ever in operation — The harmony of the universe must be represented in business — Wives understanding their husbands' business — Talent for business is sexless — The cultivation of the executive faculty — The quality that will put you in high places — Learning business methods — Instructing children in the same science — Law in the business world — Putting ourselves in harmony with it — Study the accords of the business world — The temptations, sins and needs of the business world.

The sword of business — The best capital — The magnetic threads which draw to us prosperous conditions — Business currents — Business letters — The potency of written words — Photographs of thought and ideas — One of the best advertisements — The invisible spirit of written correspondence — Legible handwriting and its benefits — Pushing your business — The potency of imagination — The state of mind makes material conditions — The value of self-assertion and self-esteem — The tact that avoids offence — A recipe for obtaining good will — Don't make your own clothes — The philosophy of it — A federation of labor — The evolution of dress — The true economy in clothes — A good-luck method — Suitability the necessary thing — The relation of clothes to success — The bondage of dress — Wealthy workers — The rights of the rich woman — Who helps and who hinders — The tendency toward universal industry.

Never too late to begin — A hint about feeling young — Some suggestions to women who don't know what to do with themselves — What some women achieved who began late — What gives one a hold on life — Criminal helplessness — Salvation for the industrial world in the development of the individual — The gospel of the practical — A deplorable feature of the age — Self support the duty of everyone — Unoccupied women — The spiritual qualities that make prosperity — Our attitude toward others and its material consequences — Sowing and reaping — The wide significance of sowing — What underlies all the dealings of man with man — How good will expresses itself — The best investments — Helping others to live — Giving and getting — The question for us to ask and answer — The blessings promised to givers — The practice of tithing and its

material benefits — The spiritual secret of the universal business success of the Jews — The "path to wealth" — Withholding tendeth to poverty.

Over-crowded professions and the remedy — The rocks on which many a woman's barque goes down — The heartache and lost time of misproductions — Supplying the real wants of the world — Asking for work — A question of need and supply — The foundation of all business — Ask and ye shall receive — The sure reward of those who earnestly seek — Finding new industries — New conditions and new occupations — Reasons why some are poor — Woman can do what she will — Opportunities made within fifty years — No occupation closed to women — Don't talk about your business — Occult reasons why you should not babble — The golden quality of silence — Early bird wisdom — Subtle causes which make success — The great natural law that underlies an old proverb — The potency of faith — The things we say and what they bring us — Words and their burdens or blessings — The industrial education of the future — Handicraft a necessity — Don't watch the clock — How the "get-there road" must be travelled.

Woman as a conservative factor — The story of four fortunate daughters — Women in medicine — The smooth path of the woman doctor to-day and the rough one of a couple of decades ago — Instances of eminence in this profession — The extension of medical education to women — The doctor's spiritual as well as material rewards — Women in dental surgery — Women pharmacists — What one of them says about the work — Women mathematicians — Some mathematical celebrities — The weary road they had to travel in the past — Applied design — A school of it — Decorative art — Some examples of success in it — Practical painting and what women might do in it — Photography and its opportunities — Cameo carving — Architecture — Newspaper work and what it offers — Newspaper illustration and its chances for the genius of the woman artist — Advertising and its opportunities — The publishing business — Book agents — The business described by one who made it win.

In the pulpit — The slowness of the churches in permitting women to preach — What women have done and can do in spreading religious philosophy independent of organizations — Their amazing success in modern metaphysics — The world is woman's to work in spiritually without the sanction of synods or bishops if she wills — As orator she has much to do in the coming years — Kindergarten work — What it promises to teachers and pupils — Room for more kindergartens and more training schools — The law — A woman lawyer answers some pertinent questions — Practical lectures — An important feature of modern education — Pioneer lecturers — Musicians.

Educators of the neglected — There should be more of them — Women as experts — Invention, and its possibilities for women — Banking — Electrical engineering — Simple principles put in practice — Packing trunks — Costuming — Manicure — Hair-cutting and hair-dressing — A story with wisdom in it — Jewelers — Box-making — Little things to do — Making artificial flowers — Feather curling — Manufacturing overshoes — Making neck-scarfs — Giving lessons on the sewing machine — Express messengers — Operating stage-lines.

The chaperon — Her widened sphere — Trained nurses — Attendants for the helpless — Matrons — The need for more of the right kind — Saleswomen — Their woes and the remedy — One who solved the difficult problem — Her interesting story — How improvement must come.

Women of culture and refinement the first to embark in horticultural enterprises — The moral and pecuniary remuneration which followed well-directed effort — Hop-farming — Grafting and budding — Raising tube-roses and cotton — Raising berries — Fruit farming — General farming — Surplus of the vegetable garden — The little patch of ground and what can come out of it — Raising celery — How a woman made half a million of dollars — Gardening — "Come South, young woman" — Violets, sweet violets.

Poultry raising — Scientific methods — Description of a New Jersey chicken farm — One girl's effort — Bee-keeping — What the busy bee can produce under the manipulation of science — Dairying — "The poor man's cow" — Silk culture — Home fruit-preserving — How to make a market for it — Women homesteaders — The pleasures of making a home — Vienna kitchens — A hint to women of executive ability — Travellers' luncheons — The opportunities uncultivated which they present — Supplying cooked

food to families — Operating bakeries — One woman makes a new department and wins — Groceries — Cooking-schools — Woman's exchanges, what they were and what they have become — The change made by the application of business methods — Special food for invalids — Another new departure.

The little implement that has slain more than the sword — The crush of the wheel added to the stab of the needle — Two remarkable coexistent facts — A clue to the cure of the sewing woman's misery — An untrained army whose members devour each other — How to thin out overcrowded ranks — Efficient dressmakers always make money — What would make the sewing woman free and independent — How they established a millinery business — Head-wear and its opportunities — Work and money waiting for the bonnet reformer — Lace-making.

Home-making — An art which expresses the soul — The true purpose of homes — A centre of sympathy — What the controlling spirit of a home can do to benefit society — Neighborliness as a civilizing factor — Housekeeping schools — Departments of domestic economy in colleges — Housekeeping — The letter and the spirit — A return to deserted paths — Where there is both space and opportunity — Why one young girl struggles on in shops — Light on a dark subject — The word that kills — Dispensing with inferiors — A coöperative household — A solution for the household service problem — How to keep boarders.

Business women's clubs — Coöperative raisin-growing — A business romance of four women who were weary of the school-room — How they made the desert blossom like the rose — Benefits of coöperation — In union there is strength and pleasure too — Another story of successful coöperation — Promoting the employment of women — The business fatherhood of employers — What the employer owes his people — No accidents in the business world — The stewardship of wealth — How one business firm expresses its sense of moral responsibility to its employees — A seaside institute for women workers — A practical expression of sympathy — Masters of your fate — A final message.

I trust the above will give the reader a clear idea of this work and its positive value to all sincere, aspiring minds. I do not wish, however, to convey the impression that I regard the book as free from defects. Personally considered, I think our author at times falls into the very weaknesses she fights against. Prejudices or conventional ideas at times, I fear, obscure for her the full significance and bearing of some problems. Nowhere is this so noticeable as in her remarks about the dress of the business woman, in which her position, if not ultra conventional, certainly is not in accord with the spirit of her book, and evinces the fact that the gifted author does not appreciate the real ethical and practical significance of dress reform for the business woman. She does not realize what I am persuaded she will see if she carefully considers this question — that the skirt has been for ages the badge of bondage; that it fetters the limbs and retards locomotion; that it places woman at a distinct disadvantage in her struggle for bread; that so long as it is worn by the business woman it will compel her to be to a very great degree a slave to the caprice of fashion; that the ethical significance of emancipation along this line is so far-reaching in effect and so fundamental in character that to counsel "concession to the popular idea of what women ought to wear, however absurd the idea is," while it is what we would expect in a conventional work, is in distinct opposition to the spirit and teachings of the volume as a whole.

Looking at the work from my own point of view, such blemishes,

though few, are exceedingly unfortunate in a book which, on the whole, is so noble and inspiring. It is "concession to popular ideas, no matter how absurd," which has for generations kept women in a condition of dependence, and woman's progress in the business world has been marked from first to last by her challenging such ideas and exercising common sense in opposition to absurd and unphilosophical "popular ideas." In spite of these slips, which happily are very rare, this work is a noble volume. It is a book which will awaken dormant energies in the reader. It is a work which should be read by every woman in America who is progressive enough to think independently, and alive enough to appreciate vital thought. B. O. Flower.

The Book of Light and Life.*

In this remarkable volume of 240 large pages, we have an elaborate concentration of the mysteries of the Christ, the soul, the Kabala — such a book, in fact, as every advanced mind ought not only to read but to thoroughly *study*. We have the arcana of the Christ, of the church, birth, life, death and the ancient initiations lucidly and succinctly explained.

Chapter VII. is altogether a phenomenal selection of prophecies from every quarter bearing upon the coming advent and the coming Reformer of the nations. The author gathers his remarkable testimony from the most varied sources, from the sages of the Orient, the ancient saints and prophets of the Occident, as well as the significant prophecies of a more recent date. Altogether the contents of this chapter are of such a remarkable nature that the most apathetic cannot but feel interested, and inclined to exclaim, "There must be a basis of truth and confirmation in those weird prophecies, all referring to the same momentous subjects." At least, the whole volume fully demonstrates that the author is deeply versed in those theories upon which he treats, as also that he is thoroughly in earnest upon the coming times.

The Bridge between Two Worlds.†

A book is the child of some man's brain, and when we peer into its pages we see the outlines of its parent's nature. It is not strange that a book-child should resemble its parents; we are taught that all things are like the source whence they emanate. All books bear the ear-marks of their creator.

A book is the incarnation of a man's thoughts in the flesh and blood of paper and ink. It is wisdom effervescing from the skull of one being, and flowing into the crevices in the skull of another. It is the mirror in

* "The Book of Light and Life; or the Essence of the Sohar, pertaining to the mysteries of man, the Christ, and His Coming Kingdom," by P. Davidson, author of "The Violin," etc. 8vo; pp. 240; price $1. Published by P. Davidson, Loudsville, White County, Ga.

† "The Bridge between Two Worlds," by Abby A. Judson. Paper 75 cents; cloth $1. Published by the author, Cincinnati, O.

which we see the man as he stands stark naked in the full effulgence of the noonday sun for our inspection. Every thought in the book has a color, and in the multitude of reflected rays we behold the rainbow construction of the author, we observe the brightest colors in the reflection, we see that which is nearest and dearest to the heart of the maker, and it is on these lines we love to linger.

The book child has a mission in life; it is cast out into a heartless world to earn its living — to get bread by the sweat of its brow. And like other children, its place of birth has much to do with its success or failure in life. It matters much where the dawning of the first morn found it; it matters much in which room the dancing sunbeams welcomed it. It may have received its first glimpse of day in the garret, it may be in the cellar of a "tenement" situated in the "North End" or "East End" of somewhere, where things were not as cheerful as they could have been, where poverty and want reigned supreme; or it may have been born in the midst of luxury, with every blessing near at hand. If it be of humble quarters — as from the manger — its raiment will not be of "many colors." Indeed, for the lack of the necessary robes, the marrow in its bones will quiver when some soulless iceberg from the highest point in society passes by. Its complexion being not that of magnesia, nor of prepared paint, pencil or paste, it will experience much difficulty in finding its way into the inner circle. The Fifth Avenues in life will be hard to find, and when found, will be hard to travel.

But if it is fortunate enough to have for its parent one that is "rich in houses and lands," who can and will, with money wrung from the frail bodies of his fellow creatures, purchase for it food, raiment and shallow fame, and whose influence will carry the youngster over the land, and equip it with the passport necessary to admit it to the glad (?) homes of wealth and happiness, and find for it a hearty welcome in every quarter of the globe — the career of such a book is a brilliant one. It will find lodging in the cosiest of libraries, and will be handled with the daintiest of hands. It will be a success so far as the extent of its sale and kind of purchasers are concerned, but they are like the mushrooms, quick in coming and swift in going.

There have been, are, and will be, many kinds of books. But there is only one kind worthy of thought and consideration, and that kind of a book is the one that has a true mission, a worthy purpose in its existence. The true mission of a book is to impart knowledge unto all readers thereof; any book falling short of this is wasted energy. The knowledge may be of many sorts, but whatever its kind, its sole object must be to kindle into a flame that naturally slumbering element within man, which, when dormant, tends to cause him to descend into and live in the valley of his being, but when awakened, inspires him to ascend to the summits of his nature, and there dwell in harmony with the universe.

Into the kaleidoscope just presented you can put the latest product of

the fine and high mind of Abby A. Judson, and behold the beauties of a noble nature. Such is the nature of the parent of that child christened "The Bridge between Two Worlds."

The author has the interest of mankind at heart; she knows of their sufferings, and her sympathies are warm and good. Knowing that all good comes from within, she strives to better the world by developing the souls of men, and in doing this, she "seeks to lessen poverty, to cure bodily diseases, to prohibit undeveloped persons from indulging in what poisons the human system, and to adjust conflicting claims, so that the rich may not oppress the poor, and so that monopolies may be forever abolished, and marriage be the fruition of spiritual love." This clearly exemplifies the necessity of individual character building. And after clearly establishing a reasonable foundation for our individualization, she says: —

From this fact grows our obligation to use every means, to give every possible condition, for the development of this germ, thus making the building of our personal character the main object of our desire and our labor. When each human soul does this, as it will in course of time, injustice, poverty, wrong of every kind, will have left this earth. We who grieve over human suffering would sweep it from the earth at one stroke, applying outside force and executed legislation to prevent the commission of all wrong. Such a mode of procedure is like, to use a homely phrase, "putting the cart before the horse." All reform, to be lasting and effective, works out from within. To reform the world by the development of one's individual character seems a slow way. It is a slow way, but it is the way by which all steady and lasting growth proceeds. It took unnumbered ages to gradually develop this earth to be the home of human beings. This was not done in six days, as superstitious minds have ignorantly believed. The oak tree takes many years to develop its giant strength, and to make the solid wood so useful by its durability. Many years are required to develop a human being from the embryotic stage to complete manhood. Lasting, strong character is not built in a day, nor does it influence others in an hour. Still it influences others to build the same, and in this normal, natural method will the human race go on unto that perfection that is its destined goal, from the very conditions of its origin. The main duty for you and for me is to begin with ourselves, to develop truth, purity, justice, love, reverence and aspiration in ourselves. In this way can we do our part effectively toward the improvement of the human race; and true improvement, from core to outer expression, will bring increased prosperity in material conditions.

To develop the soul, she sets forth a process, embracing five mental and five physical steps, which, if thoroughly learned and applied, cannot but cause the soul to grow outward and upward. The system, if properly adhered to, will prove to be a "ladder of life." If we do not fully coincide with the author in all the theories she advocates, we must admit that the teachings embodied in the chapter on "passivity" — the first mental step in soul culture — are fine.

In reading this book, the "inner eye sees celestial forms and the inner ear hears a music not of this earth." It makes one feel like the author when she says: —

I must be good and true, reverent and aspiring, else I debase and disgrace, not my high parentage, for that is impossible, but my own relation to infinite beauty, truth and goodness, which is a finite mind's conception of the infinite intelligence of the universe.

C. Wesley Taylor.

The Fairy Festival.*

This is the most sumptuous gift book for children that we have seen in many months; it is a work which will delight all the little ones who are fortunate enough to secure it, not merely because it is profusely illustrated with exceptionally fine photogravures printed in tinted inks, but also because the fairy stories are told in a jingling rhyme well calculated to please the young, even though the subject was one far less attractive to children than that chosen by the author. Of the pictures it is difficult to say too much in praise; artist, photographer and printer alike have contributed their best endeavor to make this work an art album of superior excellence.

The work is richly bound in ornamented cloth stamped in silver with gilt top. It is one of the handsomest specimens of gift books which has appeared in recent years.

Miss Rand's Contribution to the Music of the People.

All lovers of art and music interested in the cause of the people, who have any knowledge of music, should purchase "The March of the Workers," words by William Morris and music by Miss Josephine Rand. The inspiring words of England's great social democrat are set to music which is worthy of the poems, and more than that need not be said. The music is published at 50 cents by Louis H. Ross, 32 West Street, Boston. It should be purchased by every Reform glee club in the land; so also should Mr. James G. Clark's "The People's Battle Hymn," price 40 cents, published by Oliver Ditson & Co. As a part of the repertoire of all singers in the lines of reform both these products are thrilling when well rendered, and will be potent factors in the people's great battle for industrial emancipation from the most odious form of tyranny — a soulless plutocracy.

Mr. Stead's "Coming Plutocracy."†

Mr. Stead's new story, "The Splendid Paupers, A Tale of the Coming Plutocracy," should have a wide reading in America. It is emphatically a story for men and women of conscience at the present time, for though it deals with English life, the disastrous effects of plutocracy which it so graphically reveals are far more real here than anywhere else, save perhaps in China, where money has ruled so long that the government has grown hopelessly corrupt through its death-dealing influence. The heartless cruelty, the coarseness and selfishness, of the *parvenu* aristocracy, which so disgraces and degrades our republic, is emphasized in a telling manner in this book.

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* "The Fairy Festival," by John Witt Randall. Illustrated by F. J. Attwood Handsomely bound in cloth, with gilt top; sides and back stamped in silver. Price $3. Published by Joseph Knight Company, Boston, Mass.

† "The Splendid Paupers, or the Coming Plutocracy," in the Christmas number of the *Review of Reviews*. Price 40 cents. New York International News Company.

In Lady Ænid we have a charming picture of the new woman, pure in heart, courageous when principle is involved and possessing that true refinement of soul, which is preëminently the characteristic of the new woman, that is to say, the woman whose mind is emancipated, and who is filled with enthusiasm for all that is noble and fine and all things which will aid civilization to the realization of its age-long dream of happiness through justice and freedom. Lady Ænid had spent some years of her girlhood with her father in Australia, and there had become infected with that wholesome independence rarely found in older states, where centuries of blind adhesion to absurd customs and an unquestioning acceptance of senseless precedents has enervated womanhood almost as much as it has weakened manhood.

In his introduction, Mr. Stead states that he has endeavored to "embody in the narrative form, which permits the chronicler to unite the law of fiction with the realism of facts, the most conspicuous events of the passing year. The characters, with but few exceptions, are borrowed from real life." In the opening chapter we catch a glimpse of the *parvenu* aristocracy, and its brutal selfishness, in the portrayal of an incident which at once recalls one of the first acts of William Waldorf Astor after purchasing one of England's old mansions situated on the Thames. Mr. Astor, it will be remembered, has repeatedly indicated that his purpose in buying the *Pall Mall Gazette* was to provide an organ which might effectually fight the spirit of social democracy. His enormous income, which permits him to wage an effective warfare against the cause of the wealth producers of the world, largely comes from unearned increment derived from the struggling, toiling industrial slaves of New York City.

Mr. Stead could not let a comparison so striking as the permission of the old English nobleman to allow the people of city and country to land at his park, and the action of the American *parvenu* who refused such permission, go unnoticed, as will be seen in the following extract from "Splendid Paupers":—

Hardly had the boat touched the bank, when a keeper stepped forward. "Out of that!" he shouted gruffly. "You've no business here."

"But," said Sterling, "I have landed here scores of times, and there never has been any objection. There must be some mistake."

"No mistake at all," replied the man. "I have my orders. Neither you nor nobody else must land here."

Sterling persisted. "My good man, I am sure you are wrong. I know the duke very well, and he was always delighted that we should land here."

"The duke be damned!" said the man. "What's he got to do with it? This isn't the duke's any more. It's Mr. Walledoff's, and Mr. Walledoff'll stand none of your blooming picnic parties and such flummery. So get out, will you, or I'll give you in charge as trespassers. S'help me, I will. Here, Baby!" He whistled as he spoke, and an evil-looking cur came up showing his teeth. "Off with you, do you hear, or I'll set the dog on you. Confound you; one would think the whole British public owned the property, and not Mr. Walledoff."

He gave the boat a push off with his foot as he spoke, and it began to drift down stream.

"Who is your master?" asked Glogoul.

"Why," said the man, "Mr. Walledoff — him as bought the *Latter Day Gazette*, you know."

Whereupon he turned on his heel and disappeared behind the trees.

"The devil!" said Glogoul. "To come across an American here!"

"I wish, cousin," said Elma, as she took up her oars, "that you would not use such dreadful language before ladies."

"I beg your pardon," said Glogoul. "But you see I don't believe there is a devil. So it is not profane really. It is only mythological."

After a moment's pause, Sterling said: "I remember now hearing that the duke had sold Splendon to an American millionnaire. But I had no idea that even an American millionnaire would deprive the public of privileges which they had enjoyed from time immemorial."

"Didn't you, though?" asked Glogoul. "Then you don't know the American millionnaire. It was not he who said 'the public be damned,' but that summed it all up. And I guess the public will be pretty considerably damned, too, before our millionnaires have done with them."

Lady Ænid is a fine bicyclist, but her skirts are constantly giving her trouble, and after almost breaking her limbs a few times, she wisely adopts the knickerbocker bicyclist suit. Going through an antiquated town, however, she meets the hostility of ignorant and vulgar natures, as will be seen from the following extract: —

"It's a scandal, it is," said one.

"A houtrage, I calls it," said another; "it oughtn't to be allowed."

"That it oughtn't," chimed in another. "Where's the police? I would give her in charge if he was only here; but he is never where he is wanted."

All the while Lady Ænid stood as composedly as possible, waiting for that waiter. Would he never come? Attracted by the clatter of women's tongues, and seeing a crowd, which always seems to indicate that there is something worth looking at, people came running up from all parts of the village. The women were meanwhile beginning to work themselves up to a state capable of physical violence.

"What are we comin' to?" asked one, "when young hussies can go about in breeches like this?"

"What right has she got to breeches?" asked another matron, wiping her hands upon her apron.

"Take 'em off her," shouted a mischievious urchin on the other side of the crowd.

"So I will," shouted the woman, who began to approach Lady Ænid with the intention of carrying out her threat. There was no knowing to what length the virago might have gone. Lady Ænid was in despair. Just at this moment the waiter came hurrying up with the change. The little crowd shrank back in silence, and before it closed again Lady Ænid had mounted her bicycle and was riding down the street with an outward dignity which sadly belied her real feelings.

"What savages!" she thought; "what would have happened if that waiter had not come just when he did? How horrible!" For the first time in her life a sense of the grimmer realities of existence dawned upon her mind. For a moment she was cowed and miserable. Then there came to her a thought which always comes to those who suffer in breaking, by however short a road, through the palæocristic sea of use and wont. She felt that, however horrid it might be, still it was worth while to suffer that others who came after might enjoy a larger liberty, and be free from insult and threatened outrage. So with a pardonable feeling of the pride of the martyr, she continued her journey through the pleasant wooded country of Blankshire.

Very powerful is the portrayal of the heinous crimes of Lord Bladud, a type of the rotten aristocracy, whose unnamable immoralities are similar to those Mr. Stead encountered on every hand during his London investigation some years ago.

Next, our author addresses himself to the *parvenu* manufacturer and the conscienceless landlord of the manufacturing town of Garlam. The descriptions of these human blood-suckers are vivid and suggestive. The march of plutocracy is presented in a realistic manner. Its conscienceless greed, its murderous grasp on the rights of the people, the essential despotism of its rule, are all portrayed in a manner which must stimulate the thought of those who care to think and who have eyes to see, especially in this country, where the landlords, the Wall Street speculators, and the trusts and the monopolies grow immensely rich, while prices and wages go down.

Here are a few words on the silver question, found in the chapter entitled "Bimetallism in Excelsis":—

What is the good of having things cheap if you have no money to pay for them? And it is not worth while producing things if you get no money for them in the market. Take, for instance, wheat at eighteen shillings a quarter; why it costs nearly twice as much to produce it on the American farm. This kind of thing cannot last. The effect of it is simply this—to throw the monetary ascendancy of the world into the hands of the Asiatics. The question of the white money against the yellow money is really a question of the white man against the yellow man. Owing to the absurd devotion of the white man to the yellow money, the yellow man with his white money is carrying all before him. That is the secret of Ping Yang Yaloo's immense fortune. Anything that brought silver back to its right relation to gold would send Ping Yang Yaloo higher than a kite. They are beginning to see this in America; but here everyone is blind—excepting a very few independent statesmen. They are all bound hand and foot by old traditions and the authority of half a dozen men in the city, who were reared upon text-books which were beginning to be antiquated when you and I were born.

The story is written with the ease which characterizes all of Mr. Stead's writings. It is not a finished piece of work, rather the work of a very busy brain, but it is an interestingly told story, unique in character and rich in valuable suggestions to all who appreciate the fact, that, unless the people make a stand against the communism of capitalists at once, they will find the last chance is past.

These are the closing words of the book:—

For the great battle against the New Plutocracy, aided by a corrupt and self-seeking Demagogy, is a fight which is not yet finished, nor, indeed, has it hardly as much as begun. The prophetic vision fails us at present to carry further the story of this last rally of the Splendid Paupers.

B. O. Flower.

Keynotes.*

In the six short stories contained in the attractive little volume entitled "Keynotes," by George Egerton, the writer shows that she is a slave to a modern conventional ideal of unconventionalism—the skittish muse. We are all more or less familiar with the skittish muse—it inspires so many women novelists of to-day—and the result, in a monotonous number of cases, is, as it is in "Keynotes," a wild, superlatively and superfluously unconventional, gypsyish, elf-like, tragical witch-child-woman, with a weird, petulant longing for something more than

* "Keynotes," by George Egerton. Price; cloth $1. Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

mere man to complete her soul, although her topsy-turvy imagination is terribly susceptible to the commonplace temptation of falling in love with dull and dumb and bad young men, while tied to a commonplace good young husband. This is amusing with one cup of sedate tea; it becomes tiresome, after one has given it one good natured laugh. It makes even one's own wit monotonous to spend it in worrying over the witch-elf too long.

With such a heroine — for lack of a better word — around whom to write a story, the author's pen is limited to depicting moods, which only such a strange compound of elements in a feminine form might be supposed to be subject to, and therefore nature and human nature contain no hints or suggestions or material to aid the author's imagination. A study while under the influence of hysteria, the hobgoblin heroine is merely the creation of an hysterical woman's brain. She is the child of the hysterical imagination turned upon itself, and therefore it is not surprising that she is presented to us as alternately raving and dreaming — both hysterically. This may delight some women; it wearies a man, who sees lots to laugh at in the comedy of life, as well as *real* tragedies. A psychological study of the *genus* might be worthy the attention of some patient, thorough-going professor of scientific nightmare; although it would probably result in his desiring an account from the creator of such a picturesque being, of the sort of French novels she wanted to Anglicize into repressed audacity.

We have one or two American women who are permitted to rave in our popular periodicals of this picturesque creation — who, by the way, is generally nothing more unusual than a portrait of the author in her own enchanted mirror. The author of "Keynotes" confines the wild witch-woman to the lock and bar of the short story. We thank the good God for such mercy; our raving women run on for hundreds of pages, whole volumes of hysteria, and gin and water emotions. But then she reappears in each of the half-dozen keynotes in Miss George Egerton's book — and that is disconcerting. Although the scene in which she is placed is laid in a new territory, her name and environment changed in every instance, we recognize her jingle talk the moment she appears before the footlights — for all this sort of fiction is theatrical. By her inevitable characteristics is the elfin woman known; yea, even to the winding of a scarlet scarf or orange shawl around *the willowy, hipless form;* the pinched features with the redeeming *starry, wild eyes*, and her irrelevant, impatient movements, betray her. This seems to be the one solitary chick that the authoress hen is clucking over. It is due to the cheapness of hose which has sent darning out of fashion; and to too much confidence in the mirror.

"Keynotes" will not shock the great shockable respectable orthodox class, there being no delicate critical moments, described realistically, when the curtain should be rung down, or asterisks shoot like comets across the page to apologize for the morality. This sort of literature is

something like what Boccaccio would be much respectabilized. But the most indictable offence of which the author stands guilty may be said to be a plea for the further emancipation of womankind — in brief, for a wild-oat-sowing period, enfranchising her to the liberty and privileges which, in the same period of their lives, men are allowed to enjoy, under our agreeable system of conventional morality, in which the only monitor for man is the physician and prudence. This, the author believes, would give to woman a larger and freer life than the repressive one of to-day. Under the present system of checking nature's cravings, when a woman meets a man "who satisfies her emotional and sexual nature, there is shipwreck of some sort," we are told. The solution is not prohibition for men, but license for women. This is the philosophy of "Keynotes," and many other documents in feminine literature. There is possibly some truth in this. But ah! brave female novelists! you will be in worse odor than ever with the rest of your sex if you give too many secrets away — even in a generalization. No doubt in your own cases, particularizations are excepted, or, if not, what havoc you yourselves will make in the hearts of men by such thoughtfully casual and studied innuendoes in your very *naive* productions!

"Keynotes" cannot be called an immoral, "Frenchy," spicy novel, which literary epicures may sometimes be forgiven for acquiring some taste for. Oh, no! Nor is the writer of "Keynotes" given to moralizing. And a woman who does not moralize in print (the "George" being palpably insufficient to conceal the sex of the writer) is quite an innovation herself; and perhaps possibilities of one sort and another lurk within her. On the contrary, George Egerton has a certain skill in portraying unremarkable but private domestic relationships, with much artlessness. There is, however, some peculiar malice aforethought between the artless lines. Take, for instance, the bedroom scene between a lawful man and wife in "An Empty Frame." There is nothing shocking in a woman's *dishabille* on such an occasion. The reader, however, wonders why such an unexciting (to the point of disappointment) conversation, could not have taken place as well on the veranda, or even at the lunch table. The writer certainly would lose the opportunity of describing the little barefoot caress, which we suppose must be her point, or the thrilling part of the scene. The author evidently has a purpose of her own. But these innocent *tableaux vivants* in innocent domestic life are to the average boarding-school miss so delightfully full of suggestions, and pregnant with originality and daring, and at the same time they do not encroach on that danger line which make them amenable to the "British matron" board of censure.

The action throughout the stories moves at as even a pace as the heroine's moods can possibly allow. The literary style, however, it must be said in all frankness, as a merely empirical opinion, is execrable — purely *staccato* and jerky; and the dialogue is guilty of a strange sententiousness, without art or thought. Every paragraph is

made up of abrupt interrogations and imaginary answers, which is the ordinary American newspaper narrative formula for fashion writers and gossip mongers. It is supposed to be epigrammatic; but epigrams consist of thought and not mere punctuation. Here is a brilliant passage:—

He said my going to see him even on literary grounds was eccentric: but then it seemed I had a way of doing as I pleased without exciting much comment. How did he know that? Oh, he had heard it! Was I really going away? How tiresome it was, how awfully tiresome! What was he like? Well, an American bison or lion. You might put his head among the rarest and handsomest heads in the world. Prejudiced in his favor? No, not a bit. His hands, for instance, are great laborer's hands; freckled, too; I don't like his gait, either—indeed, a dozen things. What we talked about? Well, as I said, he listened mostly; laughed with a great, joyous, boyish laugh, with a deep musical note in it. He has a deferential manner and a very caressing smile. Why he laughed? Well, I suppose I made him. I told him all about myself; turned myself inside out, good and bad alike, as one might the pocket of an old gown; laughed at my own expense, hid nothing. An extraordinary thing to do, was it? I suppose it was, but the whole thing was unusual. He got up and walked about; sometimes he thrust his hands in his pockets, and exclaimed, "The deuce!"

In striving for pathetic effects the writer gets beyond her depths. The reader feels no lump in the throat—the final trivial anticlimax, used to heighten the pathos, jars on the nerves. The author has not enough knowledge of life to use the anticlimax with art and feeling. It is as if a false note or a chord in the wrong key were struck, when a minor harmony only could have left the correct impression aimed at. The ending of one in particular, "Now Spring Has Come," is decidedly harsh. It was an opportunity for atonement. The last strains in a musical composition make the anticlimax in our minds and determine our moods. The doxology well sung has effaced from the scientific mind the cant of many a state church sermon. A writer must have an ear for every shading, every subtle meaning of the simplest combination of words when attempting that finishing touch of literary art—the anticlimax. There must be an inevitable touch of genius there, or it should not be attempted, for it truly should "adorn a tale."

WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

TOLD IN WHISPERS.*

This is another effort in fiction to present in a popular way for the general reader the economic discussions of the day, which will accomplish its quota of good and become an additional and effective means of awakening the public conscience to an appreciation of the heartless and tyrannous social despotism which prevails to-day. Since, but a few years ago, Edward Bellamy, in the face of popular derision and occasional abuse, voiced, in an ingenious and captivating manner, the hope of the human race, and clarified the atmosphere of all sophisms and doubts as to the regenerative possibilities of mankind, the whole tone of society has become more serious and encouraging in spite of the

*"Told in Whispers," by Leigh H. Irvine. Crown Library, New York.

discordance. The cry for practical and immediate reform has grown persistently firmer, more mandatory and resonant. To-day we are disappointed in a new work of fiction if it be not written with a "purpose," and that purpose one pointing to the reformation of social conditions. The age has grown so accustomed to the discussion that it is no longer satisfied with a sugar-teat or a milk-pap treatise but must have strong meat, well fibered and firmly knit.

"Told in Whispers" is one of the newer works of fiction which essays to speak the plain and undisguised truth concerning the wrongs of the age in a manner calculated to awaken interest and perhaps to arouse feelings of trepidation in the intelligent reader's mind. The plot of the story is simple and well put. There are but three characters prominent in the book. Lemma Saville, a simple-hearted, sympathetic and easily aroused young lady, is the heroine. She suffers keenly from a disappointment in love, which is the sequence of her friendship with the hero of the book, Roland Osgood. The latter is a young and promising lawyer who ultimately becomes a member of Congress and causes ingenious and effective legislative action, looking to the amelioration of the condition of the masses, just in time to avert a monstrous revolution which is already inaugurated by the blowing up of numerous public buildings in the western metropolis, which threatened to be immediately followed by a general overthrow of the government and a dissolution of the existing *regime*. The climax of the book is thrilling, and the discussions of economic themes which run through the volume are exceedingly instructive and suggestive. The solution of the strained social problem which the author introduces through the mouth of his congressional hero is pertinent to the hour and worthy of respect and consideration.

Omitting many other excellent suggestions and arguments in the work, I will present to the readers of this review only those which to my mind are the more relevant at the present moment, and which may possibly assist such as are confused in their efforts to unravel the tangled threads of social theories. I close with a quotation from Roland Osgood's speech in Congress. He says: —

"There are millions of unemployed men in this country, who are looking for employment which they cannot find. This condition has existed for years and it is steadily growing more alarming. . . . Gentlemen, I accept the old Swiss maxim that any citizen not employed in some responsible work for himself or his country is a bad citizen. If that citizen is involuntarily idle, if he stands anxious and ready to work, and then fails to find employment, he begins to despise the land; he curses the fate that hangs over him and makes him a slave of hunger and uncertainty."

These words are very *apropos* in the face of the late industrial uprising. Here follows Mr. Osgood's remedy for the difficulty, which, to say the least, is worthy of consideration.

"I propose to get rid of the industrial problem for the present by establishing an army of industry on a simple coöperative basis, and under the direct control of the government. My bill looks to the setting aside of ten millions of acres of fertile land

in an equable climate for the benefit of the worthy unemployed. It is not to be a pauper's paradise, a heaven for criminals, or a place for charity; but a vast government reservation, to consist, finally, of cities and towns, villages and farms — in short, of the manifold industries which the age affords, all to be operated by the government, by its great army of industry. . . . There would be need of recruiting stations throughout the country and there would be heads of departments competent to conduct the vast enterprises and direct the enlisted workers."

Congressman Schatz arose and asked, "How would you pay for the army? Out of what fund?"

Osgood replied: "In the colony there would be no money. Every worker would be paid in credits or time checks good in the national colony stores. I would have every member enlist for a period of five years, at the end of which time his accounts might be balanced for final settlement in the auditing department. After deducting time lost and goods consumed, the soldier in the army of industry would be paid the balance due in legal tender of the United States, good anywhere."

Congressman Warren: "How would you determine the amount due him?"

Osgood: "Every soldier would receive a percentage of the total earnings of the army. The government would market all products, whether of factory or field."

Congressman Thorne: "Would every man be paid the same amount?"

Osgood: "By no means. The government would have to fix a scale of wages for each rank or pursuit as in the army or navy. Machinists, school teachers and skilled workmen would have to be given credit for sums equivalent to their abilities, while an idler or an inferior workman would earn less credits, though all would be guaranteed employment and a living in return for reasonable service."

Congressman Warren: "Would it not ruin many enterprises to have the government market the products of its great army in competition with the outside world?"

Osgood: "It would keep down monopolies by competing with the gigantic trusts on the outside, and would give the people of the entire country a chance to buy the necessaries of life for prices less than those now obtained. If the government factories should ruin a few millionaire factory owners, if they could find nothing else to do, they might join the government colony. . . ."

Congressman Schatz: "Isn't that socialism, and isn't socialism a mere dream?"

Here follows a brief and readable treatise on what is and what is not socialism, which will be profitable to the general reader. The book abounds with excellent and original suggestions. I think it is very deserving of faithful perusal by all who are desirous of securing a clear and plain-spoken version of the existing perplexities, but who have not patience to pore over heavy and gloomy volumes.

Perhaps the most valuable feature of the little book is the ingenious discourse on progressive economics, which is introduced in the closing pages in the form of a pretended interview with Congressman Osgood by a New York *Sun* reporter. This is very well worked out, as might have been expected by those who know of the author as a distinguished newspaper correspondent.

HENRY FRANK.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"DANGER SIGNALS," edited by the New England Christian Association, Boston. Pp. 46; price, paper 25 cents, cloth 40, morocco 75 cents. Published by James H. Earle, Boston, Mass.

"FROM HEAVEN TO NEW YORK," by Isaac George Reed, Jr. Paper;

pp. 114; price 50 cents. Published by Optimus Printing Company, New York.

"THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES," by John Patterson, M. A. Paper; pp. 82. Published by John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.

"THE BETTER WORLD," by E. B. Southwick, M. D. Cloth; pp. 375. Published by the Truth Seeker Company, New York.

"THE STORY OF PORTUS AND SONGS OF THE SOUTHLAND," by Mary H. Leonard. Cloth; pp. 107; price $1. Published by Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y.

"TOWARDS UTOPIA," by a Free Lance. Cloth; price $1.25. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"Hoofs, Claws and Antlers of the Rocky Mountains," by the Camera. Introduction by Hon. Theodore Roosevelt. Cloth; pp. 40. Published by Frank S. Thayer, Denver, Col.

"THE SCHOOL OF LIFE," by Theodore F. Seward. Cloth; pp. 267; price $1.50. Published by James Pott & Co., New York.

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"The Union for Practical Progress knows no class, creed, nationality or sex. It welcomes as members all who desire to help redress this world and make it the happy home of a noble humanity."

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Philadelphia. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. Meetings are held the third Monday evening of each month, at different places. Rev. F. A. Bisbee, president, 1628 Master St.; Dr. M. V. Ball, treasurer, physician to Eastern Penitentiary; Miss Annie Russel, secretary, 1414 Arch St.

YOUNG WOMEN'S ARENA CLUB. Meets every Wednesday evening at 230 Pine St. Miss Diana Hirschler, president; Miss Kathryn Goldsmith, treasurer, 2426 Lombard St.

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UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS.

NEWS NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

The national secretary would be glad to hear from every town and city in the United States that would arrange for a lecture or a series of lectures on the work of the Union for Practical Progress. The National Union furnishes the lecturer free of charge, only asking that local entertainment be furnished him and that a collection be taken for the national treasury. It is especially desirable to hear immediately from the South Atlantic and Gulf States; also from within three hundred miles of Boston and Baltimore respectively.

The Union for Practical Progress has steadily and healthily gained a footing among the progressive and enlightened people in all parts of the country. By January, 1895, the national secretary and treasurer, Rev. Harry C. Vrooman, will be lecturing and organizing through the South Atlantic and Gulf States, Rev. J. H. Koehne working the Pacific Coast, Mrs. Anna L. Diggs lecturing in Maryland, I. Morton Reed organizing Virginia, Fletcher Wilson organizing the rural districts of South Carolina and Mrs. Annie C. Hawks working in Indian Territory and neighboring states.

The interest throughout the country is steadily increasing. Many who held aloof at the first, thinking it a passing craze, are now realizing that the Union for Practical Progress is here as a permanent factor among the moulding forces of the new social movement of our time.

Considerable interest has developed within the last two months in the Northern and Central States.

Rev. J. B. Koehne, a lecturer and organizer for the Union, who has been doing good work in the Central States, starts for California the first of January. He will give his series of lectures in Oakland, commencing the second week in the month. Any one desiring his services as a lecturer, or to help in organizing a U. P. P., can communicate with him in care of Rev. John K. MacLean, Oakland, Cal.

Raymore, Mo., a village of four hundred people in Cass County, has organized a thriving Union of thirty-five members, of which Ben S. Hanna is secretary. It meets weekly, has a musical and literary programme, and discusses the pressing problems of the time. There are two churches in the community and the members of both find there a common basis of fellowship. Each member is expected to contribute a book to the library.

At the convention of the Delaware County Woman Suffrage Association, held in Chester, Penn., October 26, D. Hirschler addressed them upon the U. P. P., and one session was entirely devoted to an earnest discussion of the movement. Rev. Anna Shaw, who was present, urged the advisability of taking up the Union topics for discussion at the Suffrage Leagues, endorsing the movement cordially.

Lecture Tour. — The national secretary, Rev. Harry C. Vrooman, left Boston November 23, on an extensive lecture and organizing tour through the West and South. The month of December was occupied in Baltimore, in the prominent cities of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and in St. Louis, Shreveport and New Orleans. Early in January he will lecture in Jacksonville and Green Cove Springs, Fla., and at points in the Southern Atlantic States. Any appointment in Georgia, North Carolina or South Carolina, for the months of January and February, can be made by addressing him, care of "*The Cotton Plant*," Columbia, S. C.

Kansas. — A new Union has been organized in Enterprise, Kan., by Prof. Thomas E. Will, of which J. H. Mustard is president, and John J. Abramson secretary.

Detroit. — The movement is attracting the interest of serious people in the city of Detroit, Mich., where the clergy are organizing the moral forces for municipal reform. Dr. MacLaurin who is one of the leaders of the movement says: "The Christian Endeavor Union and the Epworth League are ready to join in the movement and it is possible the Baptist Union will also. The idea is to federate all the moral forces of the city in the creation of such a strong public sentiment as will sustain

and encourage a movement for general and for specific reforms in connection with the municipal government.

"The design is not merely in the direction of the prevention and suppression, so far as may be possible, of vice in the city. It is a broader movement than if it merely included that object alone. It is hoped to influence and procure new and better legislation as well as the better enforcement of legislation already on the statute books. We want a better caucus law and improved laws designed to remedy abuses in various directions. The plan is to quicken, as Stead puts it, the 'civic conscience,' to voice the moral sense of the community."

Baltimore. — The most marked success thus far has been attained in this city, where regular Sunday night meetings have been held by four of the Vrooman brothers in the Lyceum Theatre since October 14. Complete victory has crowned the contest for municipal political reform. An active fight was made on the candidates of the "ring," which for years has been running the city in league with vice and crime. In the municipal election the "ring" was completely overthrown.

The meetings are being continued with unabated interest. In the meeting following election week, Rev. Walter Vrooman spoke on "The Grand Old Man of Baltimore — Cardinal Gibbons."

Providence. — The membership of the Providence U. P. P. is steadily growing. Up to the present time three hundred forty members have been enrolled. The fundamental principles of the U. P. P. movement have been carefully kept in mind — "non-sectarian and non-political." As a result our membership is thoroughly representative. Every phase of religious belief is represented. The labor organizations and reform societies are all giving their unqualified support to the work. Permanent headquarters have been established and money has been raised to defray office expenses for the coming year. In a word, the society is in a very prosperous condition, and bids fair to accomplish a great work.

At the last monthly meeting the society was addressed by Rev. Floyd Tomkins, Jr., rector of Grace Church. Mr. Tomkins urged the necessity of dividing the society into several groups or divisions, each division having in charge some special line of reform work to investigate and urge forward. A committee of five was appointed which has prepared a plan for active educational work during the coming winter. Five subjects were chosen and placed in charge of different members. They were: (1) "Organization of City Governments," assigned to Mr. P. J. McCarthy, member of the board of aldermen; (2) "Education," Rev. Anna Garland Spencer, pastor of the Bell Street Chapel; (3) "Finance and Taxation," Prof. Henry B. Gardner, professor of economics, Brown University; (4) "The Liquor Traffic," Rev. Napoleon S. Hoagland, minister of the Fourth Unitarian Society; (5) "Public Works," Sidney A. Sherman, teacher of civics in the Providence High School.

One of the lessons learned from the Providence work so far, is the great value of personal effort. This element has entered largely into the promotion of the cause here, and the result has been a phenomenal growth and activity. Our experience here would lead us to urge upon all the Unions in the United States the necessity of having a permanent office, and securing the services of some earnest, energetic young man, who has a deep interest and an abiding faith in the possibilities of the Union for Practical Progress. With such a man at the helm, success is assured.

WILLIAM H. PITTENGER, *Assistant Secretary.*

Philadelphia. — Twenty-two church papers in Philadelphia and vicinity will contain one column monthly, beginning with November, upon the work of the U. P. P., representing the Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Episcopal and Reformed denominations. This is an important and significant addition to the growth of sympathy with the movement for reform in citizenship and morals.

Rev. Frederick A. Bisbee, president of the Philadelphia Union, is giving a series of Sunday evening lectures at the Universalist Church of the Restoration. The series will be continued on successive Sunday nights on the general subject, "*If Christ Came to Philadelphia*": What would Christ think of our politics? What would Christ think of our newspapers? What would Christ think of our amusements? What would Christ think of our heathen? What would Christ think of our churches?

A regular meeting of the Young Women's Arena Club was held at the College Settlement Hall, 617 St. Mary Street, November 14. In this hall the club will hold its future meetings. The officers elected for the coming year are as follows: Miss Sarah Hyman, president; Miss K. B. Davis, vice-president; Miss Dora Schattenstein, recording secretary; Miss Gazella Heller, corresponding secretary; Miss K. Goldsmith, treasurer.

BERTHA HIRSCH, *Secretary* Y. W. A. C.

At the annual convention of the Philadelphia Baptist Ministerial Association in October, Rev. F. M. Goodchild gave an address upon "The Sweating System in Philadelphia," which culminated in the decision to investigate the question still further. The Baptist pastors, led by Revs. Dr. W. T. Chase, F. M. Goodchild and R. M. West, are making a personal inspection with a view to publishing results.

The special investigation on sweating system made by the Philadelphia Deputies of the Factory Inspecting Department was presented by Chief Watchorn to the public on September 24. He presented it to the press in full owing to alarming conditions revealed.

The Social Science Department of the Civic Club of Philadelphia discussed the U. P. P., and the question of sweat shops at their October meeting, requesting the Philadelphia U. P. P. to send in a monthly report of the work.

CONSTITUTION.

The following constitution, submitted in July, 1894, has been adopted by the Local Unions for Practical Progress throughout the country, without a dissenting vote. Accordingly, it is hereby proclaimed the

CONSTITUTION OF THE NATIONAL UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS.

I. *Name.* — The name of this association shall be "The Union for Practical Progress."

II. *Purpose.* — Its purpose is to unite all moral forces, agencies and persons for concerted, methodical and persistent endeavor in behalf of the public good, and especially for the abolition of unjust social conditions.

III. *Method.* — The Union aims to work, wherever possible, through existing organizations instead of forming new ones. It aims to secure the concerted action of the constructive elements of society once each month in opposition to some present-day evil or in the forwarding of some one positive reform measure, thus raising a definite moral issue every month and designating a common rallying ground for all friends of progress.

IV. *Membership.* — Three or more persons of good character, if not infringing on the field of any previously organized Union, may form themselves into a local Union, and may become attached to the general organization by sending an application to the National Executive Committee, accompanied by one dollar registration fee.

V. *Organization.* — The national organization of the Union for Practical Progress shall consist of the National Advisory Board, the National Executive Committee and the General Council. Each of these bodies shall organize in its own way and elect and prescribe the duties of its own officers.

VI. *National Advisory Board.* — The National Advisory Board shall be composed of moral leaders of national reputation, twenty-five in number, who shall be named by the National Executive Committee. It shall choose the monthly topics for simultaneous discussion, and each member shall offer his best thought and advice to the National Executive Committee concerning all the affairs of the Union.

VII. *National Executive Committee.* — The National Executive Committee shall consist of seven members, four of whom must reside in a single city. The Executive Committee shall have charge of the business of the Union. Every action of this Committee, however, shall be subject to veto at any time by a majority of the General Council. The Committee as a whole and every member thereof shall be subject to recall at any time by a majority vote of the General Council; otherwise the Committee shall fill its own vacancies and choose its own successors.

VIII. *General Council.* — The General Council shall be the supreme power of the Union for Practical Progress. It shall consist of the two chief officers of every local union, and the two chief officers of each central conference or local body of delegates representing ten or more *bona fide* organizations. But in cities of more than fifty thousand inhabitants, where more than twenty organizations have delegates in the central body, there shall be four members each from the local union and the central conference.

IX. *Voting.* — A request signed by the head officers of one fourth of the local unions shall necessitate a vote of the General Council upon any subject whatever, including an amendment to this constitution; and a majority vote of the General Council shall be decisive until reversed by another vote. Any local union, by making application to the National Executive Committee and paying costs, shall be entitled to receive a list of all the local unions attached to the general body.

THE PEOPLE'S UNIVERSITY.

THE EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT OF THE UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS.

CORRESPONDENCE COURSES.

Correspondence courses will be given in any department of study. Especial attention is given to the following valuable courses bearing on the higher ethics: 1, The New Political Economy; 2, The Social Ideals of the Hebrews; 3, The Social Ideals of Christianity; 4, The Evolution of the Modern Social Question; 5, Social Prophets, Past and Present, critically studied and compared; 6, Christian Socialism; 7, The Land Question — historical and theoretical; 8, The Evolution of the Family; 9, Money, and Mechanism of Exchange — historical and theoretical; 10, Money (brief course — three months). Each course is arranged to cover nine months' consecutive study, requiring about nine hours a week. In addition to all special communications the student will receive a monthly outline of work with a question to be answered in review of the previous month's work. The tuition fee for each course is uniformly ten dollars. If desired the secretary can secure the text books at wholesale prices. An extended outline of each course may be secured by application to the secretary.

People not able to undertake the heavy work of systematized study, can avail themselves of our reading courses. Any person registering with us and paying a fee of two dollars will be guided in their selection of books for one year's reading course. Classes or circles reading the same topics and dealing with us through their secretary, as a single individual, can take a course for the same fee.

All communications should be addressed to H. C. Vrooman, Secretary.

LECTURE COURSES.

To facilitate speedy and systematic arrangements for a lecture course, please indicate under the months and evenings of the week, your first and second choice. The figure 1 under one or more months would indicate when the course might begin. Figure 2 would show the next choice and 3 the next. Your preference as to the evenings would be shown in the same way. Example: —

SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.	JAN.	FEB.	MAR.	APR.
3	1	1	2		1	4	
	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.	
	2	1	1		2	3.	

Next, go through each of the divisions of the following list and place the figure 1 against all lectures and entertainments which have your preference. Then go through once more, and place the figure 2 against those you would select in case your programme can not be filled out from those marked 1. When these reports come in, everything will be mapped out before the manager and he will know your wishes and to what extent they can be met. He will then report for your acceptance or rejection, a programme and terms. In case it is desired to keep this list for future reference, please copy the list so marked and send instead.

SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.	JAN.	FEB.	MAR.	APR.	MAY.
	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.	SUN.	

Do not fail to state in your note how many and what kind of entertainments you desire, and about what sum you can raise.

A course of five monthly lectures may be given at a minimum of about sixty dollars, for five consecutive nights for much less money; while others, including stereopticon, vary from thirty to seventy-five dollars a single lecture, but these last figures are the exception.

We have no inferior talent on our list, but our workers' prices, owing to their interest in the work, are but a trifle above their travelling expenses.

1. We can give you *terms far more favorable than could otherwise be secured.* Appreciating and approving the purpose of the Union for Practical Progress, those whose names appear on the list have generally reduced their terms appreciably, thereby bringing within reach of those who desire, lecture courses of marked ability, and which cannot fail to give satisfaction.

2. By means of the People's University there is brought to your notice such an array and variety of talent to select from, and such an opportunity to fix upon convenient dates, as to save you a vast amount of trouble and correspondence and enable you to get more nearly what you want than would otherwise be possible.

3. While securing your own advantage you are at the same time assisting others to make use of like advantage. Because YOU have a lecture course, entertaining, instructive and elevating, it is made easier, not to say possible, for others to have one. The good you thus do extends far beyond your own community.

The necessity of prompt action is obvious. It is hoped that immediately on receipt of this, the attention of the Union for Practical Progress, the church, or other society with which you are associated, will be called to the plan set forth, and, if approved, a committee be appointed to arrange with the University for a lecture course.

That course can be as brief or extended as you may desire, and of suitable variety. We have in reserve talent adequate to all demands of large cities and colleges.

REV. H. C. VROOMAN,
Secretary People's University.

17 Pierce Building, Boston, Mass.

LECTURERS.

I. REV. JOHN B. KOEHNE.—Rev. S. W. McCorkle, moderator of Northwestern Pennsylvania Association of Congregational Churches, says: "The lecture on 'The New Aristocracy' is one of the most entertaining and thought-inspiring I ever heard. I have listened with delight to Beecher, and many others, and I do not hesitate to say that Mr. Koehne has the elements of great success. Among the younger men on the American platform he stands well to the front."

A. McLean, Acting President Bethany College, West Virginia: "Mr. Koehne's lecture gave great and universal satisfaction. The audience listened with increasing interest for two full hours. Professors and students regard this lecture as one of the best ever heard in Bethany."

A. B. Miller, LL. D., President Waynesburg College, Pennsylvania: "One of the most original and impressive men on the platform of to-day."

Howard M. Ticknor, the well known Boston dramatic critic: "Mr. Koehne's diction is to be marked for its variety of illustration, its picturesque imagery, its native force and directness, these qualities uniting in the production of individual and striking addresses."

Subjects: 1, The Genius of Christ; 2, Christ and Reform; 3, Christ and Civilization; 4, Strikes and Progress (Labor); 5, The New Aristocracy. These lectures form a series for five successive nights; they are also given singly.

II. HAMLIN GARLAND, author, poet, reformer. His lectures deal especially with economics and the cause of poverty. *Subjects:* 1, Poets and Reformers; 2, Living Issues; 3, Present-Day Reforms; 4, The Ethics of Modern Fiction.

III. PROF. D. S. HOLMAN, the celebrated microscopist of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science. His lectures on physical and biological science are illustrated by the tele-microscope, which projects upon a screen nearly all conceivable experiments. His wonderful instrument reveals the wonders of science on canvas, so that they can be understood by children. He explains all in a fascinating and scholarly manner. He can either give his feast in the wonderland of science, and present the objects of the new movement the same evening, or he can follow his scientific lecture by a social reform mass meeting the next night. *Subjects:* 1, Musical Tones made visible, and the Nature of Color; 2, Motion in Living Matter; 3, Motion in Not Living Matter; 4, The Circulation of the Blood; 5, Persistence of Vision; 6, The Constant Facial Angle in the Skulls of Animals.

IV. PROF. FRANK PARSONS, of the Boston Law School, author of "Our Country's Need," etc. *Subjects:* 1, Public Ownership of Monopolies; 2, What shall we do with the Slums? ; 3, Poverty's Causes and its Cure; 4, The Liquor Traffic and the Gothenburg System; 5, The Initiative and Referendum; 6, Woman Suffrage; 7, Proportional Representation and Multiple Voting; 8, Sound Finance; 9, The Gospel of Industrial Redemption; 10, The Philosophy of Mutualism.

V. JOHN MITCHELL, a man of wide experience in the reform lecture work. All with stereopticon views. *Subjects:* 1, Heredity and Environment; 2, New Social Ideals; 3, Vampirism, or Man's Inhumanity to Man; 4, Woman's Rights and Privileges; 5, The Struggle for Bread and Shelter; 6, Poverty, its Cause and Cure; 7, Civic Duty; 8, The Aim and Method of the Union for Practical Progress; 9, The Nation's Shame (Temperance lecture); 10, The Commercial Phase (Temperance); 11, The Thermopylæ of Reform (Temperance).

VI. REV. ALEXANDER KENT, pastor of the People's Church, Washington, D. C., is a strong, logical speaker, and an earnest worker in the radical social reform movement. He is conversant with all phases of the social problem.

VII. W. D. McCRACKAN, M. A., author, Boston. Especially familiar with everything that relates to the Swiss methods of government, such as the referendum, the initiative and proportional representation. *Subjects:* 1, The Referendum and Initiative; 2, Proportional Representation; 3, The Land Question (Single Tax, with stereopticon); 4, The Life of the Swiss Peasantry; 5, Three Romantic Heroes: William Tell, Arnold Von Winkelried and Francois Bonivard.

VIII. REV. FLAVIUS J. BROBST. He has but recently stepped upon the American platform, but is winning his way to popularity and esteem. He invariably speaks without notes. *Subjects:* 1, The Summit of the Nineteenth Century; 2, The Power of the People, etc.

IX. WILLIAM JACKSON ARMSTRONG. General Miles, of the United States Army, says: "I have heard all the great speakers of the United States, and I place William Jackson Armstrong among the foremost. *Subjects:* 1, The Russian Nihilist; 2, The Industrial Question; 3, The Masses and the Millionnaire; 4, Hard Times; 5, Gambetta and France; 6, Capital and Labor; 7, London Society.

X. MISS JOSEPHINE RAND, journalist and poet, is a good platform speaker. She presents the questions of the day in a masterly way. *Subjects:* 1, Wanted, Volunteers!—a Plea for Patriotism. A call to young men and women to enlist in the cause of human rights; helpful suggestions as to how to set to work; existing conditions and the vital phases of the social problem. 2, Signs of the Times, or Present Conditions. Living facts and general statements concerning the dangers of the present and future; monopoly and its strong hold; to what it all tends. 3, Nationalism, or Possible Conditions. Coöperation and its beneficent results; lessons drawn from the "trusts" and "combines"; a nation's prosperity dependent upon the prosperity of its individual members; each for all, and all for each. 4, Ethical Side of the Labor Question. 5, The Problem of the Unemployed. Dealing with the land question and the money question, as being the underlying factors in the problem of the unemployed; also with state management of industry; shows the needlessness of present appalling distress. 6, The relation of the Church to Social Problems. Every social problem at bottom a religious problem; Christians bound to heed Christ's teachings; the pulpit the place to plead for a just and humane system of living; Christ's denunciation of the oppressor of the poor; His command to break every yoke. 7, Union for Practical Progress. A plea for the new movement.

XI. MRS. HARRIETTE C. KEATINGE, M. D., Sci. D. *Subjects:* 1, Physiological and Psychological Heredity; 2, The Great Predisposing Causes of Crime, and Some of the Remedies; 3, The Ethics of Suffrage; 4, Womanhood; 5, Law, Justice and Morals; 6, Intemperance; 7, Health, and How to Keep It.

XII. REV. HARRY C. VROOMAN, a man with a thorough grasp of social and economic literature and of wide experience in reform work. He is pastor of the Congregational Church at East Milton, Mass., and general secretary of National Executive Committee of the Union for Practical Progress. *Some subjects:* 1, Social Ideals of Christianity; 2, The Evolution of the Social Problem; 3, Present-Day Phases of Reform; 4, Christian Socialism. Given in a series or singly.

XIII. DIANA HIRSCHLER, secretary Union for Practical Progress at Philadelphia, Penn. *Subjects:* 1, The Union for Practical Progress; 2, Social Problems.

XIV. REV. J. H. LARRY, pastor of Richmond Street Church, Providence, R. I., active in Christian sociology. *Subjects:* 1, The Mission of Machinery; 2, Money; 3, The Slavery of To-day. Illustrated Lectures: 1, From Nile to Nazareth; 2, Land of Scott.

XV. REV. EDWARD T. ROOT, pastor of Congregational Church, Baltimore. *Subjects:* 1, The Cause of Poverty; 2, Christian Citizenship; 3, Christian Socialism; 4, Union of Moral Forces; 5, Men in the Churches—a discussion of the causes for the small proportion of men in the churches.

XVI. PERCY M. REESE.—"There is but one opinion at Chautauqua concerning these lectures and that is that they have never been surpassed by any illustrated lectures given here. Mr. Reese possesses all the requisites of a successful lecturer—a voice of great clearness and carrying power, which was heard without difficulty in remotest corners of the new amphitheatre; a clear, incisive, deliberate style and an almost faultless enunciation, making it a pleasure to listen to him. He is a careful student of art history, a discriminating critic, a cultivated and interesting lecturer on art topics, and an enthusiast and an authority upon the whole subject of Roman and Italian history, ancient, mediæval and modern, to the investigation of which he has devoted years of study and travel." —*Editorial Chautauqua Assembly Herald, Chautauqua, N. Y., the official organ of the Chautauqua Assembly.*

Subjects: (With Stereopticon Views.) 1, Ancient Rome and the Cæsars. The great size and population of Imperial Rome. Views and maps of Ancient Rome. Matchless records left and late additions to them. 2, Early Christian Rome and the Catacombs. Everlasting attraction of Rome. We must go outside the walls and *underground*, for traces of the first three hundred years of Christianity in Rome. The Campagna and its wonderful, solemn beauty. The Appian Way and its tombs. Catacombs. First Christian arrivals in Rome. Paul's school and converts in light of Lanciani's late excavations. The earliest picture (caricature) of the Crucifixion. Comparison of earliest Christian with Pagan epitaphs. The Symbols. Nero and the persecutions. Marvellous growth. *Seven million graves, and six hundred miles of galleries.* Views of chapels, altars and slabs. The Sarcophagi and their sculptured scenes from Holy Writ. 3, Mediæval Rome and St. Peter's. 4, A Glimpse of Rome as She is To-day. 5, A Roman Mosaic. A few items of the world's debt to Rome in the fine arts. 6, Social Economics in Rome and in America (without Stereopticon Views). An address (without pictures) on the lessons furnished us, in the causes that led to the decline and fall of the all-powerful Roman Empire; showing that very many of the evils and problems which are perplexing nineteenth century civilization had their counterparts, and proceeded to their natural consequences in Imperial Rome; and that in study and profit by the warnings of history, lies a strong defence against the almost inexorable tendency of history to repeat itself.

XVII. Prof. Thomas E. Will, A. M., professor of political economy at Kansas State Agricultural College, formerly secretary of Boston U. P. P. *Subjects:* The Union for Practical Progress, and all phases of scientific economic problems. Singly or in courses.

XVIII. Rev. Walter Vrooman speaks extemporaneously on every subject relating to social reform. Is accustomed to out of door meetings and large assemblages. He has had considerable experience as an organizer.

XIX. Rev. R. M. Webster of Los Angeles, Cal., is a man imbued with the higher ethics of our time, a clear thinker and a good speaker. He treats all phases of practical social reform.

XX. Col. Richard J. Hinton, soldier, author and orator; is one of the most eloquent of our reformers. *Subjects:* 1, The Nazarene and the Laborer; 2, Walt Whitman; 3, Money and Misery; 4, Public Functions and Public Ownership; 5, Karl Marx's Place in History; 6, Labor as a Commodity; 7, Opportunity and Unity—A Policy for True Democracy.

XXI. Rev. Perry Marshall, a man thoroughly conversant with all the ethical phases of the social question. *Subjects:* 1, The Problem of the Unemployed—Public Ownership; 2, Temperance and Monopolies; 3, Travels in Britain; 4, Travels in the Low Countries; 5, Travels in Italy.

THE NATIONAL TREASURER'S APPEAL FOR ONE DOLLAR PLEDGES.

The National Union for Practical Progress has accomplished an encouraging amount of substantial work during the past year, and it is steadily attracting to its ranks the reform elements in the different cities of the Union, and is growing both numerically and in its hold upon the interests of the people.

Among the measures which the Union for Practical Progress has agitated and brought before the people and the different legislatures, are the sweating system, measures for the relief and employment in public works of the unemployed, and parks and playgrounds for children.

We are glad to learn that the president of the Baltimore Union for Public Good, Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, who is also a member of the executive committee of the National Union for Practical Progress, has drafted a bill against the sweating evil, and with the aid of the Union and Arena Auxiliary Club the measure has become a law. The Union and Auxiliary were also instrumental in securing a law against child labor.

The agitation of the sweating system in Philadelphia has been carried on so vigorously by our Philadelphia Union under the splendid and effective direction of Miss Diana Hirschler, that we entertain strong hopes that a bill will pass at the next session. Many columns have been given to this work in the Philadelphia papers, and a strong public sentiment has been worked up.

From all parts of the land come calls for organizers and literature. The harvest is white, but the money required to put the earnest and willing workers into the

vineyard is wanting. In view of what has been done, and keeping in mind the gravity of social and economic conditions to-day, we feel that this cause should appeal with especial pertinency to the minds of all who are concerned for the welfare of civilization and the progress of moral ideas. We feel it our duty to put the matter with considerable urgency before the reform and social and Christian elements in our community, because there are so many conditions in our social state that demand immediate remedial measures, and threaten grave social developments if too long neglected.

We do not ask anything unreasonable, but wish to submit a plan with which almost every reader of these lines can comply, and which will enable us to put lecturers and organizers in the field and supply various cities and towns with literature, so that within a year we shall have a union of the moral forces in every town and village from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We earnestly desire the reader to bear in mind that these lines are addressed

TO YOU.

The plan is as follows: We desire you to send in at once your pledge to pay one dollar to the National Educational Fund, to enable us to put organizers and lecturers in the field immediately and to keep them there, and to distribute literature giving directions for the formation of unions and outlining work. We earnestly urge *you* to fill out the following blank. You will not be called on for the money until *one thousand* pledges have been received. If you desire to pledge more than one dollar we believe it will be the best disbursement of money you will ever make, because we believe it will go farther toward hastening the New Day than if expended in any other way.

The Subscription Pledge.

I hereby subscribe one dollar to the Fund for the National Lectureship of the Union for Practical Progress, and will pay the same on demand when the National Treasurer shall have received one thousand similar subscriptions.

I also hereby agree to pay one dollar annually to the same subscription fund.

Signed.....

City.....

Street Number.....

County.....

State.....

When you have filled out your pledge and forwarded it to us, see if you cannot get some friend to follow your example.* If they know you have signed and forwarded your pledge, it will have a good influence on them. There is nothing like showing faith by works. The Arena office has opened this subscription by signing for twenty one-dollar pledges.

Now friends, in the name of the great republic, in the name of peace and a higher civilization, in the name of human brotherhood and for the cause of justice and progress, will you not help us to the extent of at least one dollar?

* We will send as many blanks as you desire.

The February Arena

will bristle with Papers of Immediate Timeliness and Value to all Intelligent Students of the great Social and Political Trend of the Time. Our generation seems destined to usher in with the New Century, a greater and wider Renaissance than that of the fifteenth century; and the ARENA is the only Review in America that attempts to faithfully mirror this all-embracing movement of the New Politics, New Sociology, New Science, New Art, and New Religion. The February number will deal especially with Contemporary Political Phases, and their significance in relation to the New Movement for Humanity.

Among many Interesting features these are worthy of emphasis, and the special consideration of all thoughtful readers: —

A CLEAR AND CRITICAL ANALYSIS

OF

THE PRESIDENT'S CURRENCY PLAN.

By CONGRESSMAN W. J. BRYAN.

The Leading Nebraska Congressman Examines Cleveland's Monetary Plans.

All persons acquainted with History, who follow the game of Contemporary Politics understandingly, know that Finance is the underpinning of all Political and Social Systems. In the making of a Plutocracy, the financiers by a stroke of the Pen in a Legislative enactment, turn Free Citizens into Powerless Serfs, whose value is perpetually decreasing, while gold is continually appreciating, in spite of Democracy and the suffrage. Jefferson in one of his most famous speeches, in Congress, said: "I fear the Banks more than standing armies." In this connection, it is worthy of remark, that with the increase of the power of the Banks in making Legislation and Legislators, comes a corresponding clamor for large military establishments, for the suppression of domestic disturbances. The whole trend and purpose of President Cleveland's Currency plan is to put the people in the power of the Banks; and Congressman Bryan's article will put the motives and purposes of such a move before the readers of the ARENA, so that they will clearly comprehend the situation; as they cannot hope to do from the wanton misrepresentations of the partisan press, which is simply one of the engines of the plutocratic conspiracy.

This Opens a Series of Short and Incisive "Open Letters" to Prominent Republican and Democratic Politicians.

An Open Letter to John Sherman.

By GEORGE W. PEPPERELL.

This paper begins one of the most Interesting and Valuable series of Political Papers ever published in the history of Periodical literature in America. They will be as significant, in the present condition of American life and politics, as were the famous Drapier let-

ters of Dean Swift, the letters of Junius, or Thomas Paine's letters before the disruption of the British Empire. The words and actions of Leading Republican and Democratic ministers, officers and leaders will be subjected to a most searching examination and review. President Cleveland will sit for his Portrait in this Interesting Gallery of Celebrities at an early day.

Penology in Europe and America.

By Rev. SAMUEL J. BARROWS, D. D.

The Progress of Prison Reform in Europe and America. The Problem of Education.

Dr. Barrows, the well-known editor of the *Christian Register*, of Boston, has spent nearly a year in Europe, collecting *data* on this subject to put before the Prison Board, of which he is a prominent member, and during that time he visited the leading prisons of England, France and Italy, where the science of Criminology is attracting the greatest attention to-day. The paper will be one of great interest and value to all interested in the problem of making our Penal institutions and legislation effective in reformative lines, instead of merely a system of repression and retaliation.

The Power of Mind in the Cure of Disease.

THE DYNAMICS OF MIND.

THE INFLUENCE OF THOUGHT UPON THE PHYSICAL BODY.

By HENRY WOOD.

This paper by the author of "Ideal Suggestion," "Natural Law in the Business World," "God's Image in Man," etc., is the first of a Series of Four prepared by Mr. Wood to appear in the ARENA during 1895. They will deal with the *data* which has been collected showing the influence of the mind in the cure of disease.

The Populist Campaign in Chicago.

The Political Editor of the Chicago Times Gives a Graphic Picture of the Late Campaign of the People against Organized Ring Rule in Chicago.

The modern newspaper Editor, if he were honest and were unfettered in his work, could become the Man of Destiny of our day. The fact is, that he is usually merely the creature of a wealthy corporation, that exists to serve other corporations which put men into Congress and into the judiciary to serve their own purposes. But every student of contemporary politics knows the brave stand for constitutional rights and justice which has been made during the year 1894 by the Chicago *Times*; and everybody in journalism knows that the animating spirit of the *Times*' political independence has been Willis J. Abbot, the managing editor, who has shaped the policy of the paper along the lines of conservative reform, free discussion of public questions, and justice to all legitimate opposition. This paper is a vivid and instructive account of the People's Campaign in Chicago, showing the changing factors in present-day politics.

Pro and Con on the New Woman.

THE NEW WOMAN

OF

THE NEW SOUTH.

By JOSEPHINE K. HENRY.

With various Interesting Expressions from Leading Southern Women favoring the Enfranchisement of Women.

The Attitude of Southern Women to the Suffrage Question.

By ANNA H. ROBINSON WATSON,

Giving the Views and Opinions of Conservative Thinkers among Southern Women.

A SYMPOSIUM ON SOCIAL PURITY.

By LADY HENRY SOMERSET

and other Leading writers on the Cause of Morality and a Higher Social Life.

Another Valuable Paper will be

THE DOUBLE STANDARD OF MORALS.

By J. BELLANGEE.

Other Interesting Features.

TRUE OCCULTISM: Its Place and Use.

By MARGARET B. PEEKE.

Author of "Zenia, the Vestal." The first of Three articles on the Subject.

GAMBLING: Or Thrift by Indirection.

By CHARLES H. HAMLIN.

THE ITALY OF THE RENAISSANCE.

By B. O. FLOWER.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

America's Shame.

In this issue of THE ARENA will be found a symposium which we believe will call forth the hearty approval of all high-minded men and women of America. Probably never before have so many writers of recognized ability appeared within the cover of a single issue of a review pleading for the cause of social purity; certainly there has never before appeared so able a protest against the present age of consent laws. A. A. Powell is editor of *The Philanthropist*, the leading organ devoted to social purity in America. Helen H. Gardener, the author of the most powerful novel ever written dealing with the age of consent laws ("Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?"), is recognized as one of the most logical brains in America to-day. Frances E. Willard is the leading spirit in the W. C. T. U. and the White Ribbon movement. Dr. O. E. Janney, of Baltimore, and Dr. Emily Blackwell, of New York, are two scholarly physicians. Rev. A. H. Lewis, D. D., editor of the *Evangel and Outlook*, of New York, and Will Allen Dromgoole, the brilliant Tennessee author, form a *coterie* of earnest thinkers and workers, whose arguments cannot be brushed aside by our legislators. The battle for the protection of girlhood is on, and all persons interested in moral progress should join in this holy crusade.

Professor Parsons' Papers on Social Conditions.

Students of economic reform will be deeply interested in an important series of papers prepared for THE ARENA by Prof. Frank Parsons, of the Boston University Law School. Professor Parsons is a sincere social reformer, a man of deep convictions, and a careful and scholarly writer. The series will probably open in the February ARENA, and will be as follows: I. Government by and for the People. II. The People's Highways. III. The People's Lamp — Oil, Gas and Electricity. IV. Immoral Dollars. V. Wealth Diffusion. All social reformers will follow these papers with special interest.

Our Little Neighbor in the East.

Helen Gardener's masterly paper on Japan, in this issue, will be read with interest by thoughtful people; the author has during several years been intimately acquainted with several fine Japanese scholars, and is peculiarly well qualified to handle this subject in a clear, fair and authoritative manner. In this connection I copy the following proclamation issued by Field Marshal Oyama:—

> Our army is advancing in the name of civilization and virtue to overthrow barbarism. Our enemy is the Chinese government, not Chinese individuals. The soldiers of the Japanese army must be brave in battle, but they must be kind to all who surrender. Soldiers are forbidden to seize any of the enemy's property. If, through necessity, they are compelled to take anything found in Chinese houses they must pay reasonable prices. The inhabitants are to be well treated at all times. Violations of this order will be severely punished. The charity of our emperor is extended to the whole territory of China.

Another proclamation reads as follows:—

> According to international law, we have the right to seize anything in the enemy's country; but this right belongs to the army, and not to the individuals. It is a violation of the rights of Japan to remove or interfere with property of even the slightest value. All persons are warned not to enter Chinese houses without permission, nor to take anything from native houses without permission.

The field marshal also posted notices in Chinese characters along the roads. The notices are in this fashion:—

> *To the People of China:* Be composed and tranquil. You may be sure that wherever our army marches your liberties will not be disturbed, and you may be free from anxiety. If we need anything from you we will pay a proper price for it. Respect and trust our army. Be not afraid.

Two Papers of Interest to Social Reformers.

James G. Clark, the poet and essayist, and Col. Richard J. Hinton, the author of one of the ablest works ever written on John Brown, contribute papers of

great interest to social reformers in this issue of THE ARENA.

Lust Fostered by Legislation.

In this paper, which is the second in the series of "Wellsprings and Feeders of Immorality," I have chosen the same theme handled in the symposium. In the February ARENA I hope to give the third paper of this series, in which I intend to point out how our present social conditions operate as feeders of immorality.

Experimental Telepathy.

In this issue the Secretary of the American Psychical Society opens a series of papers on psychic research. The first two or three papers will deal with telepathy. The series will deal largely with assured results in psychic research, and the most prominent theories advanced in explanation of various phenomena, the existence of which have been established. These papers will be of value to all scientific students of psychical phenomena.

Higher Occultism.

Mrs. Margaret Peeke, the well known author of "Zenia," has prepared a series of short papers on True Occcultism and its practical bearing on life to-day, which will be a feature of THE ARENA for 1895.

A Drama in Tatters.

Our fiction this month is strikingly suggestive of true and existing conditions. That is a very vivid picture presented in Walter Blackburn Harte's story, "A Drama in Tatters"; it is a powerful piece of work, realistic and timely, true to life in our modern Babylon.

In "The Dignity of Labor," Adeline Knapp has given us striking word pictures of things as they are. When the true democracy arrives, such conditions as portrayed in both of these sketches will be impossible.

The Sweating System in Philadelphia.

In a land where religion meant anything very vital, one would think that the terrible revelations made by Rev. Frank Goodchild in this ARENA would thrill with horror earnest professing Christiansa, nd awaken the church to immediate and concerted action. But such revelations are not new; and still the church sleeps on. In a republic where man cared for man, one would think such a tale of wrongs would call forth great denunciation, which would compel legislation to protect the weak, from the rapacity of conscienceless greed; but few are the voices raised in behalf of the white slave of the modern plutocracy, and the questions arise: Does true religion longer live in the heart of the rank and file of Christians? and, Do we live in a republic or a plutocracy?

The Century of Sir Thomas More.

In this paper I have given a very brief glimpse of the Reformation, and some of the great figures who at the time moulded the faith of nations. This paper will be followed by "The Italy of the Century of Sir Thomas More," in which I shall indicate how the republics of Venice, Milan and Florence fell before the baleful influences which, unless guarded against, ultimately overthrow free government; and I shall also strive to give an intelligent conception of Italy during the wonderful century we are specially discussing in this series of papers.

Our Union Subject.

Rev. H. C. Vrooman discusses ably the Union subject this month, and Professor Will gives an extensive bibliography, which will be indispensable to all students of the subject under consideration.

The Power of Mind in the Cure of Disease.

Henry Wood, the able essayist and author of "Ideal Suggestion," "Natural Law in the Business World," "Edward Burton," etc., is preparing four short papers on the power of mind in the cure of disease, which will appear in early numbers of this magazine. The first of these papers, "Dynamics of Mind," will be a feature of the February ARENA.

Christian Missions in India, by Virchand R. Ghandi, B. A., of Bombay.

Mr. Virchand R. Ghandi, whose article is one of the features of this number, will be remembered as the able representative of the Jain community of India, in the World's Parliament of Religions, at the World's Fair, and many thousands have listened to his interesting lectures in the various cities of the Union since that memorable event. The great import and significance of the Parliament of Religions was ably analyzed and emphasized in our December number by the great Oxford philologist and scholar, Prof. Max Müller, and everybody who had the opportunity of attending the Congresses, or who has read the collected addresses published since in book form, must have been impressed with the new complexion put upon the whole question of foreign missions by a more intimate acquaintance with the true beliefs and ethics of the great ethnic religions. The different religions and sects of India have in particular begun to attract the attention of liberal, thoughtful people, in and out of the Christian churches, and the question has become pertinent as to whether there is any necessity to send missionaries to seek the conversion of the Hindoos and others from the spiritual and ethical faiths of their forefathers. Those who are acquainted with translations of the Bhavagad Ghîta and other sacred writings of Buddhism, and the commentaries of Prof. Rhys Davids and other oriental scholars, have long scouted the idea of the necessity of sending missionaries to India and China to convert the ancient peoples, whose philosophies and religions hold the elements and origin of all that is ethically valuable in ours.

Mr. Virchand R. Ghandi in his paper in this issue, discussing the work and methods, men and characteristics, of the Christian missions in India, deals with the subject more in its practical aspects, than on the merits of the philosophical considerations involved, and his article, read in connection with Prof. Max Müller's in the December ARENA, which gives a glimpse of the real philosophical and even scientific soundness and profundity of the oriental religions (dealing with fundamentals and not mere dogmas and ceremonials), will convince all liberal thinkers of the absurdity of the endeavor to substitute the Christian religion and philosophy for the parent creeds of the ancient world, beside which Christianity as practised among us is the most ludicrous doctrine of materialism.

Mr. Ghandi's criticisms of Christian missions which have appeared elsewhere awakened a storm of protest from those who are interested in spreading favorable reports of their progress; and he complains that while he was bitterly attacked by church and secular publications, he is amazed to find that the Christian doctrine of love and charity does not include tolerance and fair play. He has been denied an opportunity of answering his critics, or of making further statements of his observations of the real relations of missionaries and natives, until THE ARENA, which stands for fair play and honest discussion, in the intellectual and moral world of thought, threw its pages open to him. His frankness of statement will at least engage the respect of friends and foes alike. His criticisms are severe, but they are fairly and openly made and deserve the attention of thoughtful people.

The New Politics.

Col. Richard J. Hinton, the author of "John Brown and His Men," and other well known and valuable works, writes in this number a paper which all interested in current history, history in the making, will read with keen relish. It is a masterly presentation of the significant new social and political factors, which every careful observer of current politics knows are gradually permeating the minds of the great body of the electorate, the rank and file, preparatory to changing the issues in American politics. It is perfectly plain to all intelligent readers of history and students of political phenomena, that not only is a change impending in the issues in American politics, but forces and factors are at work throughout the whole of our western civilization, which show that an era, that

following mediævalism, is closing, and society is about to assume new relations, new aspects, and to accommodate old traditions and customs to new conditions. For centuries politics has been played as a game in which ordinary justice was subordinate to that form of low cunning known as statecraft, diplomacy and policy. The affairs of nations have been treated as the affairs of no commercial organization, in which some sort of equity between the various members was a condition of adhesion, could ever have been treated, without speedy disruption and dissolution. All this wil be slowly but surely changed with the spread of general education among the enfranchised masses of the people; and especially with the loosening of theological superstitions, which inculcated the abandonment of this world to the few and rich, with the hope of compensation in some heaven, not yet geographically defined, and the spreading of the main facts of scientific knowledge, relating to the origin of man and his dependence upon the exercise of his functions and his physical environment for life and health and happiness.

The New Politics embodies the facts of the New Science in its demands for equity and justice, in all the political and social relations of organized society. It makes an intelligent effort to comprehend the causes of economic insecurity and social misery; and is, indeed, not simply a movement of the old radicalism against a system of social castes, but is primarily a system of equitable economics for the adjustment of inequitable industrial conditions, upon which alone a caste or aristocracy can rest. It is nothing if not scientific in its aim and purpose; so all who have not recognized the significance of the movement, in studying certain immediate phases, as presented in contemporary American politics, should bear carefully in mind these larger and more world-wide issues, and their intimate relation with the popular revulsion from abhorrent theologies and outgrown economics, and the new scientific renaissance. In this light Colonel Hinton's paper is very suggestive to men of all shades of opinion; and, anyway, the significance of this world-wide demand for juster economic conditions cannot much longer be balked or dwarfed.

The Double Standard of Morals.

Among other interesting features of the February number will be a stirring discussion of "Sexual Purity and the Double Standard," by J. Bellangee. The number will also contain a symposium on "Social Purity," by Lady Henry Somerset and other writers prominently identified with the cause of morality and a higher social life.

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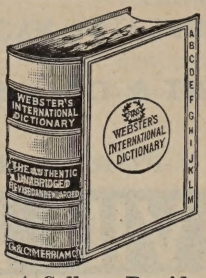

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BOOKS OF THE DAY.

The World Beautiful.*

"The World Beautiful," by Lilian Whiting, is a volume of agreeable essays that will doubtless do much to fortify the optimist by predilection in his *credo*. This may seem to some of us rather unnecessary, since the optimist by predilection has all the aggravating complacency of the Calvinist, who will not look beyond his nose in search of evidence for his damnation theory, but is buoyed up with a cheerful faith that includes even those diffusers of optimism, the cooks, with the non-elect in the torments reserved for the unregenerate. But optimism is a philosophy that will always recommend itself to the majority of mankind, for very obvious reasons. We shall only specify the most forcible, since the others would not probably recommend one to the good will of the readers of these lines — for we are all concerned in this conspiracy of vanity, and even the pessimist must worry about the figure he cuts in the eyes of his fellows: Nature has so ordained it for her own purposes. The readers of Renan can find the reasons for the necessity of stoicism, resignation and cheerfulness, more fully and charmingly as well as scientifically stated than it would be possible to state them here in any case; and optimism is there afforded a basis in natural law, and provided with some tempered weapons that should reconcile all alike, pessimists and optimists, to the "immorality of Nature," with a grim sense of the futility of rebellion.

But this is scarcely the ground of the optimism set forth in Miss Lilian Whiting's volume of essays, entitled "The World Beautiful." We dare say the reader who will be delighted with Miss Whiting's gospel of sweetness and light, with its transcendental obliviousness of the realities of life, would scarcely find much spiritual uplift in the grimmer assurances that Renan offers for our consolation. But Miss Whiting makes her appeal almost solely to the traditionary habits of mind of those enjoying the spiritual convictions of orthodoxy, rather than to isolated intellects, and to recall this gammon of optimism in Renan's gospel of stoicism at this moment is scarcely fair to her. But in considering an optimistic faith like this, which sweeps so many ugly realities aside, and is typical of the thinking of a great multitude of comfortable folk, these comparisons will arise in the mind involuntarily. We feel called upon at all times to warn the unsuspecting against an optimism that is essentially blind and cruel, and we mean no unfairness to Miss Whiting in doing so, for it is quite understandable that she is deceived by her own temperament and environment. But faith in these

* "The World Beautiful," by Lilian Whiting. Cloth; price $1. Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

days will not exorcise the brutal facts of life, and the damaging thing for optimism is that circumstances make the life of the millions, and the spirit is powerless to cope with the grim facts of the blood and of social surroundings.

Miss Whiting, however, writes to please and console the average man and woman, for whom the subtleties of philosophical analysis have little meaning. She deals with the familiar consolations offered to the unexacting by the orthodox religions, and every visionary ascetic from Diogenes to date. These recommendations to abstinence and self denial and spiritual aspiration, which deny the demands of the flesh and the insidious wiles of the Devil, appeal with peculiar force to the multitude of comfortables who dine at six upon all the delicacies of the season. We must say this in frankness, for, as Dr. Johnson has pointed out, even the very greatest poetry in the world is no consolation for an empty belly; and the irony of all this visionary optimism that would console the miserable with aspirations after things of the spirit, is that it can never reach or touch those who are playing the tragedy of Nature.

With this hint of the limited outlook to be found in these papers, we can warmly recommend the book to those who are not greatly weighted with the perplexities of life. To those for whom there is no riddle in free will and the cohesion of social anarchy this book will be the plain solution of the difficulty of creating for one's self a spiritual identity. It will scarcely do for more exacting thinkers. Candor compels us to state our objection to it as a gospel of consolation for those who, living in this real world, under the divine administration of a government of comfortables, are lacking in more material commodities than those of the spirit. Granting a comfortable income and hosts of friends, it would be simply captious to deny the consolations offered by a philosophy of idealism which claims that after all it rests with ourselves as to whether we shall live in a world beautiful or not, independent of all physical conditions and surroundings. Strangely enough, with the advance of physical science, which has demonstrated the interrelation of mind and matter, has come a great revival of the old idea of the possibility of separating mind and body; and those who can bring themselves to believe in this, can find a genuine inspiration for daily conduct in Miss Whiting's book. It is a little unfortunate that the present writer is more attracted to that view of life and the world which is presented in the investigations and deductions of the great leaders of modern science, and those semi-philosophical writers who have imported the accuracy of statement of modern science into literature. Upon such minds, the old-fashioned idealism of asceticism has little hold; such abstractions are too unreal. We are perversely discovering that the greatest urge and impulse to the life of mental and spiritual integrity, to the highest plane of conduct, lies not in any frenzy of transcendental aspiration, but in the reverent study of the eternal realities of the physical world.

Meditations in Motley.*

Walter Blackburn Harte dedicates his book of essays, "Meditations in Motley," to "the Devil and Dame Chance, the two most potent deities in literary fortunes as in all other sublunary dispensations." The tang of pessimism in his pages is betrayed in these words; but they by no means indicate the ruling flavor. If this were simply a pessimistic book by a young man, it would hardly be worthy of prolonged examination. Pessimism is not a profound creed; and the sort in which young writers indulge, if genuine, usually rests on too narrow an experience to be regarded with alarm. It is because these meditations are sound at heart, and are evidently the reflection of a serious life, that they will command the attention of minds alert to hail an earnest spirit in literature.

The welcome in this case should be the more cordial because the newcomer brings that rare accompaniment of earnestness in the contemporary essay, humor; not humor in the signification of the humorous alone, but also humor in the older meaning—mood, whimsy and changing feeling—the play of many-colored personality, the humor that is the body of many humors.

The several essays composing the collection were written for periodicals, in which all, apparently, have once challenged the public taste. Essays in a double sense, they were experiments intended to decide whether the old-fashioned, personal essay, adapted to modern themes, can arouse a form of sensibility which has long been latent. They are six in number: "On Certain Satisfactions of Prejudice," "Jacobitism in Boston," "About Critics and Criticism," "Some Masks and Faces of Literature," "The Fascination of New Books," and "A Rhapsody on Music." The advantages of prejudices which the essayist discourses about are those that contribute to the variety of life, the pleasures of conversation and the attractions of individuality.

If Mr. Harte's mental view reveal a defect, it is that individuality and wayward feeling, with their natural vehicle, paradox, obtain an exaggerated value. This he perhaps suspects; for he furnishes the following ingenious apology for paradox: "Paradox is the half of truth, and the one half is surely as good as the other. With one half the truth provided for us, surely we can contribute the other half ourselves. It is a chance to test the truth within us. I do not believe, anyhow, that one can have a genuine love of truth, unless one is somewhat susceptible to the beauty of sophistry." Again, in the dissertation on prejudice, one encounters this: "To always prefer logic to a good wholesome prejudice is enough to make one suspect that such a man would not stick at perjury." The writer has been speaking of "a man who does

* "Meditations in Motley: A Bundle of Papers Imbued with the Sobriety of Midnight," by Walter Blackburn Harte. Cloth; $1.25. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

not possess certain well recognized and very dear prejudices." The reviewer must admit his own respect for prejudice, believing it to be a mark of strong natures. The philosophical Newman has made it clear that even religious faith rests on moral prejudices. He has said: "Faith is influenced by previous notices, prepossessions and (in a good sense of the word) prejudices."

It is rare to find anything like the spirit of the essayists and talkers of the first half of the eighteenth century; and to find it fused, as happens here, with a measure of reforming energy. Not that any specific social aims are disclosed. It is the temper only that is in revolt —a revolt saved from bitterness by laughter.

In "Jacobitism in Boston" the voice of denunciation is sternest, not rising to the Carlylean thunder, yet quivering with earnestness. In this essay, the most ambitious, is given a suggestion of the author's creed, about as follows: The want of beauty and reverence is the sin of this age, in which the populace vulgarizes letters and journalism, while these in turn degrade the people. Publishers and authors are alike enslaved, and when they break away from bondage to sensationalism, it is only to receive the chains of a prudery still more vulgar. Jacobites and Jacobins are the idealists who are abstractly and prudently in rebellion against the prose and "drab" of social life. The Jacobites look back to the old order; the Jacobins forward to a new one. If they can cleanse literature, they may initiate a life-giving stir in society itself. The whole discourse teems with satire, sometimes turned against the idealists, sometimes against the satirist.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Harte will produce other books as original and as ethical in purpose as this. The chief blemish of his style, its occasional want of clearness and logical symmetry, will disappear under a more rigid discipline; but it is not often that the principal fault of a new writer can be traced to redundancy of thought, as here occurs. Gradually, too, as the thinker prevails and the jester yields, the element of self will be diminished, giving way to a larger element, humanity. The secret, after all, of such writing as Mr. Harte aspires to do, is renunciation.

"He who hath watched, not shared, the strife
Knows how the day hath gone.
He only lives with the world's life,
Who hath renounced his own."

RICHARD EDWIN DAY.

HOW SHALL THE RICH ESCAPE?*

When, some months ago, I learned that a book by Dr. Billings was in the hands of the publishers I felt eager enough to watch for its appearance. The doctor is favorably known to some of us Nebraskans for his

* "How Shall the Rich Escape?" by Dr. Frank S. Billings. Price, cloth, $2. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

scientific work in the interests of the farmer and stockman. The title of the book is somewhat odd and not in the least suggestive, for if it suggests anything it is likely to be "How shall the rich escape the hell which is supposed to await Dives?" But no one who knows Dr. Billings would for a moment imagine such an interpretation, since he has departed far enough from the ideas of his Puritan ancestry and believes that whatever of heaven or hell a man finds comes to him in *this world*. If I speak of the book by its title I am asked, "Escape from *what?*" or met by such expressions as "I know of no special danger that menaces them. Trust the rich to look out for themselves." What the author really means does not at first sight appear, but when it does the title is seen to be appropriate enough.

That genial naturalist, Burroughs, recently wrote, speaking of books, "In the first place a book must be *real*, and there should be a charm besides that comes from the personality of the writer." I think no one, of whatever shade of opinion he may be in regard to subjects of which this book treats, can read it and not grant its intense reality. We feel that the writer is giving us what to him is *the truth*. We feel that we are in the presence of a man scientifically trained, who is a clear and forcible thinker and skilled to put his thoughts before us in language equally clear and forcible.

There are few who will not be compelled to disagree with Dr. Billings more or less, for the book covers a wide range of subjects, and the opinions expressed in regard to them are, for the most part, unpopular — some of them almost unheard of because rarely held and then mostly in secret, since it takes courage to promulgate unpopular opinions.

In recent years respect for natural law and belief in the truth of evolution have grown apace. We see this even in theological works, so-called, of which one of the best is Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." Whereas evolution used to be held to be atheistic or at least quite incompatible with the Bible it is not so considered now. "The Unity of the Truth," by Dr. Max Hark, was written to disclaim this incompatibility. These and other works of a similar character go to show the tendency of the times.

The book before us is an analytical work intended to show the workings of the law of self-protection to which man is subject as an individual, and how that law compels him to curb his crude individualism that it may not hinder the social well-being of the community in which he lives. That this last is so neglected by the powerful, the *rich* — in *ability* and money — is, according to the writer, the cause of many of the evils under which society labors and groans. They are neglecting the *law of self-protection*, and a destructive reaction is bound to come unless they learn *how to escape*. The book aims to get at the bottom of social problems and, to some extent, leaves the reader to make his own applications.

The opening chapter discusses the subject of "God or no God." The

author desires to show that God is a fetich — something assumed to exist but which has no reality; that Christianity is crumbling to pieces; that — shocking as it may seem — Jesus and his early followers were the anarchists and communists of their time; that the brotherhood of man, as we now understand the phrase, was not inculcated by Jesus. His followers were taught mutual love, communism, amongst themselves, but for the rest of the world, notably the rich and prosperous, bitter hatred. Dr. Billings is not a theologian and yet, according to his definition of religion, he is a profoundly religious man. Religion he claims to be inseparable from mankind and defines it as *the recognition of cause.* His description of a materialist will be new to most people, as it is a common enough idea that such an individual is a pitiable, yea, a despicable, object.

"The Evolution of Intelligence" is next traced for us as science has enabled its votaries to read it. The definitions given are always interesting and often strongly original. "Intelligence," says our author, "is that condition of living matter by which it evidences irritability: that is, it is capable of being acted upon and reacting — nothing more!" This irritability of bioplasm enables animals, from the lowest to the highest, to (1) get nourishment from surroundings; (2) to get more than enough for self, which leads to (3) reproduction.

"Evolution is a series of conditions extending through the ages." Change in environment produces changes in structure, and there has been a gradual and steady progression from the simple to the complex. It is shown that individualism is a natural characteristic brought about by the "struggle for existence" — that struggle which, in nature, always results in "the survival of the fittest." Socialism is shown to be more of an artificial result which has more and more to do with man's life as civilization advances.

How animals may be bred to win, how "brains win," is shown by a short chapter from the interesting history of the American trotter. The same methods that work so successfully in the breeding of animals are shown to be equally potent in the case of humanity in the few instances where they have been tried. The Jews and the Puritans are mentioned as illustrations. The arrogance of self-made men receives deserved rebuke.

Socialism, a term used by Dr. Billings in a different sense from the ordinary one, receives further discussion in the next chapter. The term is used to signify *the mass for itself*, ordering all public affairs for the best interest of the whole, or, as it is elsewhere defined, "the art of modifying the methods of individualism to the uses of the masses." In this chapter the *equality of man* idea is treated as a most dangerous fetich, the cause of bloodshed and riots. He calls attention to the great inequality, physical and mental, that exists among people and, while admitting that we must continue charity, as a self-protective measure, claims that in many cases not charity but a more summary

treatment is called for. Instead of *pulling down* our successful men we must *build up* humanity so that there will not be such a multitude of ill-bred weaklings as we now have. People must be taught the criminality of sexual relations likely to produce weaklings or children they are unable to support. Criminals and imbeciles must on no account be suffered to reproduce themselves, even if this can only be prevented by unsexing them. Those absolutely worthless and pernicious to society should be mercifully killed.

A long chapter is devoted to the "Evolution of Ethics," *ethics* according to this writer being *the science of self-preservation.* One of the most important ideas in the book is the one elucidated here, namely, that "In the business law of self-protection is to be found the nucleus of morality." Here the writer differs from Huxley, who recently stated that "The ethical progress of society depends upon combatting the ordinary cosmic (or evolutionary) process." Huxley and Dr. Billings evidently agree that there is nothing *altruistic* in the evolutionary process. Those who think altruism essential to the welfare of humanity must, like Huxley, look for it outside of the cosmic process. Dr. Billings is no altruist, having, as he says, "graduated from that school without honors." In fact he goes so far as to claim that there is no such thing as altruism — that it is another fetich. He defines it as *doing for others utterly regardless of life or self-preservation.* The so-called benevolent are influenced, he claims, by varied motives. There are those who desire popular approval, those who expect rewards in heaven, those who desire that their names may be kept alive among men, and a small class of those so constituted that their chief pleasure is found in doing for others.

Morality, in the sense in which it is used by this author, means *right living* in a more complete sense than is usually understood. He states the primary law of morals thus: "Any action on the part of an individual — and the state or society is to be regarded as a complex individual — likely to disturb the self-protective equilibrium, is *immoral.* That law," he assures us, "will apply to every action of the individual in his relations to himself and to society, and to society in its relation to itself as an individual and to every individual member of it."

In this chapter on "Socialism" considerable is said in defence of the rich. While Dr. Billings admits that they are examples of that "vaulting ambition (which) o'erleaps itself," he claims that, inasmuch as they are only exercising their natural individuality, they are not to blame for their large accumulations even though they get more than justice entitles them to. Society is to blame for not using its might to prevent improper gains at the expense of itself. The rich are to blame in the matter only for their blindness to their own danger. He scores severely those who, in divers ways, advocate what he is pleased to regard as the wholesale "robbery" of the rich as by confiscation of land, taxation of heirs and other methods. His statement of the causes of social

misery is worth the study of all who are interested in the advance of humanity.

He makes the claim that "The individual owes nothing to the state and the state owes nothing to the individual." He who is true to himself in a thoroughly intelligent manner will be true to the community. The community which is true to itself must be true to its members.

In the chapter that treats of "Right and Rights," it is claimed that "The uncertainty as to what are human rights is to be sought in the influence of theology which is the ignorance of mankind." It is pointed out that the church has never led in reform movements, but has rather constituted itself a stumbling block in the path of human progress. "The rights of man are founded in and have been the result of socialism." "Crude, natural individualism and justice are as distant as the poles." "All rights are but concessions won from individualism by massed might."

The "ten commandments" are shown to be the result of socialistic experience. Dr. Billings ranks as greater than any of these commandments, this other one, "Man, know thyself." He touches upon suicide, and claims that in certain cases there may be virtue in it. He upholds fœticide and infanticide under many circumstances. That will be a startling idea to many. People are apt to accept current opinions without much study or question. Those who have never thought much about this matter may be surprised if they read, at how much can be said in favor of what are usually classed as crimes. Labor movements and the People's Party receive criticism. The author states his ultimate ideals in these words: —

> The battle cry of to-day is, as it has ever been, "Down with the barriers to human progress." Individualistic selfishness has built them; socialistic justice must raze and disperse them. The work of socialism is to keep one constant hammering at every barrier to mutual intercourse between men and nations, as between mother and child, until commerce has become so universal, powerful and beneficial that swords shall be broken into pruning hooks, fortresses demolished, and a custom house officer's only use to be a petrified curiosity in a dime museum.

What are we to think of the writer of such a paragraph? Is this not a picture of universal peace and prosperity? Yet the reader cannot call him an "altruist."

Strange inconsistency of human nature! This man is no altruist, no Christian, but we have in our midst those claiming to be altruists and Christians who say "The Chinese must go!" "America for Americans!" and raise other popular war-cries which, being interpreted, mean, "No quarter" to poor, down-trodden humanity, beaten and battered in unequal combat with the powers that be. We have even, it would appear, "Christian rumsellers!" Verily, things are queerly mixed in this world! Here let Dr. Billings speak for himself again: —

> The trouble with the masses is that they do not know where to go or are afraid to trust or make use of the true leaders of humanity, the men of great intelligence, men of extreme intelligent individualism, who are so bred that they can but follow their

natural inclinations and become the practical leaders of all that is best in man. These men are rising out of the universal mass the world over.

Common observation must confirm this.

"The Nationalization of Land" as a panacea for the social evil of poverty, and its grim attendants of filth, degradation and crime, is weighed in the author's balance and found wanting. There is no proof, according to his argument, that everything was made for man. Man has appropriated what he desired and could make his own *by his might*. Dr. Billings does not believe that the question of prosperity or the reverse depends on cheap lands, and he makes a contrast between the people of early New England and the average western farmer of to-day very unfavorable to the latter. But this, it may be presumed, is a view not entirely without patriotic prejudice. The papers on "Land Nationalization" by A. R. Wallace and the views of Henry George receive some attention, and then the author gives his own conclusions. He owns that he was at one time rather inclined to favor the scheme but thinking on the subject he was compelled to modify his views. He is opposed to permitting the holding of vast tracts of land for speculative purposes at nominal taxation. Speculators' land should be taxed as heavily as that which is held for labor.

Prohibition is next considered as illustrating better than any other question the relation of individualism to the rights and wrongs of society. One who dares to call himself "a Christian rumseller" is "raked over the coals," so to speak, for his boundless audacity. A few sentences in this book put the liquor question in a nutshell: —

> The guiding principle of right and rights is this: no person should do or be permitted to do that which is liable to injure himself. If he does not know enough to so act, or refuses to so act, as his act may bring danger to society, society has the might of right to protect itself in any way it sees fit. That is all there is to the rum question. Till it can be choked at once it must be strangled slowly. . . . The place to fight the rum as well as all other social evils is in the schools, the family, the lecture room and the church. Laws without a united and powerful social force behind them are worse than the evil they are directed at, as they breed and inspire a disrespect for all law. They make law breakers.

The government of the United States next receives consideration. The boast of being an American is shown to be a somewhat empty one. Monarchialism and republicanism are contrasted, and it is shown that if we have not hereditary kings we have kings by the divine right of natural ability, and that we suffer from "evils as great and in reality much the same as those of a hereditary monarchy which puts inability on the throne and debars the nation from the services of its best." The fathers "built as wisely as they knew how," but things should not be stationary; the world ought to be growing wiser, and we must advance and not cling too persistently to the past.

National friendship is shown to be a fetich. When it appears that nations are friendly it is purely a matter of policy. Self interest dictates it.

Dr. Billings classes the people of this country as (1) the ups; (2) the coming-ups; (3) the comfortables; (4) the never-to-get-ups. He says the danger to the country now is from the grasping individualism or "hoggishness" of the first mentioned and the utter depravity and worthlessness of the last. The first need watching and social restraint, and the last class should be gotten rid of.

Our author favors the nationalization of railroads, etc., by fair purchase. While many people have a vague idea that railroads are unjust few realize the extent of the injustice. It would be well if the history of some of the roads and the part they have played in great monopolies could be generally known.

He favors state control of the issuance of bonds and stocks by all legally incorporated institutions, and the compulsory winding up of their affairs on failure to pay interest as agreed. He would put an end to marginal sales of stocks, bonds and products of the country.

He is bitterly opposed to the "spoils" system and believes in retaining a competent man in office whenever possible. He is down on machine politics and the old parties are alike mercilessly pelted for their shortcomings in this direction. He says of politicians that, as a rule, they are an unprincipled class, having strong individualism, who are playing a game in which they use entrenched ability and the people as pawns, favoring one or other of them by turns as best suits their self-interest. One of the shrewdest of politicians acknowledged as much to Dr. Billings and added that he believed he would pull out all right and let the fools fight it out.

While he lashes the two old parties he does not spare the new one, the People's Party. He strongly favors free trade as being best for the country at large. Protection is mainly in the interest of the rich manufacturers and to collect revenue for the pension fraud — so he regards the service pension. In addition to other peculiarities he is a "fiat money fiend." "We should have," he says, "a currency that can't be fooled with and has no intrinsic value."

Has there ever been so much that is heterodox crowded within the covers of one volume? Nor are we done yet. In nothing is this author more peculiar, on no other subject does he write so boldly and so radically, as he does on the subject of woman. It would be difficult to indicate in a few sentences all the aspects of this subject as regarded from the standpoint of Dr. Billings.

As long as things are as they are, it is altogether unreasonable in society to be so down on the outcast woman. Some of them are really more moral than many wives. There is much prostitution within married life; in fact a large proportion of marriages are made for the purpose of having license in this direction.

Dipping into history he shows us that marriage was instituted to fix the responsibility of parentage. While it is the best makeshift possible for society now, it is really, in many respects, a dismal failure. It

crushes out individuality and hinders intellectual progress. Neither does it regard the hereditary health of the offspring, mental or physical. In his opinion there should be laws preventing the marriage of impecunious and diseased people.

Here is a statement in which it is safe to say Dr. Billings will not have a very large following: "The highest possible evolution of man is such a degree of sexual control that there shall be no relation between the sexes, and the production of children shall cease. Who cares," he asks, "an iota whether humanity continues or not? The question is that it lives at as little misery as possible."

It must be evident enough that the writer of this book is a strong advocate of "woman's rights," not the rights, simply, of woman fortunate and carefully guarded, but of woman trampled upon and abused and condemned, by those who have brought her to her low estate, and shunned by her sisters who are often no better than she is.

The closing chapter of the book is devoted to "Socialism and Education." It is a sort of summary of what has already been dwelt upon, and adds some finishing touches. It discusses also parental treatment of children, and points out how they are often wronged by parents who attempt to force them into moulds for which they were never intended. Parents must learn to respect the individuality of their children, and children cannot be expected to honor parents unless they show themselves worthy of honor.

Throughout the book there are occasional allusions to Thomas Paine, for whom Dr. Billings has a great admiration, and whose advice he has largely followed in the makeup of this book, namely, "If human precedents fail thee, go back to nature and think as if thou wast the first man that ever thought." MRS. A. L. AMOS.

THE WORLD'S CONGRESS OF REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN.*

That this "end of the century" is woman's opportunity, that in the mad rush for wealth and power and the struggle which leaves men no time nor even desire to look into the details of daily life, it is left to women to save the race from utter ruin, has long been the opinion of many far-seeing and wise teachers in our own and in distant lands. "The motherhood must save the race," they say, in all their lessons; and by that they do not mean the mere animal function of the "cow women," as some one calls mothers, even though they might produce a more perfect physical type of children than our foremothers were able to do. They speak of the universal motherhood existent in most women and in a few regenerate men, which yearns to benefit and bless *all* earth's children and lead them into safe and profitable ways.

The book before us is the best possible proof that the teachers are

* "The World's Congress of Representative Women." In two volumes. Edited by May Wright Sewall, president of the National Council of Women of the United States. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Boston and Chicago.

right. Such a record of the work of women in all directions for universal reform; such a story of the successful efforts of women to fit themselves for work which from their intuitive nature and their soul-culture they are best fitted to perform; such an enumeration of all the varied interests in which women all over the world are concerned, has surely never been seen before in any age of which we have any history. The church, the state, the world, all are ripe for reform, and women, once awakened, are born reformers.

In these two beautifully illustrated volumes, one sees the faces of the highest type of womanhood of many lands. There is in the portraits of all of these representative women, a striking resemblance. The same fine poise of head and neck, the same calm, searching eyes, the same firm yet placid mouth, the same well-balanced, self-controlled look is found in nearly every face, whether young, middle aged or old. Very dainty, gracious and attractive withal are all these exquisite pictures. Here is no trace of the "strong-minded female with the amberill" which we who remember when the "new woman" was a mark for caricature and jeers associated with the thought of her.

One is tempted to linger long over each page filled with these portraits and compare the faces with the speeches made and papers read by their originals. Well worth hearing and reading they are, too. As a memento of the Fair to those who were a part of it; as a record of the noble women who are making history so fast in these hurrying days; as an instructive and entertaining account of the concerted action of all these famous women of this extraordinary epoch in the history of the world, this book, compiled by Mrs. Sewall, will be invaluable.

JULIA A. DAWLEY.

LABOR AS MONEY.*

The theory of the writer of this book is to demonetize both gold and silver, and all existing money, and to create instead an exchange based upon human labor power as contradistinguished from the product of any particular labor. The exposition of this theory is so plain and simple, that all readers, even those who have never made a study of economic questions, will become interested, because they can clearly understand its implications. It is a strong and striking argument for what the author declares is a natural system of exchange.

The author, following in the lines of Karl Marx and other scientific economists, adopts the admission of all standard writers that gold and silver are only obtained by human labor and as a money commodity exist principally through an economical fiction. After plainly showing that gold and silver are used as a measure of value principally because of that great element contained alike in them and other commercial commodities — the trouble, time and toil necessary to obtain them —

* "Labor as Money," by John O. Yeiser. Price, cloth, $1.25; paper, 50 cents. The Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

the author ceases to follow but leads to a logical conclusion with a theory and argument that will be understood by the students of any standard school of economics which recognizes labor as a dominant element in metal money.

After clearly presenting the system, which is described upon the title page, as "a practical, automatic currency of stationary value, contracting and relaxing according to the demands of the country for exchange," the author demonstrates that the theory might be adopted without the least inconvenience to commerce, without waiting to inform the people of its workings and without causing even the most ignorant man the least loss on account of such a change; how it might be adopted within twenty-four hours and not cause a change of prices upon any commodities of exchange; how easily international relations could be conducted and how much more beneficial than the present financial system it would be in time of war. Of course all this is granting the reader accepts his premises as correct.

It is presented as the only panacea for strikes. It recognizes that the laborers are oppressed and presents a just remedy which will give to the laborer the exact, full value of his labor — nothing more, nothing less.

A story is introduced to attract the mind of the reader and to create an interest in a character who presents the author's theory in a speech made before Congress, upon a carefully prepared bill. The story does not cloud or mystify any portion of the purpose of this book but is intended by the author to prepare his readers to expect something important from his hero and it is woven about other interesting economic questions. The preliminary story deftly prepares the reader for the subsequent financial theory which is the purpose of the author.

Little Journeys.

The above is the title of a serial booklet, published monthly by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Each number treats of a recent pilgrimage made by Mr. Elbert Hubbard to the home and haunts of some eminent literary celebrity. The subjects for the first twelve numbers are as follows: George Eliot, Carlyle, Ruskin, Gladstone, Turner, Swift, Hugo, Wordsworth, Thackeray, Dickens, Shakespeare and Goldsmith.

The second number — Carlyle — is just out and a beautiful bit of book-making it is: printed on hand-made antique linen paper, with title page in two colors. The nominal price of "Little Journeys" (fifty cents for the twelve booklets) has evidently been made in order to secure a wide circulation and show the artistic quality of work turned out by the Knickerbocker Press.

The beauty of the text, however, equals the typography, as the following extract from the January number will show: —

Along the Thames, at Chelsea, opposite the rows of quiet and well-kept houses of Cheyne Walk, is the "Embankment." A parkway it is of narrow green with gravelled walks, bushes and trees, that here and there grow lush and lusty as if to hide the un-

sightly river from the good people who live across the street. Following this pleasant bit of breathing space, with its walks that wind in and out among the bushes, one comes unexpectedly upon a bronze statue. You need not read the inscription: a glance at that shaggy head, the grave, sober, earnest look, and you exclaim under your breath, "Carlyle!"

In this statue the artist has caught with rare skill the look of reverie and repose. One can imagine that on a certain night, as the mists and shadows of evening were gathering along the dark river, the gaunt form, wrapped in its accustomed cloak, came stalking down the little street to the park, just as he did thousands of times, and taking his seat in the big chair fell asleep. In the morning the children that came to play along the river found the form in cold, enduring bronze. At the play we have seen the marble transformed by love into beauteous life. How much easier the reverse — here where souls stay only a day!

Cheyne Row is a little alley-like street, running only a block, with fifteen houses on one side, and twelve on the other. These houses are all brick and built right up to the sidewalk. On the north side they are all in one block, and one at first sees no touch of individuality in any of them. They are old, and solid, and plain — built for revenue only. On closer view I thought that one or two had been painted, and on one there was a cornice that set it off from the rest. As I stood on the opposite side and looked at this row of houses, I observed that Number Five was the dingiest and plainest of them all. For there were dark shutters instead of blinds, and these shutters were closed, all save one rebel that swung and creaked in the breeze. Over the doorway, sparrows had made their nests and were fighting and scolding. Swallows hovered above the chimney; dust, cobwebs, neglect were all about. And as I looked there came to me the words of Ursa Thomas: "Brief, brawling day, with its noisy phantoms, its paper crowns, tinsel gilt, is gone; and divine, everlasting night, with her star diadems, with her silences and her verities, is come."

Here walked Thomas and Jeannie one fair May morning in 1834. Thomas was thirty-nine, tall and swarthy, strong; with set mouth and three wrinkles on his forehead that told of care and dyspepsia. Jeannie was younger; her face winsome, just a trifle anxious, with luminous, gentle eyes, suggestive of patience, truth and loyalty. They looked like country folk, did these two. They examined the surroundings, consulted together — the sixty pounds rent a year seemed very high! But they took the house, and T. Carlyle, son of James Carlyle, stone-mason, paid rent for it every month for half a century, lacking three years.

One Thousand Dollars a Day.

The reading world seems of late to have gone into the study of economics, judging from the number of books upon this subject that have recently appeared. In the little volume of short stories which the Arena Publishing Company has just put out, under the somewhat striking title of "One Thousand Dollars a Day," the writer, Adeline Knapp, has given students of economics some old truths in a form at once interesting and unique.

There are two classes of people who will be greatly surprised by the lessons to be drawn from the first of these stories. Perhaps no better homily on the interdependence of capital and labor could be devised than that to be drawn from the situation so graphically pictured in the initial sketch, "One Thousand Dollars a Day." The author calls it "A Financial Experience." Briefly, it supposes a state of affairs under which every adult citizen, male or female, in the country, receives from the "Anti-poverty" government, then in power, the sum of one thousand dollars daily. In the city where the scene of the story is laid the

business world at once feels an upward impetus, from the plentifulness of money. Then business drops to *nil.* All work ceases; shops, mills, factories, close. The industrial processes are paralyzed. The richest millionnaire in the world can no longer command the labor of the poorest man; the laborer soon finds himself unable to buy the barest necessaries of life; no one is producing, no one is selling. A day laborer throws his day's stipend into the street, and a toddling baby, attracted by the glitter of the gold, picks up a coin. No one else touches it. "Every man or woman on the street has that day received a thousand dollars, and every individual of the crowd is hungry." Finally, when the industrial midnight seems darkest and most hopeless, a bright young man has a bright idea, and out of the necessity of the hour a labor exchange is established. The scheme works admirably, and subsequent events prove the truth of the writer's assertion that the true basis of a nation's wealth is that nation's productive industry.

"The Sick Man" is another of the sketches that deals with certain popular economic fallacies. The story deals with the adventures of a certain little red corpuscle that, by transfusion of blood, finds itself suddenly transformed from a healthy organism to one where one organ, the liver, is gradually absorbing to itself the resources of the entire body. The bewildering experiences of the little stranger with the rich corpuscles, the poor corpuscles, the worthy and the unworthy, the industrious and the idle, the employed, unemployed and employing corpuscles, are very funny, very suggestive, so altogether pertinent, that one is moved to surprise that the minute analogy between the sick man and the sick nation was not drawn long ago.

Of the other sketches in the book, one, "The Discontented Machine," deals with a phase of the labor question which, as the writer puts it, is certainly novel. A machine, a new, intricate and useful piece of mechanism, goes on a strike. It wants to be paid wages. In vain its employers point out to it that they have expended a large sum for its construction, other large sums to keep it in running order, to provide it with fuel, oil and gearing. The machine still holds out in its demand for wages, even when its attention is called to the fact that the human machines in receipt of wages are not so well off as it; that their wages are merely enough to keep them in food and shelter and clothing, which are labor's coal, oil and gearing, so to speak; and the striking machine is only brought to terms by a threat of the owners to sell it for old junk and get a new machine, of which, as they justly say, there are plenty in the market, quite ready to take the striker's place. The lesson conveyed by this story is very subtle, and well calculated to make both parties to the labor question do a deal of thinking.

The stories are well told. Miss Knapp has a clear, graphic style, and goes directly to her point, in every instance. Whether one agrees with her conclusions or not, one has no difficulty at all in following her, and the stories have a certain brightness and originality of conception and

treatment that makes them entertaining reading even when one does not care particularly for the economic lessons they seek to inculcate.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"A STRANGE CAREER," Life and Adventures of John Gladwyn Jebb by His Widow. Cloth; pp. 349; price $1.25. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

"LITTLE EYOLF," by Henrik Ibsen. Cloth; pp. 164. Published by Stone & Kimball, Chicago, Ill.

"SOCIAL GROWTH AND STABILITY," by D. Ostrander. Cloth; pp. 191; price $1. Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"THE PILGRIM OF THE INFINITE," by William Davies. Cloth; pp. 155. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York and London.

"POEMS," by Juan Lewis. Cloth; pp. 103. Published by Author, Washington, D. C.

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UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS.

NEWS NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

The national secretary would be glad to hear from every town and city in the United States that would arrange for a lecture or a series of lectures on the work of the Union for Practical Progress. The National Union furnishes the lecturer free of charge, only asking that local entertainment be furnished him and that a collection be taken for the national treasury. It is especially desirable to hear immediately from the South Atlantic and Gulf States; also from within three hundred miles of Boston and Baltimore respectively.

Detroit. — One of the most interested workers for the Union for Practical Progress in Detroit is Miss Martha T. Hamilton, who has given considerable thought to the various social problems of the day. She lately addressed the Ladies' Union of the Church of Our Father concerning a plan in connection with the battle against saloon influence. She proposed to establish a coffee house where men can find the attractiveness of the saloon minus the intoxicants. "There are thousands of young men on the east side," said Miss Hamilton, "who have practically no place in which to spend their evenings excepting the saloon. I have a vision of a large, pleasant room, with pictures on the walls. The furniture is attractive, but not expensive. There are tables and chairs, and coffee, bouillon and lunches are sold at nominal prices, just sufficient to cover the cost. The room is a place where men can go to sit and smoke and play chess, checkers and other games. Pool tables and a bowling alley could be run in connection. I understand that the ladies of this church, now that their free kindergarten is so well established, are looking for some other avenue of work, and I have hoped that the coffee house plan might prove acceptable. The entire expense would not have to be borne by the ladies of this church. As soon as it is under way I have no doubt that the business men of the city will rally to its support. A similar place of resort might be established for young ladies." She also called attention to the work already accomplished by the Union for Practical Progress, describing the movement as a wave of altruism now sweeping across the country, and hoped a branch union might soon be started in the city. Her suggestions evidently met with the approval of the ladies, though definite action was deferred. A gentleman who was present announced that the Advance Club of the church, composed of men, had already considered the project of establishing a temperance coffee house, and would support it most heartily.

New Unions. — One very encouraging feature of the work for the past month has been the report from various sections of the country of new unions about to be formed and of some already organized. In Dayton, O., a number of men, who are deeply interested in the cause of humanity, are desirous of forming a union and hope to establish one soon with a membership of fifty good sterling men.

A union has just been formed in Toledo, O., with a membership of twenty and with prospects of doubling that number in a short time.

A union has also been organized in Raymore, Mo., starting with thirty-five members. They have adopted one plan which it would be well for unions in small communities to follow. Each member is requested to give one book on the social topics of the day for the use of the members, and a librarian has been appointed to take charge of them. The secretary in writing of the union says: "Since our organization our people have manifested a marked interest in our union and have expressed themselves as having long recognized the need of something of the kind but had no plan of action. We have two churches in our village of four hundred inhabitants; the members of both are taking a live interest and find in the union a common ground of meeting where they can study the living questions of the day."

CONSTITUTION.

The following constitution, submitted in July, 1894, has been adopted by the Local Unions for Practical Progress throughout the country, without a dissenting vote. Accordingly, it is hereby proclaimed the

CONSTITUTION OF THE NATIONAL UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS.

I. *Name.* — The name of this association shall be "THE UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS."

II. *Purpose.* — Its purpose is to unite all moral forces, agencies and persons for concerted, methodical and persistent endeavor in behalf of the public good, and especially for the abolition of unjust social conditions.

III. *Method.* — The Union aims to work, wherever possible, through existing organizations instead of forming new ones. It aims to secure the concerted action of the constructive elements of society once each month in opposition to some present-day evil or in the forwarding of some one positive reform measure, thus raising a definite moral issue every month and designating a common rallying ground for all friends of progress.

IV. *Membership.* — Three or more persons of good character, if not infringing on the field of any previously organized Union, may form themselves into a local Union, and may become attached to the general organization by sending an application to the National Executive Committee, accompanied by one dollar registration fee.

V. *Organization.* — The national organization of the Union for Practical Progress shall consist of the National Advisory Board, the National Executive Committee and the General Council. Each of these bodies shall organize in its own way and elect and prescribe the duties of its own officers.

VI. *National Advisory Board.* — The National Advisory Board shall be composed of moral leaders of national reputation, twenty-five in number, who shall be named by the National Executive Committee. It shall choose the monthly topics for simultaneous discussion, and each member shall offer his best thought and advice to the National Executive Committee concerning all the affairs of the Union.

VII. *National Executive Committee.* — The National Executive Committee shall consist of seven members, four of whom must reside in a single city. The Executive Committee shall have charge of the business of the Union. Every action of this Committee, however, shall be subject to veto at any time by a majority of the General Council. The Committee as a whole and every member thereof shall be subject to recall at any time by a majority vote of the General Council; otherwise the Committee shall fill its own vacancies and choose its own successors.

VIII. *General Council.* — The General Council shall be the supreme power of the Union for Practical Progress. It shall consist of the two chief officers of every local union, and the two chief officers of each central conference or local body of delegates representing ten or more *bona fide* organizations. But in cities of more than fifty thousand inhabitants, where more than twenty organizations have delegates in the central body, there shall be four members each from the local union and the central conference.

IX. *Voting.* — A request signed by the head officers of one fourth of the local unions shall necessitate a vote of the General Council upon any subject whatever, including an amendment to this constitution; and a majority vote of the General Council shall be decisive until reversed by another vote. Any local union, by making application to the National Executive Committee and paying costs, shall be entitled to receive a list of all the local unions attached to the general body.

THE PEOPLE'S UNIVERSITY.

THE EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT OF THE UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS.

CORRESPONDENCE COURSES.

Correspondence courses will be given in any department of study. Especial attention is given to the following valuable courses bearing on the higher ethics: 1, The New Political Economy; 2, The Social Ideals of the Hebrews; 3, The Social Ideals of Christianity; 4, The Evolution of the Modern Social Question; 5, Social Prophets, Past and Present, critically studied and compared; 6, Christian Socialism; 7, The Land Question — historical and theoretical; 8, The Evolution of the Family; 9, Money, and Mechanism of Exchange — historical and theoretical; 10, Money (brief course — three months). Each course is arranged to cover nine months' consecutive study, requiring about nine hours a week. In addition to all special communications the student will receive a monthly outline of work with a question to be answered in review of the previous month's work. The tuition fee for each course is uniformly ten dollars. If desired the secretary can secure the text books at wholesale prices. An extended outline of each course may be secured by application to the secretary.

People not able to undertake the heavy work of systematized study, can avail themselves of our reading courses. Any person registering with us and paying a fee of two dollars will be guided in their selection of books for one year's reading course. Classes or circles reading the same topics and dealing with us through their secretary, as a single individual, can take a course for the same fee.

All communications should be addressed to H. C. Vrooman, Secretary.

LECTURE COURSES.

To facilitate speedy and systematic arrangements for a lecture course, please indicate under the months and evenings of the week, your first and second choice. The figure 1 under one or more months would indicate when the course might begin. Figure 2 would show the next choice and 3 the next. Your preference as to the evenings would be shown in the same way. Example:—

SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.	JAN.	FEB.	MAR.	APR.
3	1	1	2		1	4	
	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.	
	2	1	1		2	3.	

Next, go through each of the divisions of the following list and place the figure 1 against all lectures and entertainments which have your preference. Then go through once more, and place the figure 2 against those you would select in case your programme can not be filled out from those marked 1. When these reports come in, everything will be mapped out before the manager and he will know your wishes and to what extent they can be met. He will then report for your acceptance or rejection, a programme and terms. In case it is desired to keep this list for future reference, please copy the list so marked and send instead.

SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.	JAN.	FEB.	MAR.	APR.	MAY.
	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.	SUN.	

Do not fail to state in your note how many and what kind of entertainments you desire, and about what sum you can raise.

A course of five monthly lectures may be given at a minimum of about sixty dollars, for five consecutive nights for much less money; while others, including stereopticon, vary from thirty to seventy-five dollars a single lecture, but these last figures are the exception.

We have no inferior talent on our list, but our workers' prices, owing to their interest in the work, are but a trifle above their travelling expenses.

1. We can give you *terms far more favorable than could otherwise be secured.* Appreciating and approving the purpose of the Union for Practical Progress, those whose names appear on the list have generally reduced their terms appreciably, thereby bringing within reach of those who desire, lecture courses of marked ability, and which cannot fail to give satisfaction.

2. By means of the People's University there is brought to your notice such an array and variety of talent to select from, and such an opportunity to fix upon convenient dates, as to save you a vast amount of trouble and correspondence and enable you to get more nearly what you want than would otherwise be possible.

3. While securing your own advantage you are at the same time assisting others to make use of like advantage. Because YOU have a lecture course, entertaining, instructive and elevating, it is made easier, not to say possible, for others to have one. The good you thus do extends far beyond your own community.

The necessity of prompt action is obvious. It is hoped that immediately on receipt of this, the attention of the Union for Practical Progress, the church, or other society with which you are associated, will be called to the plan set forth, and, if approved, a committee be appointed to arrange with the University for a lecture course.

That course can be as brief or extended as you may desire, and of suitable variety. We have in reserve talent adequate to all demands of large cities and colleges.

REV. H. C. VROOMAN,
Secretary People's University.

17 Pierce Building, Boston, Mass.

LECTURERS.

I. REV. JOHN B. KOEHNE.—Rev. S. W. McCorkle, moderator of Northwestern Pennsylvania Association of Congregational Churches, says: "The lecture on 'The New Aristocracy' is one of the most entertaining and thought-inspiring I ever heard.

I have listened with delight to Beecher, and many others, and I do not hesitate to say that Mr. Koehne has the elements of great success. Among the younger men on the American platform he stands well to the front."

A. McLean, Acting President Bethany College, West Virginia: "Mr. Koehne's lecture gave great and universal satisfaction. The audience listened with increasing interest for two full hours. Professors and students regard this lecture as one of the best ever heard in Bethany."

A. B. Miller, LL. D., President Waynesburg College, Pennsylvania: "One of the most original and impressive men on the platform of to-day."

Howard M. Ticknor, the well known Boston dramatic critic: "Mr. Koehne's diction is to be marked for its variety of illustration, its picturesque imagery, its native force and directness, these qualities uniting in the production of individual and striking addresses."

Subjects: 1, The Genius of Christ; 2, Christ and Reform; 3, Christ and Civilization; 4, Strikes and Progress (Labor); 5, The New Aristocracy. These lectures form a series for five successive nights; they are also given singly. 6, A Reply to Ingersoll.

II. Hamlin Garland, author, poet, reformer. His lectures deal especially with economics and the cause of poverty. *Subjects:* 1, Poets and Reformers; 2, Living Issues; 3, Present-Day Reforms; 4, The Ethics of Modern Fiction.

III. Prof. D. S. Holman, the celebrated microscopist of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science. His lectures on physical and biological science are illustrated by the tele-microscope, which projects upon a screen nearly all conceivable experiments. His wonderful instrument reveals the wonders of science on canvas, so that they can be understood by children. He explains all in a fascinating and scholarly manner. He can either give his feast in the wonderland of science, and present the objects of the new movement the same evening, or he can follow his scientific lecture by a social reform mass meeting the next night. *Subjects:* 1, Musical Tones made visible, and the Nature of Color; 2, Motion in Living Matter; 3, Motion in Not Living Matter; 4, The Circulation of the Blood; 5, Persistence of Vision; 6, The Constant Facial Angle in the Skulls of Animals.

IV. Prof. Frank Parsons, of the Boston Law School, author of "Our Country's Need," etc. *Subjects:* 1, Public Ownership of Monopolies; 2, What shall we do with the Slums? ; 3, Poverty's Causes and its Cure; 4, The Liquor Traffic and the Gothenburg System; 5, The Initiative and Referendum; 6, Woman Suffrage; 7, Proportional Representation and Multiple Voting; 8, Sound Finance; 9, The Gospel of Industrial Redemption; 10, The Philosophy of Mutualism.

V. John Mitchell, a man of wide experience in the reform lecture work. All with stereopticon views. *Subjects:* 1, Heredity and Environment; 2, New Social Ideals; 3, Vampirism, or Man's Inhumanity to Man; 4, Woman's Rights and Privileges; 5, The Struggle for Bread and Shelter; 6, Poverty, its Cause and Cure; 7, Civic Duty; 8, The Aim and Method of the Union for Practical Progress; 9, The Nation's Shame (Temperance lecture); 10, The Commercial Phase (Temperance); 11, The Thermopylæ of Reform (Temperance).

VI. Rev. Alexander Kent, pastor of the People's Church, Washington, D. C., is a strong, logical speaker, and an earnest worker in the radical social reform movement. He is conversant with all phases of the social problem.

VII. W. D. McCrackan, M. A., author, Boston. Especially familiar with everything that relates to the Swiss methods of government, such as the referendum, the initiative and proportional representation. *Subjects:* 1, The Referendum and Initiative; 2, Proportional Representation; 3, The Land Question (Single Tax, with stereopticon); 4, The Life of the Swiss Peasantry; 5, Three Romantic Heroes: William Tell, Arnold Von Winkelried and Francois Bonivard.

VIII. Rev. Flavius J. Brobst. He has but recently stepped upon the American platform, but is winning his way to popularity and esteem. He invariably speaks without notes. *Subjects:* 1, The Summit of the Nineteenth Century; 2, The Power of the People, etc.

IX. William Jackson Armstrong. General Miles, of the United States Army, says: "I have heard all the great speakers of the United States, and I place William Jackson Armstrong among the foremost. *Subjects:* 1, The Russian Nihilist; 2, The Industrial Question; 3, The Masses and the Millionnaire; 4, Hard Times; 5, Gambetta and France; 6, Capital and Labor; 7, London Society.

X. Miss Josephine Rand, journalist and poet, is a good platform speaker. She presents the questions of the day in a masterly way. *Subjects:* 1, Wanted, Volunteers!—a Plea for Patriotism. A call to young men and women to enlist in the

cause of human rights; helpful suggestions as to how to set to work; existing conditions and the vital phases of the social problem. 2, Signs of the Times, or Present Conditions. Living facts and general statements concerning the dangers of the present and future; monopoly and its strong hold; to what it all tends. 3, Nationalism, or Possible Conditions. Coöperation and its beneficent results; lessons drawn from the "trusts" and "combines"; a nation's prosperity dependent upon the prosperity of its individual members; each for all, and all for each. 4, Ethical Side of the Labor Question. 5, The Problem of the Unemployed. Dealing with the land question and the money question, as being the underlying factors in the problem of the unemployed; also with state management of industry; shows the needlessness of present appalling distress. 6, The relation of the Church to Social Problems. Every social problem at bottom a religious problem; Christians bound to heed Christ's teachings; the pulpit the place to plead for a just and humane system of living; Christ's denunciation of the oppressor of the poor; His command to break every yoke. 7, Union for Practical Progress. A plea for the new movement.

XI. Mrs. Harriette C. Keatinge, M. D., Sci. D. *Subjects:* 1, Physiological and Psychological Heredity; 2, The Great Predisposing Causes of Crime, and Some of the Remedies; 3, The Ethics of Suffrage; 4, Womanhood; 5, Law, Justice and Morals; 6, Intemperance; 7, Health, and How to Keep It.

XII. Rev. Harry C. Vrooman, a man with a thorough grasp of social and economic literature and of wide experience in reform work. He is pastor of the Congregational Church at East Milton, Mass., and general secretary of National Executive Committee of the Union for Practical Progress. *Some subjects:* 1, Social Ideals of Christianity; 2, The Evolution of the Social Problem; 3, Present-Day Phases of Reform; 4, Christian Socialism. Given in a series or singly.

XIII. Diana Hirschler, secretary Union for Practical Progress at Philadelphia, Penn. *Subjects:* 1, The Union for Practical Progress; 2, Social Problems.

XIV. Rev. J. H. Larry, pastor of Richmond Street Church, Providence, R. I., active in Christian sociology. *Subjects:* 1, The Mission of Machinery; 2, Money; 3, The Slavery of To-day. Illustrated Lectures: 1, From Nile to Nazareth; 2, Land of Scott.

XV. Rev. Edward T. Root, pastor of Congregational Church, Baltimore. *Subjects:* 1, The Cause of Poverty; 2, Christian Citizenship; 3, Christian Socialism; 4, Union of Moral Forces; 5, Men in the Churches — a discussion of the causes for the small proportion of men in the churches.

XVI. Percy M. Reese. — "There is but one opinion at Chautauqua concerning these lectures and that is that they have never been surpassed by any illustrated lectures given here. Mr. Reese possesses all the requisites of a successful lecturer — a voice of great clearness and carrying power, which was heard without difficulty in remotest corners of the new amphitheatre; a clear, incisive, deliberate style and an almost faultless enunciation, making it a pleasure to listen to him. He is a careful student of art history, a discriminating critic, a cultivated and interesting lecturer on art topics, and an enthusiast and an authority upon the whole subject of Roman and Italian history, ancient, mediæval and modern, to the investigation of which he has devoted years of study and travel." —*Editorial Chautauqua Assembly Herald, Chautauqua, N. Y., the official organ of the Chautauqua Assembly.*

Subjects: (With Stereopticon Views.) 1, Ancient Rome and the Cæsars. The great size and population of Imperial Rome. Views and maps of Ancient Rome. Matchless records left and late additions to them. 2, Early Christian Rome and the Catacombs. Everlasting attraction of Rome. We must go outside the walls and *underground*, for traces of the first three hundred years of Christianity in Rome. The Campagna and its wonderful, solemn beauty. The Appian Way and its tombs. Catacombs. First Christian arrivals in Rome. Paul's school and converts in light of Lanciani's late excavations. The earliest picture (caricature) of the Crucifixion. Comparison of earliest Christian with Pagan epitaphs. The Symbols. Nero and the persecutions. Marvellous growth. *Seven million graves, and six hundred miles of galleries.* Views of chapels, altars and slabs. The Sarcophagi and their sculptured scenes from Holy Writ. 3, Mediæval Rome and St. Peter's. 4, A Glimpse of Rome as She is To-day. 5, A Roman Mosaic. A few items of the world's debt to Rome in the fine arts. 6, Social Economics in Rome and in America (without Stereopticon Views). An address (without pictures) on the lessons furnished us, in the causes that led to the decline and fall of the all-powerful Roman Empire; showing that very many of the evils and problems which are perplexing nineteenth century civilization had their counterparts, and proceeded to their natural consequences in Imperial Rome; and that in study and profit by the warnings of history, lies a strong defence against the almost inexorable tendency of history to repeat itself.

XVII. Prof. Thomas E. Will, A. M., professor of political economy at Kansas State Agricultural College, formerly secretary of Boston U. P. P. *Subjects:* The Union for Practical Progress, and all phases of scientific economic problems. Singly or in courses.

XVIII. Rev. Walter Vrooman speaks extemporaneously on every subject relating to social reform. Is accustomed to out of door meetings and large assemblages. He has had considerable experience as an organizer.

XIX. Rev. R. M. Webster of Los Angeles, Cal., is a man imbued with the higher ethics of our time, a clear thinker and a good speaker. He treats all phases of practical social reform.

XX. Col. Richard J. Hinton, soldier, author and orator; is one of the most eloquent of our reformers. *Subjects:* 1, The Nazarene and the Laborer; 2, Walt Whitman; 3, Money and Misery; 4, Public Functions and Public Ownership; 5, Karl Marx's Place in History; 6, Labor as a Commodity; 7, Opportunity and Unity — A Policy for True Democracy.

XXI. Rev. Perry Marshall, a man thoroughly conversant with all the ethical phases of the social question. *Subjects:* 1, The Problem of the Unemployed — Public Ownership; 2, Temperance and Monopolies; 3, Travels in Britain; 4, Travels in the Low Countries; 5, Travels in Italy.

THE NATIONAL TREASURER'S APPEAL FOR ONE DOLLAR PLEDGES.

The National Union for Practical Progress has accomplished an encouraging amount of substantial work during the past year, and it is steadily attracting to its ranks the reform elements in the different cities of the Union, and is growing both numerically and in its hold upon the interests of the people.

Among the measures which the Union for Practical Progress has agitated and brought before the people and the different legislatures, are the sweating system, measures for the relief and employment in public works of the unemployed, and parks and playgrounds for children.

We are glad to learn that the president of the Baltimore Union for Public Good, Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, who is also a member of the executive committee of the National Union for Practical Progress, has drafted a bill against the sweating evil, and with the aid of the Union and Arena Auxiliary Club the measure has become a law. The Union and Auxiliary were also instrumental in securing a law against child labor.

The agitation of the sweating system in Philadelphia has been carried on so vigorously by our Philadelphia Union under the splendid and effective direction of Miss Diana Hirschler, that we entertain strong hopes that a bill will pass at the next session. Many columns have been given to this work in the Philadelphia papers, and a strong public sentiment has been worked up.

From all parts of the land come calls for organizers and literature. The harvest is white, but the money required to put the earnest and willing workers into the vineyard is wanting. In view of what has been done, and keeping in mind the gravity of social and economic conditions to-day, we feel that this cause should appeal with especial pertinency to the minds of all who are concerned for the welfare of civilization and the progress of moral ideas. We feel it our duty to put the matter with considerable urgency before the reform and social and Christian elements in our community, because there are so many conditions in our social state that demand immediate remedial measures, and threaten grave social developments if too long neglected.

We do not ask anything unreasonable, but wish to submit a plan with which almost every reader of these lines can comply, and which will enable us to put lecturers and organizers in the field and supply various cities and towns with literature, so that within a year we shall have a union of the moral forces in every town and village from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We earnestly desire the reader to bear in mind that these lines are addressed

TO YOU.

The plan is as follows: We desire you to send in at once your pledge to pay one dollar to the National Educational Fund, to enable us to put organizers and lecturers in the field immediately and to keep them there, and to distribute literature giving

directions for the formation of unions and outlining work. We earnestly urge *you* to fill out the following blank. You will not be called on for the money until *one thousand* pledges have been received. If you desire to pledge more than one dollar we believe it will be the best disbursement of money you will ever make, because we believe it will go farther toward hastening the New Day than if expended in any other way.

The Subscription Pledge.

I hereby subscribe one dollar to the Fund for the National Lectureship of the Union for Practical Progress, and will pay the same on demand when the National Treasurer shall have received one thousand similar subscriptions.

I also hereby agree to pay one dollar annually to the same subscription fund.

Signed.....

City.....

Street Number.....

County.....

State.....

When you have filled out your pledge and forwarded it to us, see if you cannot get some friend to follow your example.* If they know you have signed and forwarded your pledge, it will have a good influence on them. There is nothing like showing faith by works. The Arena office has opened this subscription by signing for twenty one-dollar pledges.

Now friends, in the name of the great republic, in the name of peace and a higher civilization, in the name of human brotherhood and for the cause of justice and progress, will you not help us to the extent of at least one dollar?

* We will send as many blanks as you desire.

NOTES ON CURRENT EVENTS.

The Amazing Decision against Mr. Debs.

THE action of Judge Woods in condemning Mr. Debs is one of the most serious blows which the republic has received in years. It will make tens of thousands of justice-loving men and women feel unutterable contempt for our courts. It has established a precedent asfatal to liberty and justice as the ascendency of the despots in the communes of Italy was fatal to the republics they subjected. It is an outrage the proportions of which cannot at present be measured.

The conservative Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* is more far-sighted than most of the capitalistic journals of this country. It trembles for its plutocratic friends, when the people shall elect governors, presidents and judges; for it sees how this precedent may be used with telling effect on the arrogant capitalists when outraged industry comes into power.

A very important thing concerning this decision is the attitude taken by Republican and Democratic papers. With the exception of the Springfield *Republican* (Independent Democratic), the old party organs have upheld the extraordinary decision of this judge. Never again can these parties go before the industrial millions of America with the hypocritical cry that they are the friends of labor. Their attitude since the opening of the Chicago strike, expressed through their organs, brands them as the vassals of plutocracy in its murderous assault upon the rights of the poor man.

There is nothing to choose between the Democratic administration — with its erstwhile trust and corporation attorney filling the seat of attorney general and refusing to prosecute the criminals who are heads of trusts and who are also millionnaires, while during the labor troubles he promptly follows the course which the railroad monopolists would have dictated if they and not President Cleveland had selected the attorney-general — and the party of John Sherman, whose press has proved, if possible, more subservient to plutocracy than that of the Democratic party.

The workingman who ever again votes for either of these parties, which during recent years have vied with each other in registering the decrees of plutocracy or parroting whatever cause is put into their mouths by the capitalistic class, richly deserves to be forever a bond slave. These are strong words, but not one whit too strong in the presence of a republic tricked and betrayed by demagogues, and now the fettered slave of a soulless plutocracy.

The liberty-loving people of America should give Mr. Debs, when he comes out of prison, such an ovation as no man has had in the history of the nation, for the cause of human rights and the honor of the republic if for no other reason. So fundamental and important to the cause of organized labor is the Debs case, that I give below, as a matter of record, the protests of the Springfield *Republican* (Independent Democratic), the *Rocky Mountain Daily News* (People's Party), the *Voice* (Prohibition) and the *Twentieth Century* (People's Party), as given by the *Literary Digest*: —

A Grave Abuse of Power. — Now men either have a right to organize such a strike as that of last summer or they have not. If they have no such right — if the law concedes no such right — then ample provision was at hand in existing law to meet the emergency and punish the leaders in the regular way. What business, then, had a court of equity in the field with a restraining order? But such acts of abor unions have been common for years; therefore, if the law makes no provision for the case, it is tantamount to saying the law would not interfere, and so a court of equity, again, has no business to set up its restraining authority. Either on one or the other of these alternative propositions Judge Woods' court must plant itself. He admits as much, and chooses the first. There was law enough in the case, and that law was the anti-trust act. But is this the way to enforce law? Do any one of the thousands of statutes of the land offer cause for injunctions for whose violation men are to be imprisoned? Is this interstate

commerce law to be enforced in this way and railroad magnates jailed for contempt without a trial?

This is as grave an infringement of constitutional rights as the ship money of Charles I. or the taxation without representation of George III. Both these abuses sheltered themselves under a plea of precedent — so does this one. By implication, says Judge Woods, the Constitution gives to courts the right to punish for contempt. By implication! *Fatal phrase, through which countless abuses have stolen authority in church and state.* . . .

Such a measure as this sentence is not only a wrong, but is full of danger. It puts a weapon in the hands of the judiciary which can and will be turned with deadly effect against the capitalist whenever a party of labor shall elect governors and presidents and judges. *It shakes the popular confidence in the justice of our institutions which is our sheet anchor in times of excitement.* Just as the good sense and firmness of the American people put down the revolt at Chicago, so, though by a different method, must this *assault on liberty by judicial action* be condemned and reversed. — *The Republican (Ind.), Springfield.*

Judicial Encroachment on Law-Making Power. — Whatever judges may think of their right to apply the law of 1890 to strikers on railways, there is not a school boy who does not know that Congress in enacting it never contemplated such a result. The clear-cut purpose of the framers, disclosed in the speeches of senators and representatives, and in every word and line of the act, was to prohibit combinations of capital from obstructing and impairing the commerce of the country. The judge practically acknowledged this in his decision; but hangs his distortion of the law upon a thread so slender that at a glance the profession must see that he violates every canon of construction familiar to it in doing so.

Debs' council contended that the law of 1890 was directed at capital and to prevent the dangers resulting from vast aggregations of capital used in restraint of trade, and was not intended to operate against any organizations of labor in any form. The judge admits that this is true, so far as the definite language of the act is concerned, but concluding the sentence are the words, "or otherwise," and these he contends makes the act a blanket to cover strikes as well as capitalistic combines, as intended to take the common wage-earners of the land by the throat when they attempt a strike, no matter what the oppression may be which drove them to it.

The truth is, to meet what they conceive to be the necessities developed by the late strike, some courts have legislated more than Congress. Under the pretense of construing laws, they have enacted them; they have made common laws and acts of Congress Procrustean beds upon which labor has been stretched, and when it proved too short to suit their measure, they have stretched it with the torture, and when too long they have cut it off, head, legs and all, to make it fit.

If serious trouble shall grow out of the disputes between capital and labor, the courts must be held responsible for a great share of it. The settlement of such controversies should be left to the people, who will speak through the legislative bodies. The encroachment of the judiciary upon the rights of the law-making power neither adds to the dignity of courts nor to securing permanent and lasting peace. — *The News (Populist), Denver.*

A Fundamental Right Threatened. — The conviction of Debs and his associate leaders in the Chicago railroad strike and their sentence to six months' imprisonment are to us unexpected and ominous events. A somewhat careful reading of Judge Woods' decision leaves us with the impression that what it amounts to is just this: It is henceforth a crime to conduct a strike, if disturbance and disorder grow out of it in any manner whatever. . . . The question whether men have a right, by concerted arrangement, to quit work, is entirely different from the question whether they can rob, steal, burn, pillage or assault. The men have the same right to quit work that their employer has to hire other men. If the employer exercises his right, it may result in violence; but the men guilty of the violence, and not the employer, are the ones to be punished. Just so of the right to quit work. It may result in disturbance; but the disturbers, and not those who quit work and who were in so doing clearly within their rights as free citizens, are the ones to be punished. Mr. Debs and his associates did not, so far as we can discern, commit or counsel violence. They were exercising their rights; and it was not their business, but the business of the constituted authorities, to see that their exercise of those rights should not be made by others the occasion for disorder. The decision, if not reversed by a higher court, marks an important change in the fundamental rights of American citizenship. — *The Voice (Prohibition), New York.*

Though the strike commissioners have exonerated the Railroad Union for any participation in the riot and bloodshed at Chicago, the railway magnates have their revenge in the sentencing of Debs to six months' imprisonment, and the rest of the officers of the Railway Union to three months. Having their own tools on the bench, justice had no part in the sentencing of Debs and his companions, and the petty spite, which their sentencing gratifies, may be dearly bought. — *The Twentieth Century (People's Party), New York.*

I would suggest that our readers preserve these editorial protests for future reference. B. O. F.

Let the People Demand the Election of United States Senators by Direct Vote.

It is idle to say, when men like Addicks and Elkins are attempting to buy United States senatorships, that they are as able and as honorable as the average politician. Even if that were true it would only strengthen the case against a sys-

tem under which the average politician with money behind him can buy a senatorship by buying a few corrupt votes constituting a balance of power in an irresponsible caucus. — *Editorial, New York World, Dec. 31, 1894.*

The *World* is right, and the proper way to check this grave evil is to elect United States senators by the direct vote of the people. But we call the special attention of our readers to the kind of laws which are likely to emanate from such men as Addicks and Elkins. Plutocracy is as much in the saddle in the Republican party as it is in the trust-governed cabinet of our Democratic administration. B. O. F.

A Prominent Banker on the Capitalistic Press.

I wish to invite the careful attention of those who question the accuracy of the statement that the gold power has acquired a hold upon the press of the East which is under the domination of both the old parties, to the following thoughtful words of Mr. William T. St. John, president of the Mercantile National Bank of New York, delivered before the banking committee on the currency question, in the House of Representatives, on Dec. 15, 1894.

In the course of his remarks Mr. St. John said: "There is a very widespread unrest of opinion on this topic and the allied topic called the silver question. Even in New York and New England public opinion is under a newspaper terrorism. In New York men who agree with me fully, and I know many of them of considerable worth, prefer to keep silent for the present. *Any nobody who will write a lot of nothings adverse to silver money will be accorded certain newspaper space and be dignified into a great authority.* Any rejoinder if complete, and the more complete the more certainly, is denied a limited space. Then, too, *certain newspapers shield their readers against intelligence and cow them out of any determined convictions they might indulge.* As an instance, Mr. Horace White in the *Evening Post*, a few weeks ago, quoted at length from the London *Economist* one Rawlinson's criticism of Manchester's complaint of England's gold monometallism as relating Manchester to India. The complete rejoinder of two weeks later in the *Economist* — a compilation of facts that refuted Rawlinson totally — has never been mentioned by the *Evening Post.*"

The above arraignment does not come from the region which the *capitalistic press* is pleased to denominate "the wild and woolly West," or from that region of the country which with the same contemptuous arrogance the slaves of the Rothschilds characterize as "the unreconstructed South." These are the words of *the president of one of the most influential banks in New York*, the words of the man who began an extensive investigation of the money question for the purpose of being able to refute the alleged fallacy of the position taken by the greenbackers and the advocates of silver, but who after investigation came to see that the policy of the usurer class was wrecking the prosperity of the republic. And although selfish motives would have prompted him to act with his brother bankers in their conspiracy against the industrial millions, Mr. St. John proved himself to be a patriot rather than one who would profit by the misery of millions. His testimony is entitled to weight. It is merely another confirmation of a fact, which we have more than once pointed out, that the capitalistic press throughout the country, is the tool of the Bank of England, the money lenders and the Wall Street gamblers.

B. O. F.

The Infamous Financial Legislation of the Past Thirty Years.

The New York *Recorder* of Jan. 2, 1895, says editorially: "What a fearful price Mr. Cleveland has compelled the country to pay in order to prove that he knows nothing about political economy or finance."

Right, Mr. *Recorder!* But you have overlooked the fact that, up to the time of the presentation of the Carlisle monstrosity, Mr. Cleveland had faithfully followed in the footsteps of his predecessor, Mr. Harrison; each of these presidents proving alike faithful in obeying

the dictates of Wall Street and taking their orders from the banking oligarchy of America. It was under Mr. Harrison's administration and not under Mr. Clevelands that the infamous decision was arrived at in the treasury whereby the law permitting the secretary of the treasury to redeem treasury notes in gold or silver was constructed in the interests of the Shylocks to mean gold alone; and Mr. Cleveland has merely followed faithfully along the beaten path laid out by Mr. Harrison. Let no man overlook the fact that President Harrison's last secretary of the treasury made preparations to issue bonds before President Harrison's term ended. The infamy of the bond issue rests with both parties.

Moreover, the *Recorder* should remember that it was under the Republican and not under the Democratic party that silver was demonetized. The crime of forcing the government upon an absolutely gold basis, it is true, was perpetrated by Mr. Cleveland and his secretary of the treasury, J. G. Carlisle; but the initial steps were taken in the heyday of Republican power. The financial crimes committed in the days of prosperity, when the usurer class gained ascendency and greenbacks were destroyed, and later when silver was demonetized, have been committed by Republicans and Democrats alike. But as the Republican party has been in power the greater length of time it has been more culpable than the Democratic party in the carrying out of the monstrous financial legislation which has changed the condition of millions of people from that of prosperity, hope and happiness to poverty, misery and despair; while it has enabled a special class to become immensely rich and favored individuals to become multi-millionnaires. This important fact the people are beginning to recognize, and the day of judgment for both the recreant parties is at hand. B. O. F.

The Boston Herald and Plutocracy's Bastiles.

I have received the following letter, which, in justice to the writer, no less than as an illustration to the methods of the Boston *Herald*, I publish in full, with comments upon the same: —

DEAR SIR: Your comments upon a Boston *Herald* editorial of November 3 (pages 34–5 of your December issue), do that paper an injustice. I am the correspondent referred to. I got the impression, from a perhaps somewhat hasty reading of your article, that the armories of this and other states have been erected largely, or entirely, at private expense. Upon looking over the article again I saw that my impression was not correct, but I assure you that I did not intend to deceive anybody. I thought that the first editorial of the *Herald* had omitted a fact of important bearing, and I wished to call attention to that fact.

At any rate, however much I may be to blame the *Herald* certainly made no attempt to mislead its readers, and you ought to take back what you have said in that connection.

A reformer, of all persons in the world, should confine himself to statements he can prove; if possible to statements that are self-evident. It may be that all the leading newspapers in the country are under "capitalistic" influences entirely; but I think the fact is about as well established as the (A. P. A.) allegation, that their editorial utterances are revised by Jesuits.

I was impressed by your article, but, upon reflection, I am inclined to think you have done more harm than good by its publication.

P. S. I am sure, after reading this month's remarks, that you are doing more harm than good.

Our readers will, I think, agree with me in regarding the above letter as a most astonishing document. But there are some points to which I wish to call special attention.

First, in regard to our correspondent — who, it will be noticed, on mature deliberation, concludes that my publishing *facts* regarding the relation of certain plutocratic bastiles to the people, and the real menace to the republic found in rapidly growing militia, under present conditions, concludes that I am doing more harm than good. Our correspondent reads the article about which he is to write to a daily which has already shown its disposition to treat the article unfairly by deliberately avoiding mention of the *facts adduced* upon which the conclusions were based, and yet is so careless in his reading that he represents THE ARENA as saying that "The armories of the state were erected mostly, or entirely, at private expense," when in reality, I had laid such special emphasis on the fact that it was particular armor-

ies in certain states on which plutocracy seemed to be concentrating its power, and apparently for a special purpose, that one would surely think the most cursory reading would not give the impression that I stated as a fact something which was not true, and which in reality was exactly the reverse of what I had emphasized. I was careful to show that it was a certain armory in Massachusetts and another in New York which were erected by individuals for crack regiments. It is certainly difficult to excuse any one for the culpable carelessness shown in making a writer responsible for a statement which was untrue and calculated to discredit both the editor and THE ARENA with those who were not acquainted with the magazine, especially when th writer in question is communicating with a journal which had proved itself manifestly unfair in its treatment of the article in question.

But the astounding part of the letter is found in the writer's statement that "The *Herald* made no attempt to mislead its readers, and you ought to take back what you have said in that connection."

Let us look at this case a moment. The *Herald* had previously devoted almost a column to an attack on the article, in which it had very carefully avoided giving its readers anything like a just, fair or intelligent idea of my paper, but had instead, in my judgment, conveyed a thoroughly false impression of its character. Some days later it published in the first editorial column this editorial: —

A correspondent complains that in commenting upon an article entitled "Bastiles of the Plutocracy" some time since the *Herald* failed to make mention that this article stated that the armories of the State were "erected mostly, or entirely, at private expense, the contributions, of course, coming from wealthy people," and he asks us what significance we attach to this fact. We do not know to what extent this statement is true, but, if such is the case, we are free to say that in aiding the citizen soldiery of the state the wealthy people, who are part of its membership, made an excellent use of their money.

It will be seen that the above *editorial* incorporates the absolutely false statement of the contributor, republished as though it had actually been made in the article on "Plutocracy's Bastiles," which the *Herald* had previously assailed so savagely. The readers of the *Herald* who knew nothing of THE ARENA would naturally infer that the reliability of the correspondent was known to the editor or he would not have incorporated it in an editorial about an article which his paper had elaborately noticed a few days previous; and therefore the editorial could not fail to cast discredit upon THE ARENA and its editor among readers of the *Herald* who had any confidence in that journal, if they were unacquainted with THE ARENA, and if they were not intelligent enough to know that the statement attributed to me was false. Now, when the *Herald* will show that it did not intentionally attempt to injure me and my review, by giving editorial prominence to a correction of this false statement in as marked a manner as it gave the statement which discredited THE ARENA, I shall be delighted to publish its apology.

I do not say that all the papers in the land are capitalistic, but there are certain papers about which there can be no doubt when it comes to the question of their fidelity to plutocracy, and in this connection I urge all readers to peruse the striking language of Mr. St. John, the New York banker, given elsewhere.

B. O. F.

It is Anarchy!

In spite of the efforts of the plutocratic conspiracy which controls the press of the country, and distorts every fact to suit their own purposes, or else entirely suppresses any reports whose publicity would cause public indignation and outcry against their machinations for the creation of a class in this country, which shall rule by money and force, we are making too much history, and making it too rapidly to-day, for all of it to be entirely suppressed; and the thinking few in all classes are beginning to understand the significance of certain factors in our contemporary social and political life. Every now and again, too, something slips into one of the papers which shows that even the plutocrats are not Argus-eyed and cannot always control their

minions. Then, too, ambition often causes dissension among the plutocrats themselves; and as one of the great powers which is used to govern our modern democracy in these days is the press, we occasionally find that some ambitious man, who controls a great newspaper, will use it to frighten the plutocrats themselves if the whim so takes him. There could be no greater agency than a free press — a press which would stand for all that is highest and best in civilized life, for the purity of the ballot, for the dignity of politics, for law, order and the best social state possible with the resources of civilized man; and a dozen such papers in contemporary America would precipitate a revolution that would completely overturn the present degraded state of politics and public life, of injustice in the courts, of a degraded senate and a debauched judiciary, the creature of plutocracy. But it would be a quiet and bloodless revolution, for a public indignation so strong would be created, that the plutocracy would shrink into the insignificance that mere money always holds when it comes to a conflict between the rights of a great people and the mere schemes of gold bugs and usurers.

The New York *World* is the nearest approach in contemporary journalism to a powerful paper that exercises a measure of freedom and independence in its expression of opinions upon passing events. But the *World* is more erratic than independent, and has unfortunately no consistent policy of reform. It would be very difficult for anybody to construct a theory which would with any certainty indicate what the *World's* opinions might be upon any given question, say the conflict between capital and labor, six months hence. But even this vacillation is instructive and educative to those readers who are intelligent enough to sift facts out of newspapers and form their own opinions.

In its issue of Dec. 25, 1894, the *World*, in commenting upon the extraordinary action of the New York Central Railroad in barricading and garrisoning its tracks, has the following significant words: —

> In barricading its tracks near Caledonia and garrisoning the barricade with an armed force, the New York Central Railroad is setting a very bad example to some who are already sufficiently prone to violence. No corporation ought to be allowed either to begin or to threaten private war in the state of New York. IT IS ANARCHY.

There is very little need for us to emphasize the significance of this paragraph on the editorial page of the *World*, which we must presume was duly and properly considered by the Editor of the *World* before it was printed in a prominent position in such a place as the editorial page. The *World* sums up the whole situation in that last pertinent, piquant, forceful and epigrammatic sentence, "It is anarchy."

We have quoted this statement of the *World* here, because we wish to make a permanent record of what is a startling and novel opinion — as plutocratic journalism is at present conducted. Besides there may be trouble at some future time between the railroads and the labor unions, and we may again see the New York Central, or some other railroad, or combination of railroads, calling out Pinkerton thugs, or enrolling private troops of their own, when it may be necessary to remind the labor unions and the capitalistic press, and perhaps even the New York *World* itself, that such action is ANARCHY!

Of course the *World* is not at all beside the mark in this opinion; for if there is one thing under our form of government which it is not permissible to do, it is this employing private troops, or private armed constables, owing no allegiance to city or state, to levy private war either upon citizens or upon the state. It would be well if railroad managers' associations, in calling upon the Attorney General and the United States courts for consultations and injunctions to put a stop to conventions of striking labor unions — which simply convened to call men out on strike — would remember that it is vastly more illegal to arm men to carry on private war in any state in the union than it is to burn every railroad depot in the country. Of course the latter is criminal, and should be punished; but the arming of private troops is levying

war against the state — it is treason, ANARCHY! It transcends the provisions and prescriptions of the Criminal Code, and becomes that more heinous offence of treason, civil war.

In the late strike in Chicago, the railway managers were devoured with a patriotic horror of treason; and it is eminently fitting that the public should contrast their professed love of peace when using all the engines of the United States government then, and the readiness with which they show their disposition to prepare to rush into baronial warfare only a few months later. This, as the New York *World* says, is anarchy; and we leave this phrase to tingle in the minds of all intelligent readers.

W. B. H.

Labor and Politics.

It seems that there is already upon the statute book of the state of New York, an arbitration law which would, had it been resorted to, doubtless have obviated much of the misery suffered by the operatives in the cloakmakers' strike. But the manufacturers refused to make any concessions to the New York arbitration law, and in fact, would not hear of arriving at an amicable arrangement with their help through any such resort. As a consequence, it was a very bitter Christmas for a great many starving families of the locked-out cloakmakers.

If the labor unions only act wisely, however, the future is with them. But there can never be any future in America for labor, until such ridiculous dissensions as were witnessed at the convention of federated labor in Denver are outgrown and done away with. A convention of federated labor, which solemnly decides that labor shall not enter politics as an independent factor, standing first and last for the rights of labor, and for the laborer's rights alone, can never achieve any lasting or permanent benefit for the mass of working men.

The trouble with the industrial classes has always been that they have been exploited by the legal and capitalistic classes in politics; and until labor enters politics independent of all present party affiliations, capital, with its superior organization, standing always first and last for the interests of capital and nothing else and buying all who are purchasable, can always afford to laugh at organized labor. The only remedy for labor must come from the hearty and intelligent and undivided support of leaders of breadth and intelligence in its own ranks. There can never be a most effective organization of labor for the procuring of great and permanent benefit, while there exists so much dissension in the ranks of organized labor and so many petty jealousies among the leaders.

It would be well for labor men to ponder this. Capital does not knife its leaders to please some petty cabal. The reason why capital seduces so many, who begin life as reformers, is that capital is grateful for services rendered. Labor leaders, who aspire to rise upon the ruin of their fellows, and labor leaders who betray the cause of labor for the approbation of capital, only play into the hands of capital, and eventually consummate not only their own ruin, but wreck the cause of labor.

W. B. H.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A NEW VOLUME OF THE ARENA.

THE ARENA since its enlargement and the addition of numerous pictures printed on heavy plate paper and used as inserts, makes too unwieldy a volume when six issues are bound together. We have therefore decided to make four volumes instead of two each year. The March ARENA will therefore open the twelfth volume and will be specially strong. We have several important and attractive features in contemplation which will prove as popular as they are unique. The number of subscriptions for THE ARENA received during the past three months have been much greater than at any corresponding period during the history of the magazine, proving the hold this review has obtained npon thinking people throughout the length and breadth of the republic. A literary lady living in California writes enthusiastically of THE ARENA. "It is," she says, "the only unmuzzled magazine of our time." THE ARENA is the largest review published in the English-speaking world. It is the only free lance among the great reviews, and it is our determination to increase its excellence with each succeeding issue.

The Arena's Art Gallery of Thinkers.

We would like to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Art Gallery of eminent thinkers in another part of this magazine, which we are sure will interest all readers of the best in contemporary literature. It is natural for readers to like to know something of the personality and individual characteristics of the writers and thinkers who contribute to their entertainment and instruction, and who have a hold upon their affections and sympathy. This Gallery includes many portraits which are not obtainable from any other source in this country. A great deal of time and trouble and money has been expended in getting together a thoroughly representative collection of persons whose thought and work means the most to the thinking men and women of our day. The pictures are all new, and specially taken for this Gallery, and many of them are of eminent persons, such as Prof. Max Müller and Count Leo Tolstoi, whose portraits are not for sale anywhere in America, and which have been obtained through the editorial department of THE ARENA, which has at different times commanded the pens of the greatest and most preëminent thinkers in contemporary science, literature, criticism and speculative thought.

This desire to possess a counterfeit presentment of men and women whose thought means much to one, is not by any means due to an instinct of mere curiosity, but has its root impulse among the highest and finest and most human of our emotions. We often hear it said that the modern desire for biographical details and the possession of pictures of eminent people, is in some way derogatory to our modern life and that it has degenerated into a low species of curiosity. There is, of course, much that is reprehensible in the press; but the desire for portraits is human and humanizing and uplifting. It supplies ideals in many lives needing some such impulse to the formation of character. And this desire is not peculiar to modern life, for the best portraits that were ever made in the world were made in marble and granite in ancient Egypt and ancient Greece and Rome; and there is no reason why, with the modern inventions in photography and photogravure and engraving, every person should not have a gallery full of beautiful and inspiring and thoughtful human beings about him, which will form an ideal of human character for his own continual contemplation and that of his children. It is, in fact, true that there are some great books we can never thoroughly understand and grasp their deeper and more subtle meanings until we have looked long and sympathetically upon the portrait and read the character and life of the writer in the lines of his face.

The Arena Gallery comprises forty of the most eminent and most interesting

figures in the contemporary world of thought and reform and progression: and we can think of nothing which would more admirably furnish either a private or public reading room or library than some of these beautiful photogravures framed on the walls. Every young man forming a library, no matter how small it may be, should have a few artistically framed portraits of men and women connected with literature and art and all that is greatest and noblest in human thought, hanging among the books. Librarians in small towns, who are in the position to know how to make the most of their resources and to make their libraries cosy and attractive, will do well to look over the list of names in THE ARENA'S Art Gallery. Here are forty fine pictures, every one of them worth framing, and many of them are pictures of the men whose work means most to the young men and women of the coming generation, who, considering the vast amount of trashy literature published, need to be kept in touch with all that is highest and truest in contemporary literature. In this connection, it is well to say that only men and women whose work has a distinct ethical purpose and who are striving, in higher literature or religious thought, or reform thought or science, to aid humanity, are included in this Gallery. Mere dilettante writers who turn out the familiar trash about mediæval castles and gory romances have no place in this Gallery.

The names include such men and women as Max Müller, Count Leo Tolstoi, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Robert Browning, John Greenleaf Whittier, Walt Whitman, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Charles Darwin, Victor Hugo, Gerald Massey, Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, Alfred Tennyson, Alfred Russel Wallace, Richard A. Proctor, Camille Flammarion, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Helen H. Gardener, Helen Campbell, Frances E. Willard, Countess of Aberdeen, Lady Henry Somerset, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Hamlin Garland, William Ordway Partridge, Will Allen Dromgoole, and others.

The Campaign for Equal Rights.

The Kentucky Equal Rights annual convention held recently at Lexington, Ky., was very successful. Many excellent papers were read and discussed. The plan of work laid out for the coming year looks as if the members would have ample time in preparing for the general assembly in 1896.

A new plan was suggested to interest men and women on the "age of protection" for girls. A certain amount of money was subscribed by the auxiliary associations to carry on this work, and it was decided to place in the hands of each of the one hundred thirty-eight members of the general assembly a copy of Helen Gardener's book, "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?"

Mrs. S. G. Humphreys had previously been commissioned to communicate with the author on the subject, and much enthusiasm was aroused by her report. Helen Gardener notified her that she had instructed her publishers to furnish "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" *for that purpose* to Suffrage or White-Ribbon or other reform organizations, minus all royalty to her. The Arena Publishing Company then did what it could to help along the campaign of education by declining any profit to itself where the book was to be used in such a way and for such work, and so it was furnished to the organization at the exact cost of its making. The Kentucky women and those of the other states where this has been done recognize in THE ARENA a friend indeed. They sent a bunch of flowers all the way to Boston to Helen Gardener with a card inscribed "To Helen H. Gardener, the grandest woman the South has produced," and to the editor of THE ARENA they wrote, "You are woman's friend always, and therefore humanity's champion."

Congressman Bryan on the Currency Plan.

Mr. William Jennings Bryan, whose trenchant criticism and analysis of the president's currency plan appears in this issue and will create widespread discussion throughout the country, is one of

the younger men in Congress, about whose future all sorts of predictions and rumors are rife. That he is an able opponent, friends and foes alike reading this article must admit; and since politics is like racing — a perilous field for the prophet, unless he knows for certain that any given horse or man has been "nobbled" — we will not indulge in any prophecy about Mr. Bryan's future. We do not believe in the superstition that merit will win in any vocation, under the existing conditions of society.

It may interest the reader, however, to have an outline of Mr. Bryan's career. Mr. Bryan's father was a lawyer of standing in Salem, Ill., who, believing that country life was best for his children, removed to a farm just outside Salem, where young Bryan spent his boyhood days. He was educated at the public school until he was fifteen, and then attended the Whipple Academy preparatory to entering the Illinois College at Jacksonville, where he was admitted as a freshman in 1877. He was graduated in June, 1881, with highest honors, having also been selected by his classmates as the class orator. In 1884, on the invitation of the faculty, he delivered the master oration, and had conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts. In 1881, Mr. Bryan entered the Union College at Chicago and took the full course of two years while he was in the law office of ex-Senator Lyman Trumbull. In 1883 Mr. Bryan began the practice of law for himself at Jacksonville, and in 1887, being called to Nebraska on business, he decided to remove there, and settled at Lincoln, Neb. He very soon enjoyed a large practice in all the courts, and has long had an active interest in political affairs, having stumped the state for Hancock before he was able to vote, and he has taken an active interest in every campaign since.

Mr. Bryan is an ardent advocate of the free coinage of silver, and during the special session last fall he was one of the ablest advocates for free coinage in opposition to the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act. It is believed in his own state that a brilliant future lies before him. His article in this issue of THE ARENA will speak for itself with all those readers who have intelligently studied this momentous question of the currency.

The only great issue in American politics to-day is the money question, and it is slowly forcing itself to the front, not only in practical politics, but, largely on account of the increasing uncertainty of commercial and industrial life, upon the minds of the intelligent masses of the people. The machinations of plutocracy in adding perpetually to the burdens of the people by the issuance of bonds and more bonds whenever the scarcity of money becomes more critical and pressing, must be met by a demand for the currency of the Constitution — gold, silver and paper; and such articles as Mr. Bryan's will do much to expose the fallacies and the atrocious conspiracy of the money kings, who alone thrive upon a contraction of the currency through the adoption of the single gold standard.

In Defence of Mrs. Waisbrooker.

Below we give a copy of resolutions passed by the Woman's Council of San Francisco, Cal., at a meeting held Dec. 17, 1894: —

WHEREAS, We learn through the public press and THE ARENA magazine that Mrs. Lois Waisbrooker is being prosecuted at Topeka, Kan., for the alleged publication and distribution of obscene literature; therefore be it

Resolved, That, judging the matter by the articles mentioned and by the books written by Mrs. Waisbrooker, it is the opinion of this club that the prosecution of Mrs. Waisbrooker is unwise and unjust.

Resolved, That we consider the work undertaken and so ably carried on by her to be of a very beneficial character.

Resolved, That we do hereby extend our sympathy to Mrs. Waisbrooker and as an evidence of our esteem and appreciation of her work we hereby protest against the unjust and unwarranted proceedings inaugurated against her.

Resolved, That as an earnest of our sincerity we hereby authorize the secretary of this club to send six dollars to Mrs. Waisbrooker to aid her in making her defence.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. Waisbrooker, and a copy to THE ARENA magazine for publication.

RUBY CARMAN, *secretary*.

L. M. PRATT, *president*.

The Amusing Private Morality of the Functionaries of Public Morality.

The last day of the Lexow investigation was the most sensational of the whole series of sensations disclosed by this inquiry into the methods of the police government of the city of New York. There is an old poser dating back to the Romans, at least, which asks, "Who shall have custody of the custodians of public morality?" This shows that the too intimate acquaintance with the stringent demands of morality was recognized in the earliest civic states, long before the advent of the Policeman in civilization, as being dangerous to the moral identity of the custodians themselves. The modern Policeman is regarded by some economists and philosophers as the most significant assurance of the progress of civilization; by others, with less certitude, as a rather dubious factor in progress and morals, indeed as one of the discouraging signs of the moral deterioration of mankind under civilization. In the minds of ordinary folk, who are not much given to philosophizing about the sociological phenomena to be met in the streets around them, the Policeman is merely the worst kind of a bad necessity, and the line of demarcation between the guardians of public morality and the criminal classes is vague and hazy.

The writer of these paragraphs is bound to confess that he is a confirmed pessimist as to the real significance of the Policeman in our civil state and our moral progress; and this whether he is studied in the abstract philosophically, as a depressing symptom of the psychological perversion of human nature under modern civilization, or simply in the concrete as one of the potent forces of unrighteousness tangling the skein of the race's painful progress toward justice and freedom. Optimism in all things is the fashion nowadays; but since all people who are lacking in imagination and mental and moral perception hold desperately to facts, we must submit that there are some facts which cling persistently about a civilization that is successfully Policemanized which should induce the most optimistic souls to hesitate; and peering into history, only so far back as December, 1894, we find that modest Muse of Truth scattering *facts*, facts and facts about us that strongly support the most confirmed pessimism in regard to the institution of the Policeman.

There has been an examination into the morals of the guardians of public morality, and it really looks as if public morality had suffered badly from the contamination of the functionaries appointed to keep watch and ward over it amid the temptations of the flesh and the Devil. The history of the Lexow Committee is a record of hard-pushed innocence reduced to the dire necessity of perjury and all sorts of shifty tricks in order to escape the toils that envious malice would throw about it to bring it to dishonor at the bar of public opinion. This conspiracy of envy endeavored to destroy the odor of sanctity in which the police of New York and all other American cities have enjoyed a remarkable measure of prosperity, by asking inconvenient questions involving the exactness and veracity of that oldest of sciences, Arithmetic, as to how a public functionary, a constable or police captain or inspector on a small but adequate salary, could in a few years amass a large fortune in real estate, bonds, stocks and cash amounting to sums touching a quarter and nearly half a million dollars. Public curiosity on this momentous question is at length satisfied, although almost all the most notable financiers in the Police force of New York are honorably exculpated, and the public is now threatened with the resignation of its chief ornament, unless he can be prevailed upon to keep the helm in the interests of a city of helpless citizens.

The evidence of Inspector Byrnes, however, makes that of his fellow financiers appear trivial and insignificant. This chief guardian of public morality, this head of the whole machinery of police morality, has been, it appears, one of those "in the know," one of those let in "on the ground floor" in Wall Street, in the confidence and friendship of the gods of that domain of Fate.

It is the opinion of some severe moral-

ists, among whom, despite our laxity in regard to the respectable virtues, we must, perforce, include ourselves, that that form of gambling which we recognize under the euphemism of speculation and manipulation of stocks, is merely, in plain English, a form of theft by indirection. It may be that this view is whimsical in the opinion of those good souls who delight to accept the world and its morals as they are, because they would feel so miserably out of place in a world in which such euphemisms were not needed; and we may be sure that all those whose stake in society induces optimism would condemn such a wanton lack of charity for the temptations of our fellow creatures. But nevertheless we may safely say that quite an important and growing minority of cranks and pessimists of the blackest dye affirm that there is not the slightest distinction in fact, though much in law, between highway robbery and the game of speculation. It is worthy of remark in passing that this whimsical view is not entirely peculiar to those who have scruples against overreaching their fellows with loaded dice and all the churrish and cowardly trickery of Wall Street but is also shared by those unfortunates converted from the "common-sense" view of these moral questions, by having been fleeced there.

The significance of Inspector Byrnes' testimony in the Lexow Committee on December 29 cannot well be overestimated by those whimsical, weak-minded people who share the present writer's pathetically old-fashioned delusion that, since the Policeman is a social phenomenon rendered necessary by the exigencies of society (and we are so little Utopian in our views as to grant so much), then the Police System should be so organized as to make not only corruption, but the confusion of official duties with social and financial obligations or considerations, a peril so surrounded with heavy penalties, dismissal and public disgrace and dishonor, that few would care to incur them.

It seems from Inspector Byrnes' testimony that he owes his present fortune of $350,000 or more to the interest and friendship of the Goulds, and particularly of Jay Gould, in whom in the course of his official duties as a Policeman he had excited an extraordinary sense of gratitude; but it will be remembered that Sir Robert Walpole, who ruled for twenty years through wholesale bribery, defined gratitude as a "lively sense of favors to come."

In answer to the question as to how he had managed as a police officer, engaged in no other business, to accumulate real property alone to the value of nearly $300,000, the Inspector modestly explained that as a member of the detective bureau he had considerable business with Wall Street operators and especially the Goulds. Some of it was private business and some public business, and these gentlemen helped him to make a fortune. He made through Jay Gould about $185,000, beginning with a modest margin of $10,000, which he could not account for. This extraordinary intimacy began through Byrnes' work as a public functionary, a detective of the New York police force, paid out of the city taxes for his services, on the Howard Wells threatening letters case. Jay Gould was so grateful for the detection and arrest of this man that he went to Byrnes' house and offered him a large sum of money; but the retiring and judicious Byrnes preferred to put up a margin and gave him $10,000 to invest for him. He was then let into Gould's peculiar business schemes "on the ground floor," and the happy consequence was that his paltry $10,000 grew to $185,000 in profits through Jay Gould alone, exclusive of what he made through George Gould.

Here is a bit of the evidence taken from the New York *Sun* report: —

Q. Have you made any money through any one else? A. Yes.

Q. Who? A. Well, is that necessary? Let me tell you that I have had dealings, some of a private and confidential nature, some of a more general nature, with men who are large investors, who have received blackmailing letters. At times the ends of justice were best served by their not making complaints.

Q. In other words, you have, as chief of the detective service, been able to gain the confidence of people who have then advised you? A. Yes.

Q. And would you have gained that confidence without your office? A. No.

Q. (by Mr. Lexow). Then your position as head of the department has led to acquaintances which ultimately became friendships? A. Yes.

Q. (by Mr. Goff). Was your office placed at their disposal? A. No.

Q. Was it not your duty to place your office at the disposal of all citizens? A. Yes; well, I always did that—I always did my duty in that way.

Q. How much are you worth altogether? A. That real estate I mentioned is worth more than I paid for it. I have some stocks, too. I have not been out of the market a minute, I think, in five years. I have now 5,400 shares of stock. Every turn of the wheel means $5,400 up or down for me. I haven't time to look after this myself, but I have some awfully good friends, nice people, who do it for me.

Q. Were these offences, blackmail, etc., stifled or compounded? A. No.

Q. Or prosecuted? A. No.

Q. What, then, was done with them? A. As soon as the criminals found their victims were ready to prosecute the annoyances ceased.

Q. Isn't the fact that as soon as they found that Superintendent Byrnes was interested—I use the term in its broadest sense—they were ready to stop? A. Yes.

* * * * *

Q. Now Superintendent, I feel it my duty to ask you some questions suggested in this examination, outside of what might be asked on general policy. Have any of these persons who have aided you had the benefit of your services in getting rid of annoying persons, particularly females? A. I think not.

This evasive evidence needs no comment for any intelligent person who has any knowledge of that interesting social and political phenomenon, the Policeman, of human nature itself, and the social and economic conditions of modern society, and especially of society in a great city like New York. There is no necessity for dangerous affirmations, since all those who are not wilfully blind can pick out for themselves the precious kernel of these sweet and simple annals of the Police.

There is one point, however, can be safely emphasized. Here is the chief of the Police department of New York, under the heaviest of financial obligations to men who have been openly condemned by both the press and by public opinion as men whose methods were something less than scrupulous, and who might in the course of their vast schemes at any time be held amenable to some criminal law. But these men are the intimate friends and financial allies of the very man who should, in the prosecution of his public functions as the Chief of Police, set in motion the forces that would bring them to justice in such a case, utterly regardless of his private affiliations. But it is noticeable and significant that these private obligations and affiliations and financial relations grew out of the regular (we of course accept the statement that it was simply regular and nothing more, nothing irregular being mentioned) prosecution of the functions of the Police department. We accept the inference of this candid and simple narrative that the machinery of the Police department was never secretly used to put aside people who were obnoxious to powerful money magnates, but that all these affiliations and friendships grew up spontaneously and simply out of sheer, bubbling gratitude on the part of the Wall Street manipulators, for the plain performance of duties that arose naturally in the Police department, —and which, by the way, were adequately remunerated by the public out of the public taxes. Then we must say that such obligations and friendships are anomalous. The natural inference is that, human nature being human nature, such obligations pervert and destroy the functions for which a Police department exists, and cannot be wholly compatible with the integrity and impartiality in the performance of the duties of public office, that the public paying for such services and protection has a right to demand.

And this evidence, of which we have extracted the kernel, is characterized by the New York *Recorder* as "the manly utterance of Byrnes." This shows, if anything were needed to point out such a trite and obvious fact, that the nature of the morality of the plutocratic press defies the analysis of common sense and the common perceptions of right and wrong, in a world governed as much by human nature as by human laws.

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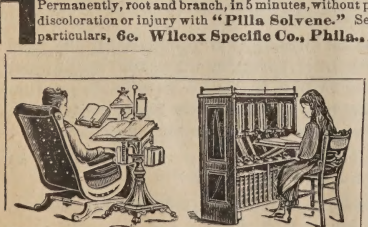

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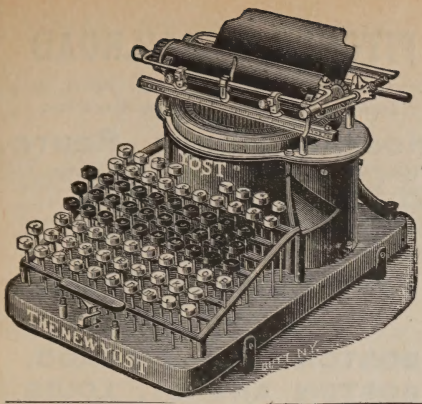

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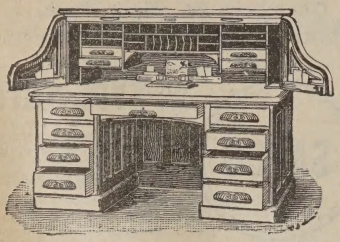

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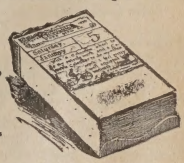

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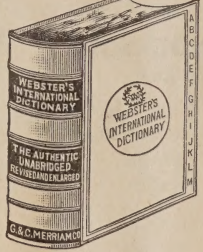

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The Coming Carnegies.

According to Government Reports there are, in round numbers, 175,000 miles of road track in the United States. There are 2,600 ties per mile of track. The total number of wooden ties in use in the United States is 455 millions. The average life of a wooden tie is about 6 years. The number of new ties needed every year for renewals and extension of track is between 80 and 100 millions per year.

OUR FORESTS ARE THE HAY FIELDS OF THE IRON HORSE.

The Secretary of Agriculture announced three years ago, that this drain upon our tie timber resources, together with the necessities of bridges, trestles, etc., would entirely exhaust our visible supply within fifteen years from that time. We will then have to use steel ties.

Steel ties have been used for a generation past in nearly every civilized country except the United States. In 1890 one-thirteenth of the railroads of Europe, one-fifth of those in Mexico, South and Central America, one-quarter of those in Africa and one-half of those in Asia were laid on metal ties, while in the United States in 1890 there was reported just two miles of metal ties in a total of 174,165 miles.

The 455 millions of ties mentioned are only those of steam railroads and do not include those of street car and electric roads. Nobody knows how many more millions are used by them for they are building and extending so fast that it is difficult to keep account of them, but every one knows that they prefer steel ties for the reason that, being in more constant use than the steam roads, wooden ties are even shorter lived upon them and cities are beginning to insist that their tracks shall be so constructed as to remain in good order undisturbed for 10 to 25 years. The city of Cleveland insists in a charter giving right of way along Euclid Avenue that the track shall be laid to remain undisturbed 25 years. Other cities are following her example. No wooden tie has ever been known to last 25 years; the iron-wood of Borneo might but it costs more than steel. A creosoted tie will last half that long. A steel tie will last twice that long.

Elevated railroads want steel ties because they are fire proof. The general manager of a New York L road offered $2.00 each for steel ties. The two miles of steel ties in the United States in 1890 have greatly increased since then and hardly a trunk line but has some metal tie track to-day. If serviceable steel ties were offered for $1.25 or even $1.50 each, nearly all roads would begin to gradually substitute them for their worn out wooden ties, not all at once, for that would be too costly, but three to a rail the first year and two to a rail each year thereafter, for though they would cost nearly twice as much as new wooden ties they last from 5 to 10 times as long, and every roadmaster knows that with steel ties he can use cheaper ballast, for in ballasting a road anything but clean, dry and drained ballast rots a wooden tie while nothing can rot a steel tie.

THE HIGH Y.

It has been said that if one could produce and sell a satisfactory steel tie for $1.37½ he could sell in the next 12 years fully six hundred million of them to steam

motor railroads alone, with the street and electric and elevated lines to hear from sides supplying the fast-growing demands for structural steel for buildings, L roads, electric light and wire poles, etc., which could be made of the same quality of metal. All of which shows that there is a vast, fast-growing and very wide demand for cheap steel.

The great blows of an engine's drive wheel strike directly upon the rail, by which its force is received, resisted and distributed to the rail chair, by which it is in turn received, resisted and distributed before it at last reaches, third hand, the steel tie. As a consequence of this the tie does not need to be of as high a grade and tough a steel as the railroad rail. Among the 491 U. S. patents for railroad ties is one for a tie of *glass*. It has been severely tested in actual use, and the only objection found with it is *not* its brittleness but its *cost*. It is also plain that the steel used in high buildings, electric wire posts and elevated road supports is never subjected to such sudden, ponderous blows as is the steel rail, yet all these are now made of the same high-priced iron ore, costing $4.50 to $9.00 per ton, and manganese ore, costing $12.00 to $22.50 per ton.

A serviceable steel for all these articles can be produced of manganese ore which we can furnish for $5.00 per ton and iron ore costing us *just* $1.50 *per ton*.

The cost of other ingredients and rolling, smelting, etc., need be no more, and in some items could be less than by present methods. We can produce a perfectly serviceable steel tie for 87½ cents per tie. If it is true that 600 millions could be sold in twelve years for $1.37½, the profits should average $25,000,000 per year. The average weight of ties and rails per yard of metal track should be about equal, and to substitute steel ties for wooden ties in the next twelve years we will have to manufacture as much steel into ties as we now have in rails (that is, about 30 million tons or the weight of about 600 million steel ties), besides the demands for such new track as may be built in the next dozen years, which we leave out of this estimate of future demand for a conservative margin.

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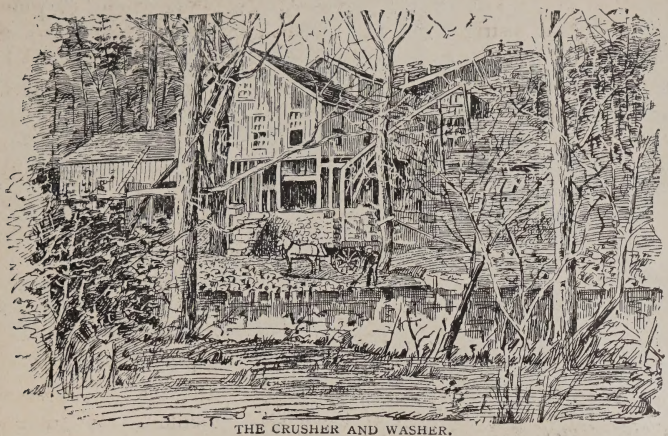
The Carnegies of the next generation will develop along this line of cheaper steel just as surely as he of the past generation made his fortune in the Bessemer process, the cheapest and lowest grade steel of his day.

In the Bessemer process of smelting, from one to two per cent of the smelter's batch is manganese. Its effect all can see but no scientist can explain. It is supposed to be consumed in the burning. Its importance in steel making is similar to that of yeast in bread making. Without it the result is a redshort product of no use or value. With it steel is produced and a steel rail made more cheaply than an iron rail to which it is far superior in every way; in strength, hardness, rigidity, non-corrosion and length of life.

Manganese occurs in the form of an ore resembling iron ore so closely that it is often mistaken for it. It is found in small quantities in perhaps a score of places in the United States. It is now found in vast quantity in two great deposits on the American continent. *Of these two we own one and control the other.* The illustrations herewith are from photographs taken on the properties we own. They show about one-

tenth of the substantial improvements on them, aside from the great land values. The larger building shown alone contains improved modern machinery for washing ore which cost in place more than $60,000, a pumping outfit sufficient for a town of 8,000 people and a crushing capacity of 600,000 pounds per day. Besides these all necessary shops, stores, stables, houses, hotel, track, trestle, cars, etc., are there. It is the most extensive, complete, modern and perfect plant of its kind, and by its facilities for cheap working in large quantity gives us control of all mines which we do not already own for an area of 6 miles square of the great deposit in the centre of which it stands.



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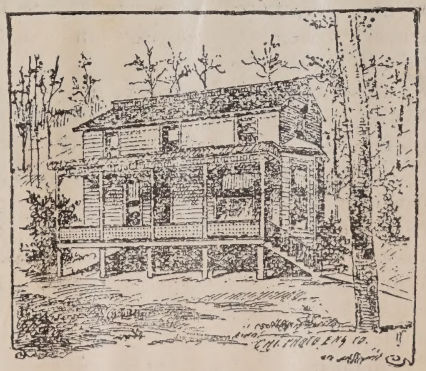
Also to Dr. R. A. F. Penrose, Jr., Ph. D., Lecturer on Geology and Chemistry of Mining, University of Chicago, and author of an exhaustive work on "Manganese, Its Uses, Ores and Deposits," of Penrose & Co., Mining Engineers, Phila.; Elmer J. Rambo, Thomas Lackland President of the Boatman's National Bank, or Thomas J. Scott, St. Louis, Mo. And Hon. Robert Neill, M. C., Washington, D. C.; Dr. J. C. Branner, State Geologist, Little Rock, Ark.; John B. Skinner, Chicago, Ill., President of the Hercules Iron Works, Aurora, Ill.; W. J. Rattle, of Rattle, Nye & Hollis, Chemists and Assayers, Cleveland, Ohio; and the Advertising Manager of the Arena Publishing Co., Boston, Mass., who have examined the property mentioned; or for further information regarding the stock to WARREN C. GREENE, Suite 16, Blackstone Block, opp. P. O., Providence, R. I., U. S. A.



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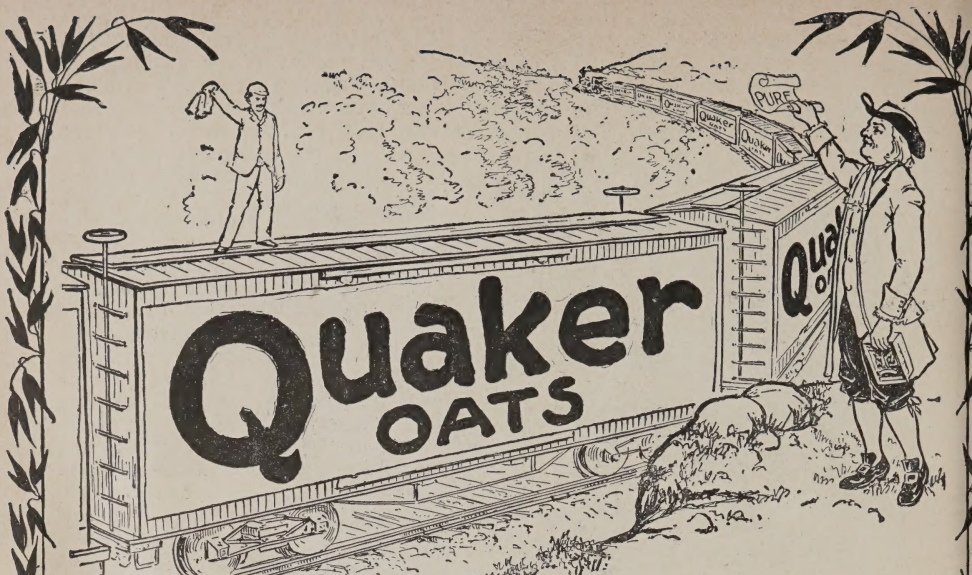

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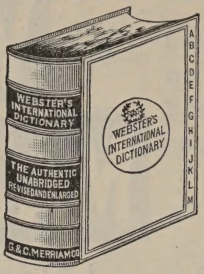

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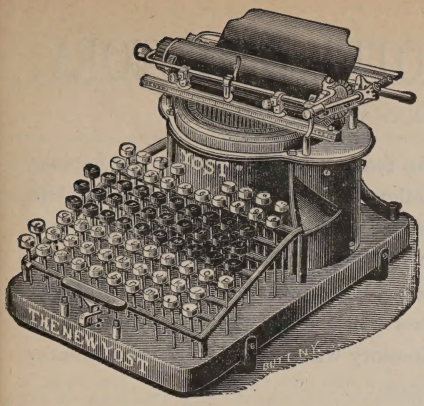

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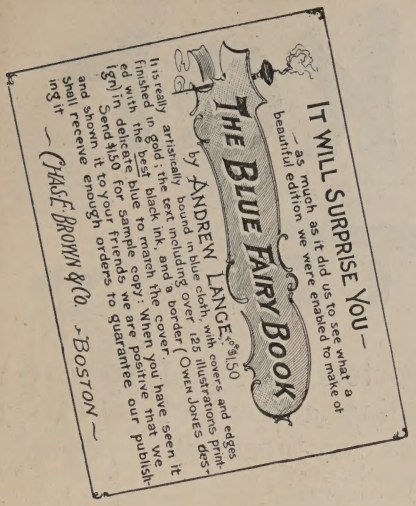

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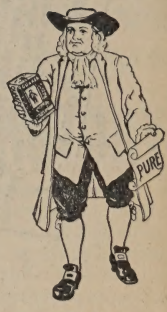

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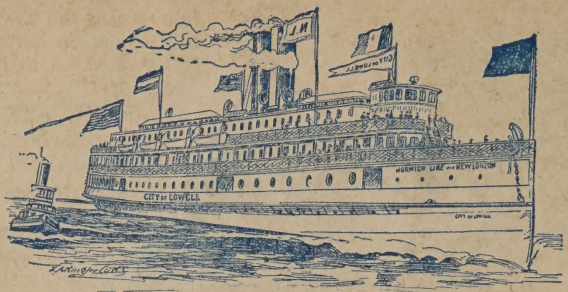

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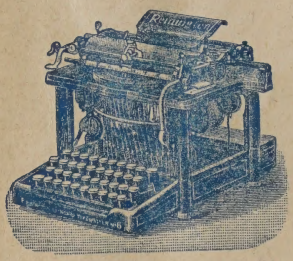

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